

ELSA MAXWELL TELLS THE TRUE GARDNER-SINATRA STORY

# ★PHOTOPLAY

July 20¢

• SPECIAL COLOR FEATURES:  
Prettiest Legs in Hollywood  
The Best Dressed Girls

• YOUR CHANCE TO  
BE AN ACTRESS  
Win the Photoplay  
Scholarship

Ava Gardner

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MRS C SLOSBURG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
HOOKLINE 46 MASS



*"An Orange Blossom"  
Skin*

**Your complexion is smoother—clearer,  
too—with your First Cake of Camay!**

MRS. JACK STANTON,  
*the former Marian Richards of California,  
is a recent—and lovely—Camay Bride*

Doesn't Marian Stanton look like a story-book princess? Her hair is the color of spun gold—her eyes are azure. Yes, and Marian has a complexion soft and lovely as any heroine of fiction. Her *first cake* of Camay brought romantic new beauty to her skin!

Say "Camay" and Marian's eyes sparkle. "Camay smooths and freshens your complexion so quickly," she confides to friends. "Why, when I changed to regular care and mild, gentle Camay—my very *first cake* brought a clearer, softer look to my skin!"

You'll be lovelier, too—when you change to regular care—use Camay alone. Camay's lather is rich and creamy—just the kind you need to wake the sleeping beauty of your skin. Use Camay—and a softer, clearer complexion will be your reward!

**Mild and gentle Camay—  
there's nothing finer!**

Camay's gentle, creamy lather is sheer delight to use—it's soft as satin to your skin. And remember this—the larger cake, the thrifty "Beauty-Bath" size, is Camay at its finest. Use it for more lather—more luxury—more of everything you like about Camay!



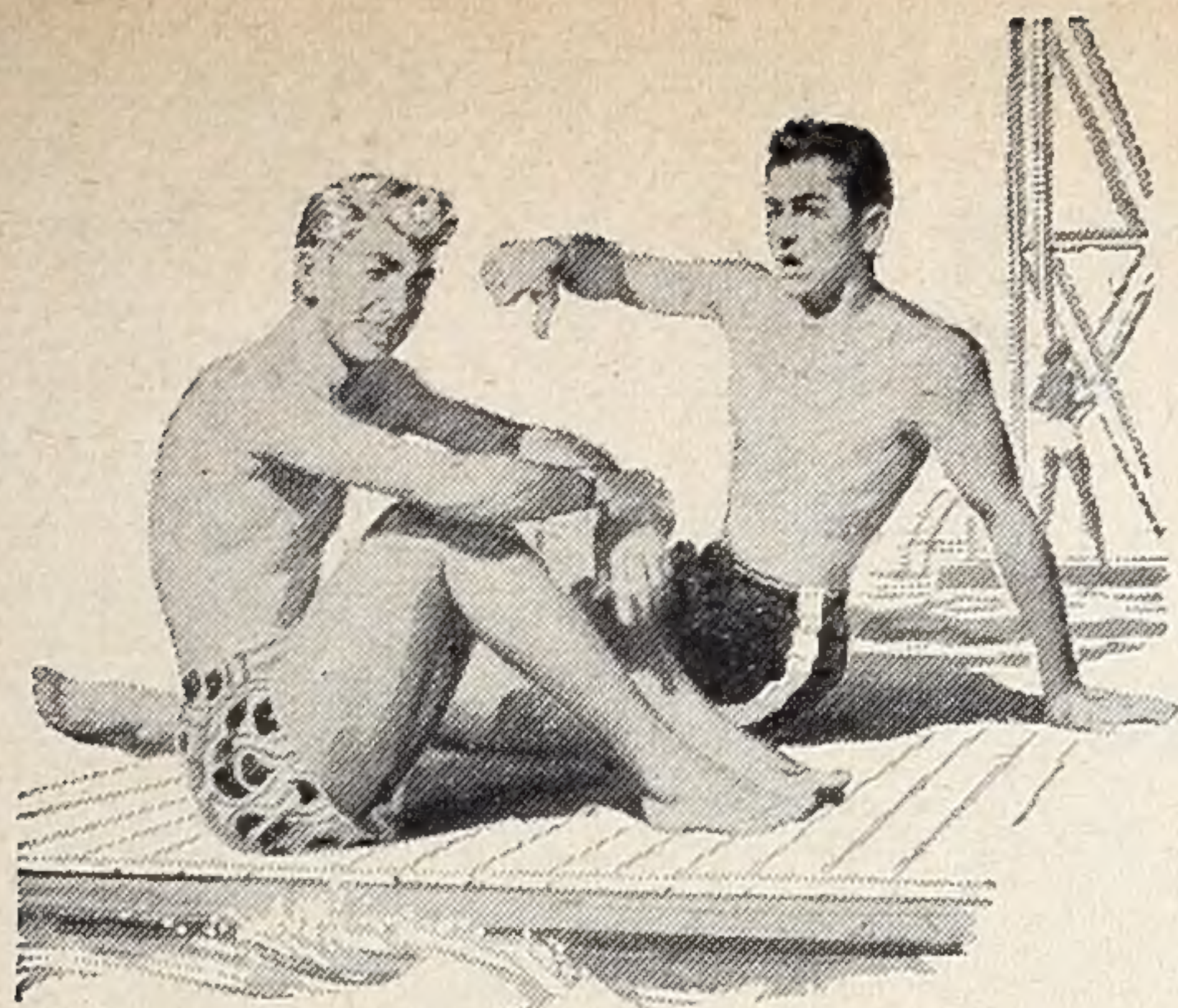
**New beauty for all your skin!**

Bathe with gentle, rich-lathering Camay, too—give all your skin a luxurious beauty treatment! The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings arms and back and shoulders that "beautifully cared-for" look. It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance!

*Camay*

**The Soap of Beautiful Women**





# "Let the tide take her out... I WON'T!"

**W**HAT ADAMNING thing to say about a pretty girl out to make the most of her holiday! Attracted by her good looks, men dated her once but never took her out a second time. And for a very good reason\*. So, the vacation that could have been so gay and exciting, became a dull and dreary flop. And she, herself, was the last to suspect why.

## How's Your Breath Today?

Unfortunately, you can be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath) without

realizing it. Rather than guess about this condition or run a foolish risk, why not get into the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic? Rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and between times before every date where you want to be at your best. It's efficient! It's refreshing! It's delightful!

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. . .

\*Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, and overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



BEFORE ANY DATE... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

## ... it's breath-taking!



## PHOTOPLAY

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JULY, 1951

Sorry, Sam!  
Your Flame's Gone Out!



I USED TO BE THE BIG BLAZE AROUND HERE, KID. NOW YOUR SISTER PUTS ME OUT—BUT GOOD! WISH I KNEW WHY!

SAM, IT'S LIKE THIS! SIS THINKS YOU OUGHT TO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT—ABOUT BAD BREATH!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!



READER'S DIGEST\* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

### COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

SINCE COLGATE CARE HAS SET ME RIGHT THE HOME FIRE'S BURNING EVERY NIGHT!



Use Colgate Dental Cream To Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



\*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

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Natural Color Portrait by John Engstead

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JULY, 1951

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y., average net paid circulation 1,200,163 for 6 months ending June 30, 1950. EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial Branch office: 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. James L. Mitchell, Vice President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 one year, U. S. and Possessions, and Canada. \$4.00 per year all other countries. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 6 weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old, as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

VOL. 40, NO. 1

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS, AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelope and return postage and will be carefully considered, but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury. FOREIGN editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Douglas Lockhart, Vice President. Re-entered as Second Class Matter, May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as Second class mail, P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1951 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company.

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MIGHTY MUSICAL OF THE MISSISSIPPI...  
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NEW AND TECHNICOLOR TOO!

STARRING  
**KATHRYN  
GRAYSON**

as  
"MAGNOLIA"  
The singing sweetheart  
of the south!

STARRING  
**AVA  
GARDNER**

as  
"JULIE"  
She sets the  
bayous aflame  
with her torchy  
blues!

STARRING  
**HOWARD  
KEEL**

as  
"RAVENAL"  
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man with the  
golden voice!

WITH  
**MARGE and GOWER  
CHAMPION**

as  
"FRANK and ELLIE"  
Dancing darlings  
of Dixieland!

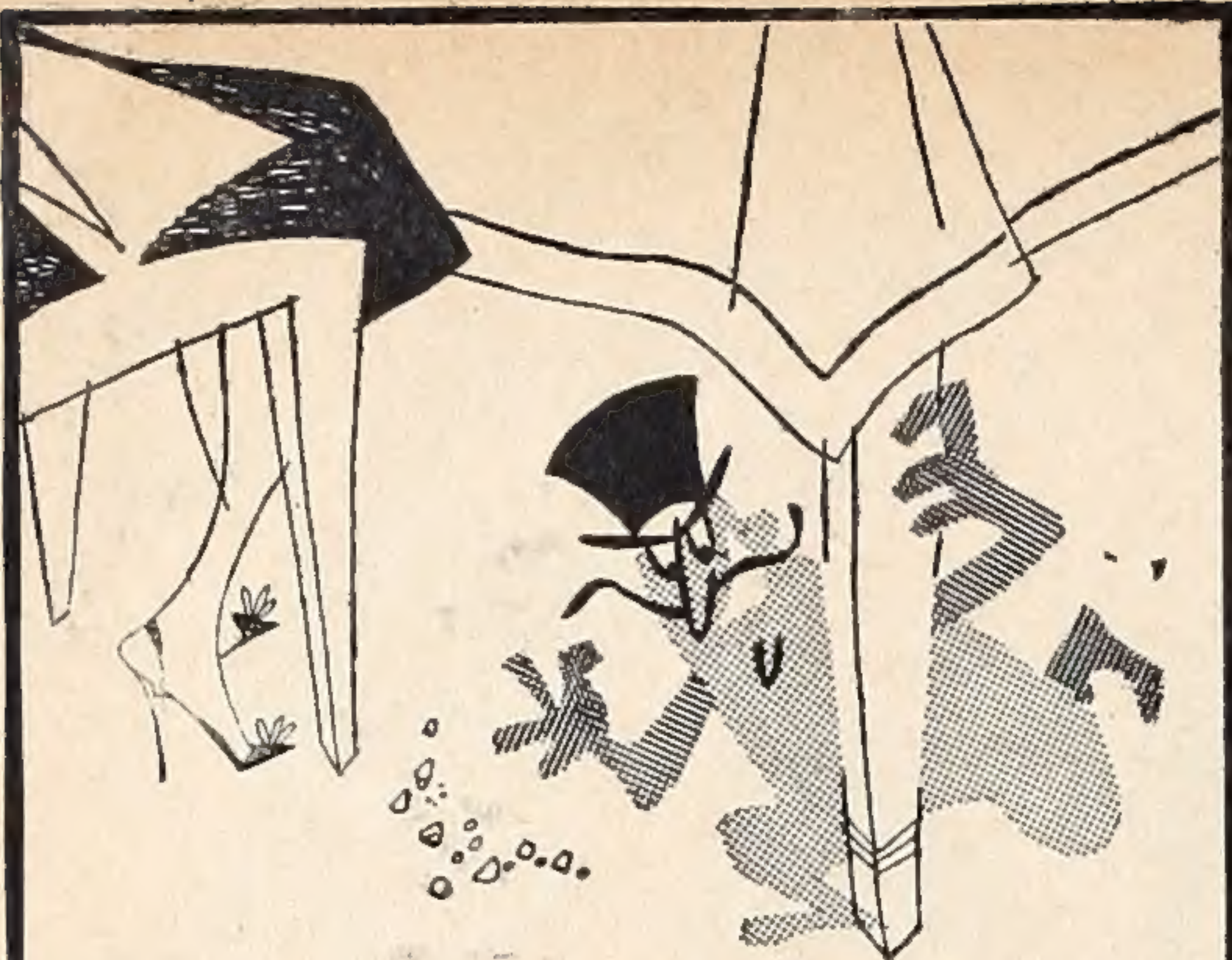
WITH  
**JOE E  
BROWN**

as  
"CAP'N ANDY"  
lovable, laughable  
Skipper of the  
Show Boat!

with ROBERT STERLING • AGNES MOOREHEAD • WILLIAM WARFIELD  
From the Immortal Musical Play "Show Boat" by  
JEROME KERN and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II • Based on  
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Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by ARTHUR FREED  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

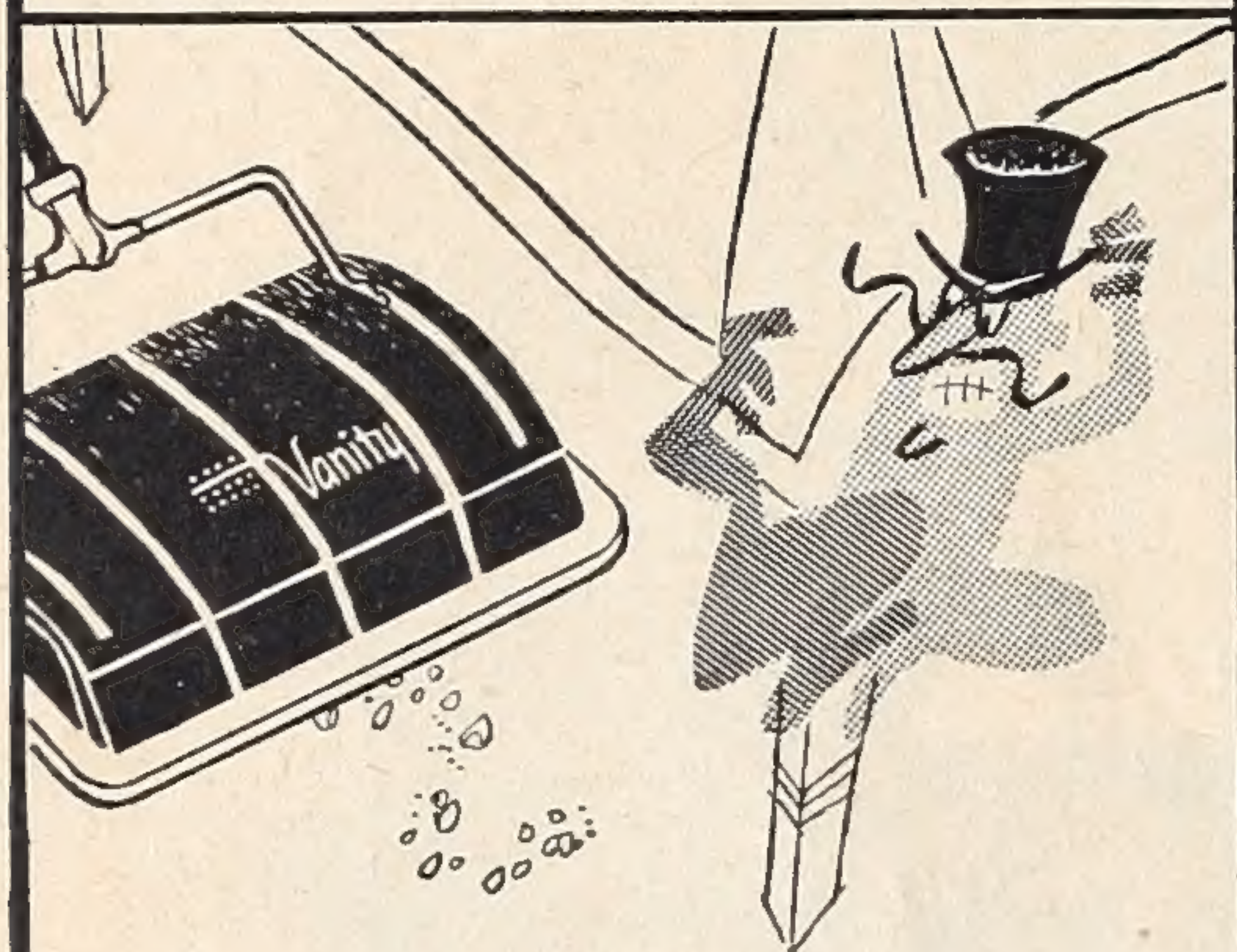
Hear the famous songs! SUNG BY THE STARS ON M-G-M RECORDS!—"THE SHOW BOAT" ALBUM!





## WATCH ME!

I'M THE RUG-A-BOO! I'M GOING TO TRAMP THOSE CRUMBS RIGHT INTO THE RUG—AND STAIN IT BEFORE SHE VACUUMS TOMORROW!



## HEY!

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the West.

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# what should I do?



**YOUR PROBLEMS  
ANSWERED BY  
CLAUDETTE COLBERT**

Claudette Colbert ap-  
pears next in "Don't  
Call Me Mother"

## DEAR MISS COLBERT:

We have been married seventeen years and have three children. My husband is forty-five and I am thirty-five. During the past summer my husband visited his folks in his home state and while there, met a girl twenty-seven years old. When he came home, he talked about her incessantly, especially after a cocktail or two. I learned that he really cared for this girl and she loved him, but that he had forced himself to come home to keep our family together. He really is a good man.

He broods a good deal now and takes little interest in our home. He is saving every penny in order to make the trip home again this summer, and he has gone on a rigid diet in order to regain what he calls his "football days" figure.

I am worried sick for fear he will discover that he and the girl are still in love and will make a change in our lives.

Barbara S.

*Something about your letter gave me the impression that, instead of doing something about this situation, you have dissolved into tears. You are worrying, instead of working out a solution. Nothing in life remains static, certainly not in marriage. No woman can resign herself to comfortable drifting; she must be as aware of her husband and the gradual changes in his personality and character, as she is aware of the changes in fashion. A woman who would laugh at the suggestion that she wear a 1934 bathing suit to the beach sometimes treats her husband with 1934 attitudes.*

*Have you allowed your figure to thicken? Could you benefit by joining your husband in his diet? Or should you gain a few pounds? In either case you should get busy in self-improvement with the same determination your husband is showing. You should announce at once that you are going to accompany him on his trip to visit his parents, and that you are going to leave your children with relatives or in a nursing home. There is no reason why you should permit yourself to be abandoned while your husband hurries away to a romantic rendezvous.*

*Don't nag your husband. Don't charge him with what you regard as his mistakes. Be as sweet to him as you think this girl would be. A wife has every advantage—if she is wise enough to know it and to profit thereby.*

Claudette Colbert

## Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-three years old and have been working for the past seven years. I have a younger sister and a brother.

Our problem is our mother. I had to quit school when I was sixteen so that I could help pay her debts. My sister and brother have also had to go to work to keep Mother out of trouble.

She simply can't resist pretty things. She isn't selfish; when she goes on a buy-

ing spree, she buys for every member of the family. We are all away during the day, so the mail comes to her, and we never know exactly how much she has spent until she is so deeply in debt that she has to start borrowing from friends in order to keep her creditors quiet.

My mother is very pretty and young looking (she is only forty-two) and she came from a family that once had money. Each year we are a little worse off financially, and each year Mother promises to economize and help us to get out of debt. What can we do to make Mother be sensible without hurting her feelings?

Elvina P.

*From your letter, which unfortunately was too long to print in its entirety, it is clear that your mother has a mental problem. You should have a talk with your family doctor and ask him to refer you to a competent man dealing with neurotic disorders. You live in such a large city that you will be able to take your mother to a clinic where treatment will be provided at nominal cost.*

*There are some additional steps you should take: Write to every shop at which your mother has a charge account and cancel these accounts, explaining you cannot be held responsible for her purchases. Get in touch with your family friends who supply your mother with money. Tell them too that you cannot be responsible for another penny.*

*In brief: Secure medical aid for your mother while shutting off all means of her involving you in deeper debt. Such a step is not cold-blooded or undaughterly, but merely sound common sense.*

Claudette Colbert

## Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a high school student and am very fond of a girl who is in my class. She likes me too, but she is also very fond of a boy two classes ahead of us.

This girl tells (Continued on page 11)

*Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of*

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT?**

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



# KIRK DOUGLAS

In his most powerful performance

**NOTHING STOPS  
CHUCK TATUM...**  
a guy with drive...  
driving down everything  
that gets in his way—  
men, women or  
morals!

# ACE IN THE HOLE

a great emotional story with

## JAN STERLING

Bob Arthur • Porter Hall

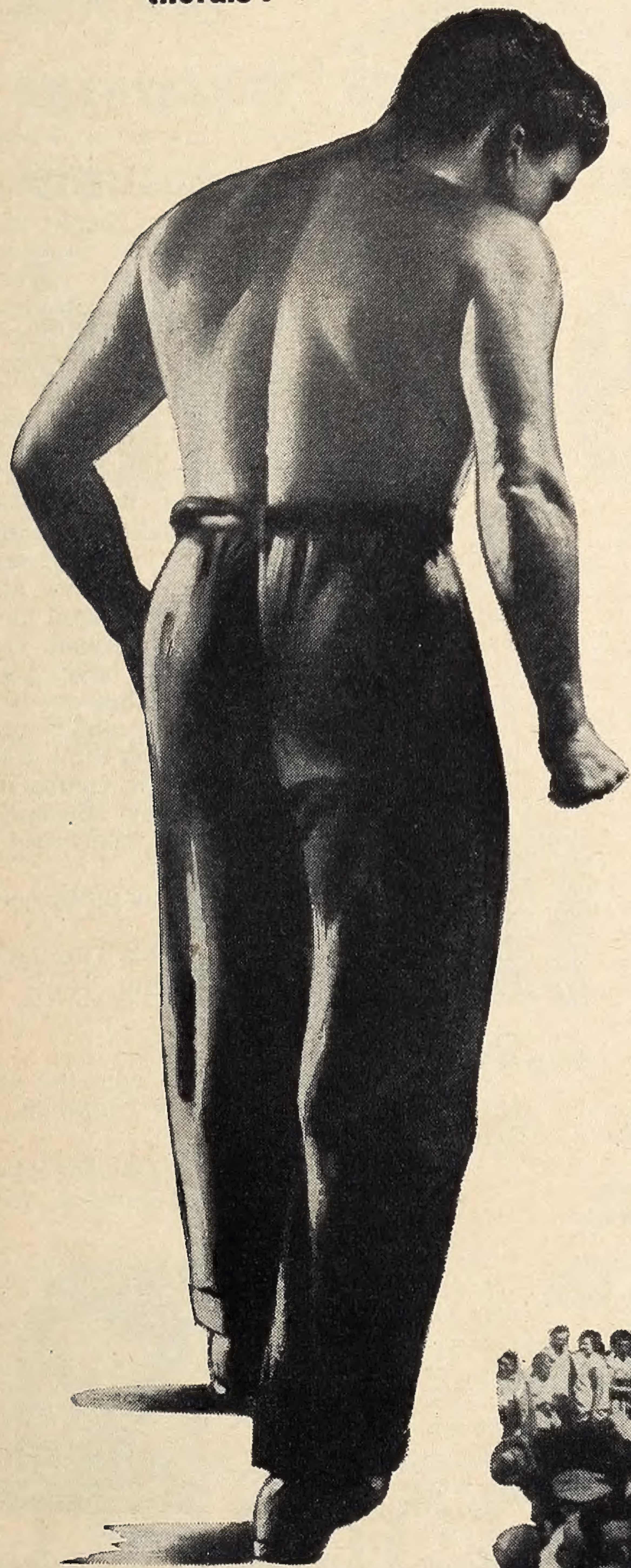
Produced and Directed by

## BILLY WILDER

Written by Billy Wilder, Lesser Samuels  
and Walter Newman • A Paramount Picture



A really new kind of thrill for every moviegoer! Here is an uncanny insight into human desires and human pitfalls... that could only be brought to the screen by **Billy Wilder**, Director of "Sunset Boulevard" and "The Lost Weekend"





for a  
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hair-do  
every day  
all day



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"Permanized"  
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**Gayla**  
**HAIR NETS**



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# READERS INC.

## Cheers and Jeers:

Now that Jane Powell has graduated to adult roles, someone should give Lois Butler a chance. She's a natural to replace Jane in the singing teen-age roles. She has a lovely voice and is a good actress.

JEAN SCOTT  
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

If Liz Taylor can't pick any better men to go out with than Stanley Donen, she'd better quit dating. How about Vic Damone, someone her own age?

BEVERLY HAMILTON  
Seward, Pa.

Why don't so-called stars like Gloria Swanson, Tallulah Bankhead and even Marlene Dietrich bow out now. They make me ill. Why can't they learn to grow old gracefully instead of painting up like carnival girls to hide their old age? Look how lovely Joan Bennett is, Eve Arden, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford and Billie Burke, to mention a few of the really great actresses. They may not be fifty yet, but they certainly don't hide the old age that's creeping up on them.

Drop a few hints to the glamour granies and tell them they should have stayed secluded like the lovely Clara Bow instead of trying to push their way back.

ALICE STETSON  
Elyria, O.

## Casting:

Wouldn't Louis Jourdan and Marta Toren be wonderful in a remake of "Camille"?

WILLIAM ESTERS  
Los Angeles, Cal.

If Valentino was anything like the impersonation that Anthony Dexter gave of him, no wonder every woman was mad about him! He sizzled, he smoked, he was *Romance*! Why not remake the Valentino films with handsome Mr. Dexter as the Great Lover?

SHIRLEY M. RICHARDSON  
Arthur, Ill.

How about Hollywood making a new movie version of Mark Twain's book, "Tom Sawyer"? Dean Stockwell would be perfect as *Tom*, with Marjorie Main as *Aunt Polly*.

R. AIGNER  
Bayside, L. I., N. Y.

## Readers' Pets

I've watched Steve Cochran die in three movies now and since he was the reason I went to see them in the first place, I hated to see him get killed off. He's handsome in such a masculine way that he makes other actors seem very pastel.

MARILYN H.  
Seattle, Wash.

This is to inform you that a certain star by the name of Gene Kelly is still alive. By the looks of things some people might think he is dead or something. And the main reason is because Liz Taylor and Farley Granger are flooding your magazine. These two are the ones I would like to know less about.

You seem to think they're really something to worship or swoon over, but they never compare to that "Tap-Happy Kelly."

MARY MADERE  
Reserve, La.

I have just seen Vincent Edwards in "Mr. Universe." They couldn't have chosen a more perfect man. He has height, large shoulders, beautiful physique, dreamy eyes and a beautiful mop of blond hair!! Need I say more, girls?

GLADYS M.  
Detroit, Mich.

If there is anyone whose looks make me look twice, it can only be Susan Hayward with her sexy, pouty face. She has that special quality in her face that would make any man obey her slightest wish. As for her acting, I think she's tops. And most of my friends think the same.

GERTIE PETERSON  
Estevan, Canada

## Agrees with Farley:

I'm an American student studying in Italy and by chance I came across Farley Granger's article in March Photoplay.

I must say that he hit the nail on the head referring to the Italian people, saying that they get the greatest happiness out of things we take for granted. He also hit the bull's-eye saying that the European girls aren't as pretty as the Hollywood girls and not nearly as hep, although they have other qualities that make up for the lack of beauty, such as dignity, culture and the ability to assume great responsibilities. Living in Italy for two years I can confirm this statement, but the European girls have these qualities because of the war. They had to be clever to save their families from famine and they also had to worry about where their next meal was coming from. We should thank God that our girls didn't and don't have to get clever because of hardship. They are also cultured because the surroundings they live in are full of art, so I don't think Farley Granger was being fair in comparing the American girls with the European girls. As far as dignity is concerned I really couldn't say.

However, I believe he grew up by coming to Europe; so did I.

DINO INSALACO  
Siena, Italy

## Question Box:

Could you please tell me who the doll is who played the role of *Coffman* in "Halls of Montezuma"?

MIMI HEMING  
Baltimore, Md.

(His name is Robert Wagner. He was born in Detroit twenty-one years ago; is unmarried, 6' tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. He will be seen next in "The Frogmen.")



Could you tell me who played Bill Phillips in "Highway 301" and a little about him? I think he's a very good actor.

MICKIE DAVIS  
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

(His name is Robert Webber. He's 6'1", weighs 170 lbs., has hazel eyes, brown hair, and is unmarried. Was on the New York stage, but "Highway 301" is his first picture.)

(Continued on page 8)



NOW

A VERY SPECIAL

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

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A HUNDRED

AND ONE

BREATHLESS

MINUTES OF MATCHLESS SUSPENSE!

# "Strangers

ON

A

# train"

*It's off the beaten track!*



A girl in love with young America's idol--and a good-looking stranger in search of sensation--that's how it all began..!

**Warner Bros.**

bring a pounding new tempo to motion picture excitement!



STARRING FARLEY

# GRANGER

RUTH

# ROMAN

ROBERT

# WALKER

WITH LEO G. CARROLL • Screen Play by Raymond Chandler and Czenzi Ormonde



ON THE WAY!

"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

and!

"A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE"





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*New*

**ODO-RO-NO**  
**CREAM**

**GUARANTEED Full 24 Hour Protection**

(Continued from page 6)

Alex Nicol impressed me in "Target Unknown" and he impressed me even more in "Tomahawk." I would like some information on him this minute—and hope you'll do something special on him in future Photoplays.

FRANCES DENHOLM  
Jacksonville, Fla.

(He was born in Ossining, N. Y. 1/20/19. Has blue eyes, blond hair; 6' 3½", and weighs 185 lbs. See "Choose Your Star" in August Photoplay for write-up on Alex, Robert Wagner and all the other new promising Hollywood talent.)



Will you please list the records of Mario Lanza and tell me, if possible, where I can get them? I think he is the best singer ever, and a good actor, too, but not my favorite.

JUANITA S.  
Winter Haven, Fla.

(Mario Lanza has made several operatic records, also "That Midnight Kiss" and "They Didn't Believe Me," as well as his latest albums, "Toast of New Orleans" and "The Great Caruso." They are RCA Victor Records and can be obtained at any good record shop.)

I read in some magazine that Dean Martin and Perry Como are brothers. I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me if they are or not.

ROSE DI MARTINO  
Chicago, Ill.

(Dean and Perry are not related in any way.)

#### Jane's Choice:

My friends and I have just seen "Three Guys Named Mike." We thought, as I'm sure everyone who saw the picture did, that Jane Wyman should have married Howard Keel instead of Van Johnson. Van Johnson and Jane Wyman had nothing in common.

JO ANNE JOFFRION  
Baton Rouge, La.

They say love is blind . . . it must be if Jane Wyman didn't pick Barry Sullivan—the real heart-breaker of those "Three Guys Named Mike."

RUTH PREWITT  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

#### Forgive Us, Topeka!

In your story "How Hollywood's Drinking Habits Have Changed" (May), it was stated, "Dan Dailey goes to Menninger Clinic in Kansas City." I thought everyone knew the clinic was in Topeka—and being a former Topekan am proud of that great institution.

IYDA COOK  
Neosho, Mo.

(We bow our heads in shame. However, Louella Parsons accurately places the clinic in Topeka in her Dan Dailey story in August Photoplay.)

Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.



‘The hottest combination  
that ever hit the screen!’

—LOUELLA O. PARSONS



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**ROBERT MITCHUM • JANE RUSSELL**

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***HIS KIND OF WOMAN!***

with VINCENT PRICE • TIM HOLT • CHARLES MCGRAW

A JOHN FARROW PRODUCTION



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Lets you  
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Never Burn!



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Exclusive scientific formula  
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Eliminates about 90% of the sun's  
injurious burning rays.

Gives you an even, beautiful tan.

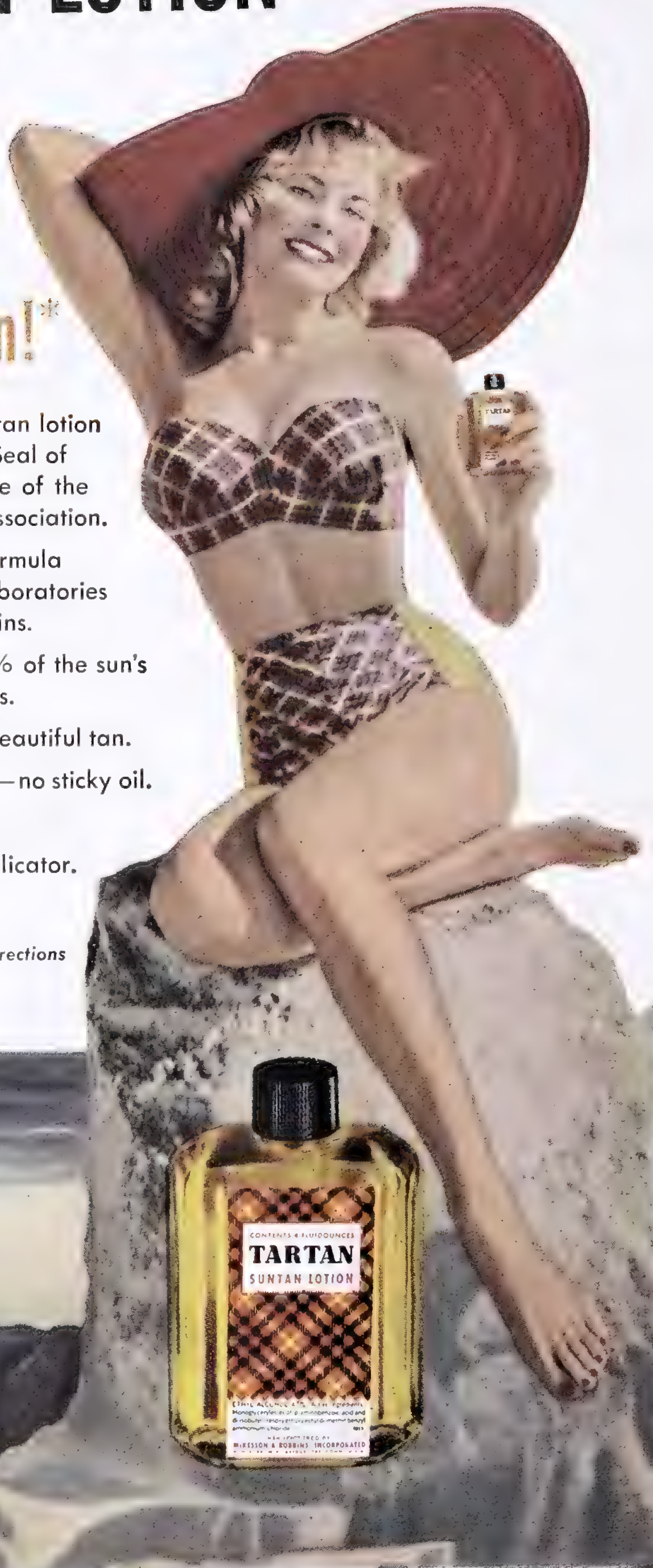
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## LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel"  
on your local television station.)

TONY MARTIN, discounting movie fame, wailed: "One day you're making love to Grable, another day to Turner, another day to Darnell, then the next day you're a has-been."

"Yeah," spoke up a friend, "but look where you has been!"

\* \* \*

Overheard at a Hollywood fashion show: "Don't let her figure fool you. She's only a bird in a girdled cage."

\* \* \*

A Minneapolis newspaper took a poll on the question: "Are you in favor of kissing at the movies?" One teenager replied: "Who thinks about kissing? I haven't got time for that. I'd rather eat popcorn."

\* \* \*

Those dungarees Alan Ladd wears so well in most of his movies should look good. He has 'em made by an exclusive Beverly Hills tailor for \$150 apiece.

\* \* \*

As Gracie Allen sees it:

"I was just saying to George this morning, if they don't reduce the cost of living we'll just have to get along without it."

\* \* \*

Bob Crosby sings a song, "Let's Make Comparisons," to a life-size dummy of brother Bing in a new film. "Leave us face it," says Bob, "the dummy cost 'em more than I did. But it's a cheap way to get Bing in the picture."

\* \* \*

Overheard at Ciro's: "Look—she's wearing one of those off-the-body type dresses."

\* \* \*

Joan Caulfield, blushing over attempts at a sexy walk for a movie: "Any chorus girl can do a sexy walk, but when I try it I look like Junior Miss entering an ice-cream parlor."

\* \* \*

Eye-popping spelling error on a movie marquee: Alan Ladd in "Brandied."

Hic!

\* \* \*

Jack Carson's quip about the cannibal who leaned back after a hearty meal and sighed: "Sometimes I get so fed up on people."

\* \* \*

Anita Martell to a movie doll: "Darling, you look so healthy. Are your cheeks naturally rosy or did your henna run?"

\* \* \*

Ed Wynn's definition of a scandal: "Something that has to be bad to be good."

\* \* \*

Movie fan in a theater lobby to her companion: "I wish they'd make some pictures with happy endings. Every picture lately ends with the couple getting married."

\* \* \*

Robert Taylor lost his heart and subsequently Barbara Stanwyck, according to Rome news dispatches, to Lia de Leo, a red-haired actress who gives him a pedicure in "Quo Vadis."

That's a new twist on "the-way-to-a-man's-heart-is" theory.



(Continued from page 4) me in confidence that she likes me best, but she doesn't want to lose this other boy either. Every time we are at a school dance, she wants to dance lots of times with him, and she expects me to understand. When we go to the drugstore for a soda and we see him, she wants him to come sit in the booth with us. He has a car and can take her places I can't because I can't get the family car very often. Sometimes she insists that all three of us go to parties together. I do not like to share my girl friend. Do you think I should try to forget her, or should I have it out with this other boy?

Barton T.

No, I don't think you should "have it out" with the other boy, and I don't think you should give up your girl friend. It seems to me that you are in the midst of one of life's delightful situations.

From your letter, I judge that you and the little minx in the case are either freshmen or sophomores in high school, and the other boy is a junior or senior.

At that age you should be dating in groups. You are too young to be even faintly serious, and apparently the girl knows it. She impresses me as being that rare example of femininity, a girl who is able to keep two boys interested in her at the same time. The thing for you to do is have another girl friend, or perhaps two or three.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am sixteen and am rather attractive because I have green eyes and blonde hair and what is said to be a pretty mouth. But I have an extremely large nose with a hump on it. It spoils me completely.

Occasionally I have read stories in the movie magazines about actresses who have undergone plastic surgery, but whenever I have written to these actresses for the names of the doctors who performed the surgery, I have received no reply. I would like to secure the names of some good plastic surgeons and their addresses. I would also like to know how much such an operation costs.

Because you are married to a doctor and because you seem to take an interest in people with worries, I am writing to you. Can you supply the answers?

Brownie T.

The reason one cannot publish the name and address of a doctor in response to a query like yours is that medical ethics forbid, in spirit, such mention. It is construed as a diluted and very modest form of advertising and from such publicity an ethical surgeon shrinks.

In all parts of the country there are competent plastic surgeons performing their miracles. The thing for anyone contemplating such surgery to do is to talk it over with her family doctor. He will know of, or will be able to secure information about the best man for each person's particular needs.

As to cost, this varies according to the type of work which must be done.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am going with a very nice boy my age and am enjoying my school life.

However, last summer I met another boy five years my senior. At the end of the summer vacation he enlisted in the Army. When he asked me to write to him, I agreed, and I have been a steady correspondent. I don't care a hang about this older man, but I like to have many friends and I think it is patriotic at present to write to boys in service. However, he writes the mushiest, silliest letters I have ever read in my life.

I certainly don't want to break up with my steady, but if he were to see one of these mushy letters, or to hear about them, it would be the end of me. How can I explain to this soldier that I am not interested in him as a boy friend, but only as a sort of pen friend?

Daviette R.

There are only two ways in which word of your "service" correspondence could reach your steady school beau: By someone showing him one of the letters, by someone telling him about them. You can forestall such a situation by burning each of the letters as soon as it has been read, and by refraining from reading the letters to any of your girl friends.

Naturally, since you object to the "mushiness" of the letters written to you by this service man, I am sure that your answering letters are pleasant, newsy and impersonal and that you say nothing to encourage the young man's ardor!

Claudette Colbert



Vic Damone greets his Mom, Mamie Farinola, on set of "Rich, Young and Pretty." Mrs. Farinola made first trip to Hollywood from Brooklyn to see Vic make screen debut

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# INSIDE STUFF



"David and Bathsheba" took co-stars Susan Hayward, Greg Peck on trek to Arizona. With them, above, is director Henry King

The Gene Nelsons, Esther Williams exchange "views" at Director Chuck Walters's one-man show at Raymond Galleries



cal york's gossip  
of hollywood



Smiling away those rift rumors are Gene Kelly and wife Betsy Blair, chatting at Raymond Galleries with Gail Robbins (left)





Dinner at La Rue, for Babs Stanwyck and Bob Taylor, newly divorced. No, it wasn't reconciliation, they said—just business!

**Hearts Aflame—Hearts Acooling:** Peter Lawford has it bad (at this writing) for beautiful Australian Jeanne MacDonald, who is now visiting Hollywood. Sharman Douglas never looked less worried . . . Richard Egan's dates with Piper Laurie (the reformed petal cruncher) are strictly studio publicity stuff . . . John Dall and Janice Rule, who look like sister and brother, feel exactly the opposite about each other . . . Tony Curtis hasn't given Janet Leigh an engagement ring, but she is now officially in charge of selecting his neckties!

**Peeks at Production:** Ethel Barrymore, at her own request, was removed from the cast of "Oh Baby." Her given reason, "The part called for too much physical strain and exertion." What the seventy-two-year-old actress thought about the direction, however, she didn't say publicly . . . That darling old gray-headed lady who totters around the RKO lot and talks like she has marbles in her mouth—really *has* 'em. They're used by Jane Wyman in aging her speech for that



That peppy twosome, Carleton Carpenter and Debbie Reynolds, repeat their famous "Abadaba" number at Jewish Home for Aged benefit



Shelley Winters and Farley Granger clown for their producers Norman Krasna, Jerry Wald. Shelley and Farley co-star in "Behave Yourself"



# that's HOLLYWOOD for you

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



Sidney Skolsky



Dietrich

I'm told that men don't whistle as much as they used to and, because Marie Wilson told me, I am inclined to believe it . . . Dietrich did for Grandmas what Pinza did for Grandpas . . . You can enroll me as a member of the Ann Blyth fan club. There's no heroine around who sings a song as sweetly and as unaffectedly as Ann does . . . Although I know that Jane Powell is a married woman, when I see her in a movie, I think she's playing "grown-up" . . . Keenan Wynn is funny off the screen as well as on. When he effected a reconciliation with wife Betty, he did it by singing "Baby, It's Cold Outside" . . . Ocean Park,

where the movie stars go for fun, is the poor man's Coney Island . . . The majority in movietown didn't feel sorry about the spanking Olivia de Havilland and her *Juliet* took from the drama critics. It's unfair, though, when Hollywood takes the rap if a screen star returns to Broadway and flops. Hollywood is never given credit when a movie star comes back to make a hit on the stage, as witness Gloria Swanson, Claude Rains and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Patricia Neal is the tallest heroine in pictures. I'd rather have her on my side than the hero . . . I'd like to see an actor in a movie light his cigarette with a match instead of a lighter . . . Betty Grable posed with a book for a magazine layout but not without protest. "A book!" Betty shouted when the photographer suggested a pose. "That's for Jennifer Jones. I'm Betty Grable. Remember?" . . . Alfred Hitchcock says that Walt Disney has the right kind of actors. Disney draws them and if he doesn't like them, he tears them up.

Celeste Holm has more bounce to the ounce than any soft drink . . . I can remember when Rita Hayworth was painfully shy. At a party she wouldn't even ask for a cigarette, but would lean far across the table to get it herself . . . George Sanders should sing in a picture. I insist! . . . Don't know whether you know it or not, but Cecil B. De Mille is the landlord of the Brown Derby on Vine Street. Yet in all the years I have been going there, I have only seen C. B. in the place once . . . Shelley Winters remains my favorite character. When told that a certain news story had been suppressed, Shelley shouted, "I thought we had a free press. At least the press is always free enough with me!" . . . Whenever I see George Montgomery, I think of Dinah Shore singing "It's So Nice to Have a Man Around the House" . . . Hot dogs taste better at a ball game and Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling agree with me . . . I'm faithful. I don't like the changes they made in "Show Boat," despite the fact that it is a tremendous hit. I still prefer the Ziegfeld version.



Montgomery

Jerry Lewis is supposed to have written a letter which started, "I know you can't read fast, so I wrote this letter slowly" . . . Audrey Totter was asked by an old friend if she ever felt conceited because she had become a movie star. "Not at all," answered pretty Audrey. "I just remember that among the great stars there's one named Lassie" . . . I have yet to see Stewart Granger and Farley Granger together.

Ginger Rogers looks as good dancing at Mocambo as she did dancing in films with Astaire . . . There's no actress working so hard at her career as Gloria De Haven . . . Greg Peck doesn't act like an actor on a set . . . I can recall Ava Gardner telling me that she believed M-G-M signed her only because she was Mrs. Mickey Rooney and would never give her a chance to make good . . . Actors in pictures don't wear vests like they used to . . . His intimate friends call Robert Newton "The Fig."



De Haven

There's been no male singer in pictures to crowd Bing Crosby . . . Mike Curtiz, during a discussion with Jack Warner, commented, "That's the most unheard of thing I ever heard of!" . . . Barbara Bates is an actress who not only doesn't have to wear "falsies," but actually, for a scene in a picture, had to wear a "chest depressor." Barbara looked overdeveloped for the young-

ster she was to portray . . . Faith Domergue is apt to surprise you and prove to be an actress . . . I find that the trouble with most whodunits is that after I find out, I don't care . . . A local movie theater, to lure customers, gives away television sets. Therefore a movie patron who hasn't a TV set can win one and then not go to the movies. That's Hollywood for you!

role in "The Blue Veil" . . . When Mitzi Gaynor broke her little toe during a dance routine, Lana Turner, who broke her toe when she slipped on the Topping boat, sent a wire saying, "Greetings from one peg leg to another."

**Cheerio and Pip-Pip:** Word drifts back from London (where she's making "Another Man's Poison") that Bette Davis is annoyed (and who can blame her) at reporters who referred to Gary Merrill as "the fourth Mr. Davis" . . . June Haver, who was over there last year, sent her little black address book to Ann Blyth, who is making "The House on the Square" with Tyrone Power . . . Speaking of Ty (who was away from London on a vacation), even Scotland Yard's news of their jewel robbery couldn't dim the Powers' happiness over the expected arrival of the stork this fall.

**Censor Stuff:** If *only* Cal could tell you this story without censoring it! It seems that Lucille Ball, who is expecting her baby in July, was strictly instructed by her obstetrician: "Regardless of the hour, be sure and call me if anything unusual happens." Well, due to her delicate condition, something unusual *did* happen and Lucy called at once. The doctor was out on an emergency case. Two hours later the maid announced to the now frantic Lucille that the doctor was on the phone. Lucille rushed over, picked up the instrument and poured out (and how!) all the intimate details of her problem. Following a dead silence, the voice on the other end quietly said: "That's a very interesting story, Mrs. Arnaz, but this isn't your baby doctor. This is the *vet* calling to see how your dog is!"

**Happy Talk:** In case they aren't aware of it, Cal can tell Warners that Ruth Roman may not be "available" in the near future. "I love children," she confided across the luncheon table at Scandia. "The house we bought is rented. As soon as the lease is up and we can move in, Morty and I want a family. We'd like to have two boys and two girls." Tanned to a turn, Ruth, who had



**Cramped quarters:** Ricardo Montalban tries tub for size for "bathtub" scene in his next, "Mark of the Renegade"



# STUFF

just returned from Honolulu, looked radiant. Handsome Mortimer Hall has given his wife a present every day since he married her. The first was a mink coat—the last a Mickey Mouse wrist-watch! Though terrified of flying, Ruth flew back from Honolulu just to spend more time with her husband, who had to rush home on business. "When I do that, it's got to be love," she sighed softly.

**Set of the Month:** Through the hills and up a winding trail, we went. It was hot and dusty but it was worth every single, uncomfortable second. Waiting for us was—Josephine Hull! Round, firm and fully packed with genuine charm, the enchanting character actress was about to do a barnyard scene for "Fine Day." "When you feed the chickens, talk to them as if they were people," instructed director Joe Pevney. Josephine was so serious it completely broke us up! "Any eggs today, girls?" she called to the chickens wistfully. Later she showed us the "Oscar" she won for "Harvey." "It's like a good friend," she told us simply. Howard Duff arrived to do his scenes with Josephine. "How are you, glamour girl?" he greeted her. "Seriously speaking," says Howard, "I think Miss Hull does have glamour—not the Marlene Dietrich kind, of course. It's a great warmth that one feels constantly and to me that's *very* glamorous." Cal says, "Me too!"

**Men at Work:** Unattached females of Hollywood are about to picket Howard Duff and Jeff Chandler! Until they finish their individual pictures, both gents are living in their dressing rooms. Tired at the end of the day, they usually meet in a restaurant opposite the studio. After a couple of beers and dinner they return to the studio and turn in early. What this is doing to those lovely ladies who sit all alone by the telephone, is disastrous!

**Praise from Caesar:** Until she reads it here, Lucille Norman won't know of this well-deserved tribute. It happened backstage at the Academy Awards, where the



Ruth Roman and her new husband, Mortimer Hall, dine out with friends at Mocambo. Ruth's next is "Strangers on a Train"

## hollywood party line



BY EDITH GWYNN

The shower of the month was the fun luncheon-baby shower that Evie Johnson gave for Mrs. Jimmy (Gloria) Stewart. Of course, everyone knew that Gloria expected twins and Evie's invitations to the twenty-five girls announced it was to be a Double or Nothing Party! So they all brought two gifts. The buffet table was beautifully decorated with masses of white and yellow blooms—gardenias and jonquils. The gals were seated at round individual tables for five and Evie had match-books at each place that were specially printed with the words "Twins Yet!" Roz Russell looked so cool in a black and white checked cotton dress topped with a chalk white linen bolero and flashing black patent leather belt and shoes. June Allyson looked



Shower set: Sharman Douglas, June Allyson, Roz Russell, Gloria Stewart, Ann Sothorn

darling in a black sweater knitted with gold threads, tucked into a full-circle black felt skirt—but she almost roasted! Just three males showed up at the end of the afternoon—Vanny-boy, Jack Bolton and poppa-to-be Jimmy—who didn't mind the surplus femmes at all.

There was more than one example of the seemingly "casual" look (but oh, brother, how well-thought-out the costumes were!) the day the Beverly Hills Hotel opened its extension of The Polo Lounge, which goes right on outdoors into the garden where lunch-daters can meet and gab among the flowers. Betty Hutton wore a street-length dress that can go to cocktail parties or dinner with equal aplomb—a lovely lavender raw silk slim-skirted, widely belted dress with short sleeves, big turn-back cuffs. The tight bodice had a plain, rather low square neckline and its only trimming were large self-covered buttons down the front and two enormous loose flap pockets at the hip. Betty's shoes, bag and gloves were of cotton in a deeper mauve shade. Her coat was cut very full with simple lines, in a shade just this side of purple. Diana Lynn was another luncher in a sheer navy crepe, tight-bodiced, full-skirted in fan pleats; with little-girl collar and cuffs of pale pink faille and a bright navy calf belt. Di wore a tiny hat of deeper pink trimmed with vari-colored lilacs with this dress. Peggy Dow looked darling in a two-piecer of navy taffeta with a snug jacket and a skirt that was a pyramid of unpressed pleats. Her shoes were navy but her hat, bag and gloves were a mad, bright yellow!

Once more Hollywood can take a bow for its fine cooperation with a worthy cause. We refer to the galaxy of stars who helped put over the benefit premiere of "Father's Little Dividend," proceeds of which went to the John Tracy Clinic. This, as you know, is Mrs. Spencer Tracy's long-time project to aid deaf children that gets so much of her time, money and heart. Some of the glamour-pusses, who greeted the paying customers in a sort of "receiving line" and shook hands with the fans in the bleachers were: Esther Williams, in the lowest-cut dress we've ever seen *her* in; Janet Leigh, wearing a full-length white silk evening coat with huge collar and cuffs of black velvet; Vera-Ellen looking so purty, but too fussily done up in a tulle-skirted gown with flower-trimmed bodice and elbow-length gloves of net trimmed with embroidery and sequins; Liz Taylor (with Stanley Donen), who topped her white evening dress with a tiny draped cape-stole of navy taffeta. There was quite a gala later at Romanoff's because that was the eve that Mike was closing his world-famous dinery. He'll have his new and swankier place open, just a few blocks away, by the time you read this. The most dazzling dress there was on petite Sonja Henie—heavy pink satin, countless yards of it in the skirt, and the whole thing trimmed all over with dull pink pearls. Sonja was wearing great gobs of her fabulous diamonds and Kay Spreckels remarked, "Someone could get rich just by hitting her over the head." To which Sonja's spouse Winnie Gardner flipped, "Oh, no! If you hit Sonja over the head, a burglar alarm goes off!"

The night that lovable fool Joe E. Lewis opened at Mocambo the walls bulged with celebs who didn't mind the crush, they were so busy laughing at Joe's nonsense. The Van Heflins, George Jessel and Tommye Adams, Pete Lawford beaung Barbara Stanwyck in a party, Marie Wilson (who seemed to be wearing a white lace "boudoir cap" with her white lace gown) with Bob Fallon, Denise Darcel, whose low-cut bodice gave Marie some competition in the chest-expansion department, were in the crowd. Also Linda Darnell, luscious in black and white, with her ex, Pev Marley.



# WHAT HOLLYWOOD'S WHISPERING ABOUT

BY HERB STEIN

Featured Columnist for Hollywood's  
Newspaper, The Reporter



Pev and Linda

Linda Darnell's tremendous dating activity: Although she sees much of her ex-hubby Pev Marley, she's around town with every eligible guy in town, having the time of her life with Eddie Norris, author Polan Banks, Glenn Rose, oilman Bob Calhoun, Ted Briskin, among others . . . Deanna Durbin's letters to friends that she'll make a stab at pictures again after she has her baby. But she's under contract to no studio . . . Judy Garland's big success in England despite her heft, which she doesn't care about so long as she can sing her heart out into yours . . . The Paris

Theatre that has the know-how on making ladies remove their hats: It puts a strip on the screen which reads, "The management wishes to spare elderly ladies inconvenience. They are permitted to wear their hats!"

The fight between Nicky Hilton and director Stanley Donen outside Liz Taylor's home, which was kept hush-hush with the papers . . . The plague Clark Gable went through with the attendants at a local hospital for autographs when he was there for a "check-up"—then beat it to Arizona with a publicity man. When he returned, Sylvia left for the Bahamas.

The studios' clamor for he-men yarns—dame stuff isn't going as well . . . The great ego of Marcus Goodrich, Olivia de Havilland's hubby, when she was doing "Romeo and Juliet" on the New York stage—and he insisted she be called Mrs. Goodrich. And the wag who wagged the play should be called "Marcus and Juliet" . . . Phil Baker's claim that success hasn't changed him: With taxes as they are, he's still poor . . . Marlene Dietrich's wire to us when we said she looked awful with that bleached white make-up and she replied, "I have news for you, dear. I'm that color all over." To which we had to reply, "We don't believe you, Marlene, prove it!"

NBC taking out a \$1,000,000 life insurance policy on Bob Hope . . . John Lucas's line about the gal who has the biggest following in town—and has a tough time getting a girdle to fit it! . . . The happy Hollywood note—casting of eight-year-old Donna Marie Corcoran to top moppet role in M-G-M's "Angels and the Pirates," which will allow her dad to put aside his broom in the studio maintenance department . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s refusal of all offers to play the life of his famous father in a picture . . . Red Skelton giving a blind kid who peddles papers near M-G-M studios a hundred-dollar bill . . . Ezio Pinza's line: "A boy scout is a boy scout until he's sixteen—after that he becomes a girl scout!"

## INSIDE

talented radio singer (she's now under contract at Warners) appeared on the program. Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton stood in the wings and listened rapturously. With a catch in her voice, Ruth Chatterton whispered: "Doesn't that beautiful voice remind you of Grace Moore's?" "At that very moment," Helen Hayes says, "I was thinking the same thing."

Mr. Hush: His studio is finally convinced that Richard Basehart won't talk about his romance with Valentina Cortesa. When he was refused permission to visit the Italian actress, Richard took a suspension (Translation: No dough!) and visited her anyway. Upon his return from Europe, everyone waited breathlessly. No announcement was forthcoming. Then they started questioning. Finally, local columnists demanded a statement. Richard, who gives a brilliant performance in "Fourteen Hours," remained strong—and silent. Some say the couple were secretly married. We wonder.

John's Other Life: Here's hoping John Agar's many fans join us in believing he'll soon be back to being the gentleman he's always been. According to a tip (Cal checked but the information was not available), following a third drunk-driving charge, John joined Alcoholics Anonymous. With such a fine family background, he's obviously suffering from some emotional shock. Some say it all stems back to his first picture when he found himself in fast company. Like any ambitious newcomer, the sensitive John wanted to hold his own with the oldtimers. Living within the very shadow of Shirley Temple's family didn't add to his composure. Naturally their divorce and his wife's subsequent testimony was a bitter pill to swallow. If a guy's willing to try and help himself, he's entitled to everyone's support. Let's give it.



The harried grandparents of "Father's Little Dividend" meet at Romanoff's before going their separate ways—Joan Bennett, for television shows in New York; Spencer Tracy, for film role in London



Monica Lewis, of recording fame and now a Hollywood actress, has 1.0 trouble selling cigarettes to Scott Brady, John Bromfield at Jewish Home for Aged benefit



# STUFF

**At the Moment:** Twentieth Century-Fox's contract player Bob Wagner, who's been dating Darryl Zanuck's daughter, Susan, gets a be-eg studio build-up on account of it's bosses' orders . . . Dan Dailey, who surprised everyone with his sudden recovery and return to Hollywood, hopes to interest his studio in the documentary musical he wrote while convalescing in the Menninger Clinic . . . Bill Holden, the most popular actor who ever lost an "Oscar," has a scrapbook filled with wires and letters of condolence . . . It wasn't a strike and it wasn't a race riot. Hedy Lamarr merely announced that she had sold her home before she found another one—and didn't have a place to rest her beautiful head . . . Literary note: Anne Baxter and John Hodiak poring over a book with the title "2,500 Names for the Baby" . . . Joan Evans thrilled to her beautiful teeth when big boss Sam Goldwyn called to say, "I just saw 'On the Loose' and if you were my own daughter, I couldn't like you more" . . . Scott Brady just looks mysterious when questioned about that rumored M-G-M contract.

**Legs and Laughs:** Betty Grable was doing her "No Talent Joe" number for "Meet Me after the Show." "Meet me on the sound stage after lunch," she called across the Twentieth commissary. "I do a dance in my bare feet. You can help me count the slivers!" Cal can't describe Betty's costume, but those skin-tight knee-length pants made Grable look very able! Manly muscle boys decorated the background as she went through the number staged by brilliant dancer Jack Cole. Harry James dropped by to watch his woman. Even Rory Calhoun, who had a day off, couldn't stay away. "Hey, Betty," a publicity man called over to her. "The New York Yankees are here and they want to meet you." Betty's eyes popped. "They want to meet me?" she quipped. "Brother, I want to meet *them*. You know I caught their act too!"

# IMPERTINENT

## INTERVIEW

**BY ALINE MOSBY**

*U. P. Hollywood Correspondent*

Joanne Dru, who has plowed bravely through many a Technicolor epic unscathed by Indians or gun-totin' heavies, finally has been nicked.

Miss Dru has been winged by the Internal Reven-ooers who are the biggest heavies in Hollywood these days. The reven-ooers have foreclosed the back income tax "mortgages" on the old homesteads and Cadillacs of such "Little Nells" as Miss Dru, Nat "King" Cole and Marlene Dietrich, so Internal Revenue Agents can now be seen paddling in kidney-shaped swimming pools around town. Miss Dru, according to the local prints, has to fork over \$50,000 to Uncle Sam to pay for income taxes that are in arrears. In the interest of keeping lovers of the cinema posted on such financial matters, I sped over to Miss Dru's dressing room hard by the "Mr. Belvedere Blows His Whistle" set at Twentieth Century-Fox studios.

"I'm not embarrassed about it," Miss Dru shrugged. "After all, I didn't incur the debt." She explained that her ex-husband, singer Dick Haymes, is responsible for this little oversight. Miss Dru first foreclosed on him in a divorce court. Then she was told she had to pay half of his debts, anyway. "He couldn't pay them because he hasn't been working lately," she said. "For a while I was giving the government 20 per cent of my salary. Then I guess the agents were told by Washington to get the money right now, so they got rough about it. I had to sell our three-acre place in the San Fernando Valley and give them the money. And I'll have to give them 52 per cent of the salary I'll make from two movies at Fox this year. I'll get to keep only 7 per cent of my salary after withholding and unemployment insurance and my agent's fee are taken out," she sighed. "If I hadn't been working, they'd have taken our cars, too."

And what will Joanne and her husband, John Ireland, and five children (from other marriages) eat on?

"It's wonderful that both John and I work," she said. "And I feel that I'll get some of this money back from Dick when he works again." To cut down on expenses, the family has moved into a "very informal" English farmhouse in Beverly Hills.

It's on a little lot. And it has no swimming pool.



John, Joanne and their five children



John Agar and Elaine White, who used to date Clark Gable, at Mocambo. John left soon after for successful singing engagements in Chicago and Miami



Tea party in Disney-land: Twelve-year-old Kathryn Beaumont, the voice of *Alice* in Walt Disney's cartoon "Alice in Wonderland," plays hostess. Ed Wynn, center, is the voice of the *Mad Hatter*



# some sweltering summer day



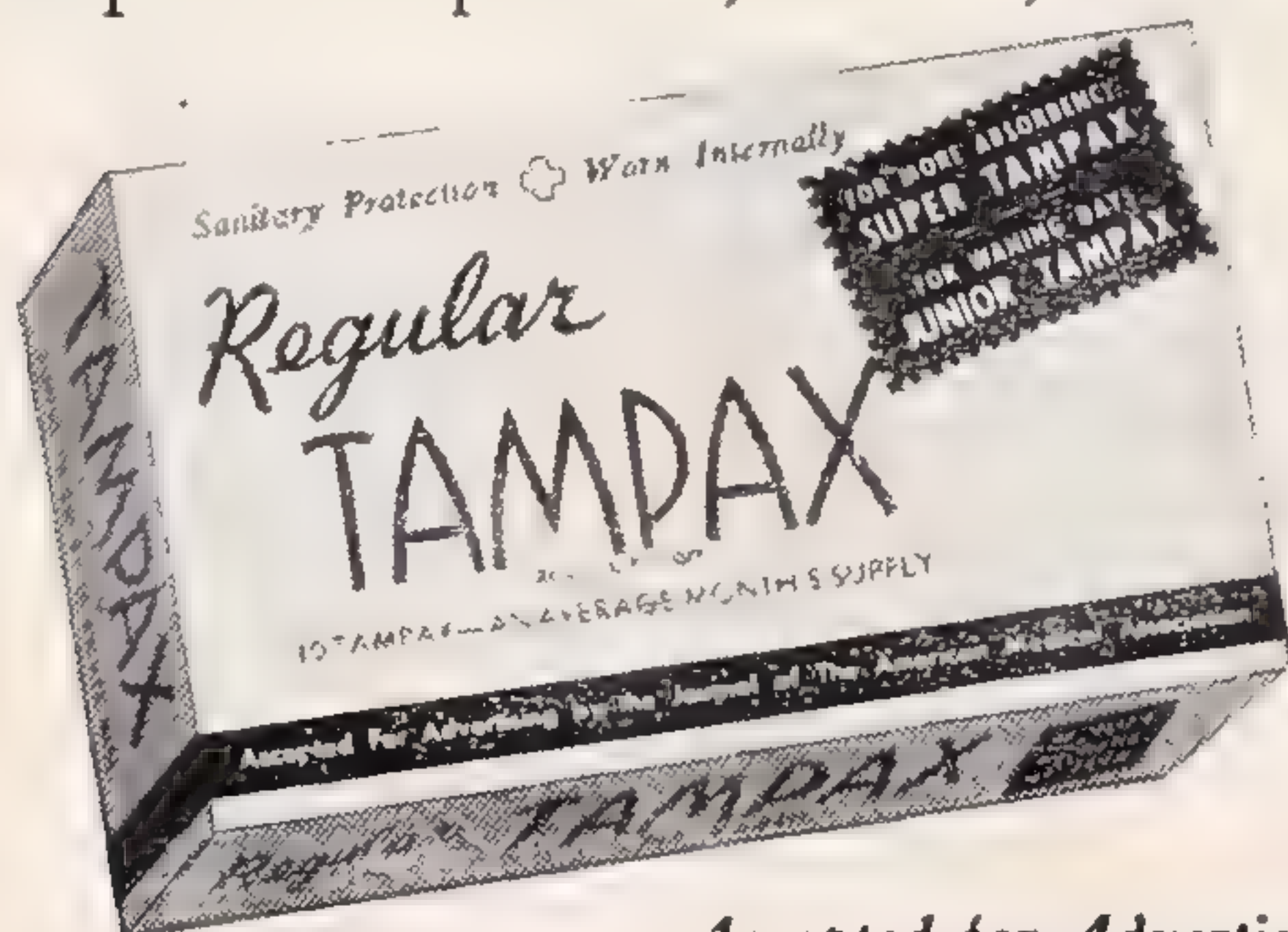
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## INSIDE STUFF

**Man of the Moment:** Jeff Chandler, who is the best bet on the U-I lot, is beginning to believe that old one about "all is not gold." With the exception of another actor (Richard Egan) not a single studio soul congratulated him when he received an Academy Award nomination. Then recently, Jeff had to wait until the eleventh hour before he was notified that U-I had taken up his option. In the romance department, however, his obvious charm isn't going to waste. When he had an interview in the Brown Derby, Jeff sat with his back to Ann Sheridan, in an adjoining booth. Annie knew the writer, so she sent over a kidding note, complaining about the "bad view." Always accommodating, Jeff shifted his position. He liked what he saw and they've been having dates ever since!

**It's the Truth That:** Glenn Ford in "Follow the Sun," portrays Ben Hogan, the famous golf champ. However, the actor won't be seen in the long shots performing those master strokes. The difference in form was so great, they finally put a mask of Ford's face on Hogan (who is shorter and heavier) and he swung for "himself" . . . Helen Hayes, who is President of ANTA (American National Theatre Association) is so impressed with the masterful way Hollywood presents its Academy Awards, she's going to incorporate our ideas into the New York ceremonies . . . When Robert Thomsen (M-G-M's brightest boy producer) received the opinion cards from the sneak preview of "The Thin Knife," the raves over Keefe Brasselle's performance were all written in—lipstick!

**Truth and Consequences:** Some say Mrs. Tarzan was wise enough to see the handwriting on the wall. At any rate, Arlene Dahl requested that she be released from her M-G-M contract for various reasons . . . Esther Williams, on the other hand, just wants new plots

to swim in . . . The Clark Gables may be divorced by the time you read this, but Sylvia definitely remains "married" to her art. Her paintings (very much on the style of the celebrated Raoul Dufy) hang in the home of the Fred Astaires as well as in those of other friends too . . . Far from its being a publicity stunt, Dick Powell and June Allyson couldn't be more serious about their plan for heading an adoption home to protect California parents. The admirable couple filed incorporation papers last October . . . Those close to the Dick Contino case declare the now famous accordion player has never been able to drive a car alone, or sleep in anything but an unlocked room on the ground floor. Since childhood he's been so seriously complicated, he is deserving of understanding for having fled in terror from his Induction Center.

**Guise and Dolls:** Shel and Farl (their Quixotic names for each other) were announced as being "officially engaged" recently. However, the proper ring—"twelve good-sized diamonds that made Shelley Winters squeal with delight," wasn't placed on the proper finger by Farley Granger. According to witnesses, when the handsome actor tendered his tantalizing token, he supposedly said: "Now behave yourself, or I'll take it back—and *don't* call the columnists!" Right up to the day the story broke, Farley, who is very devoted to his parents, had never mentioned matrimonial intentions. Neither had he ever introduced them to Shelley. While it's all a familiar publicity pattern, should this devoted duo eventually marry, they have so much in common, (including a talent for creating front page news) they could easily live happily ever after.

**Puppy Love:** "Come back to the set and meet my dearest friend and severest critic." Cornel Wilde's black eyes twinkled as he (Continued on page 21)



John Ireland slipped out of the picture when Hymie took this snap of Mrs. Ireland (Joanne Dru) at a party with that new twosome, Ann Sheridan and Jeff Chandler



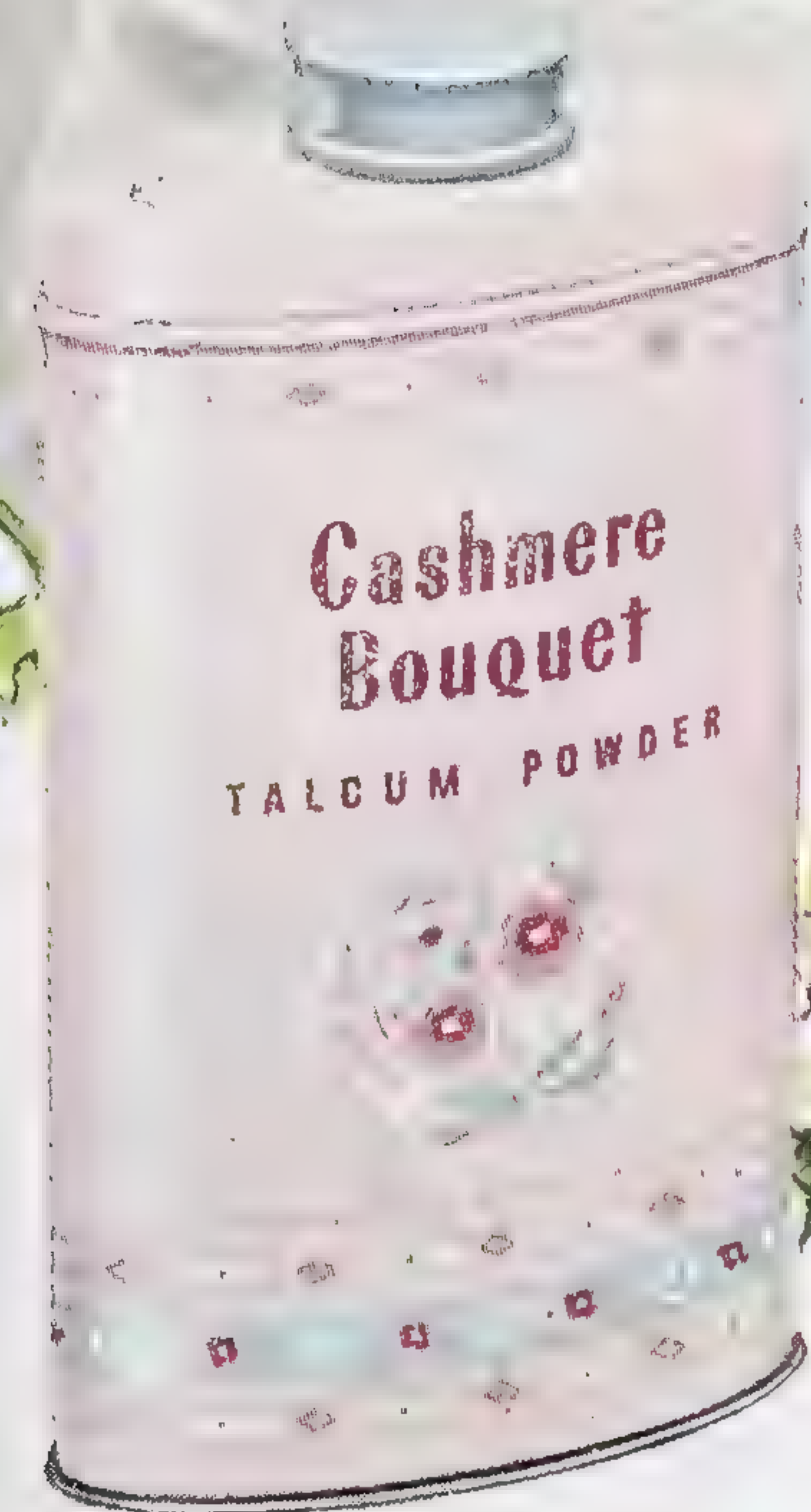
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**WITH** *Lustre-Creme Shampoo*

When Ruth Roman says . . . "I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo" . . . you're listening to a girl whose beautiful hair plays a vital part in a fabulous glamour-career.

In a recent issue of "Modern Screen," a committee of famed hair stylists named Ruth Roman, lovely Lustre-Creme Girl, as one of 12 women having the most beautiful hair in the world.

**You, too,** will notice a glorious difference in your hair from Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Under the spell of its rich lanolin-blessed lather, your hair shines, behaves, is eager

to curl. Hair dulled by soap abuse, dusty with dandruff, is fragrantly clean. Rebel hair is tamed to respond to the lightest brush touch. Hair robbed of natural sheen glows with renewed sun-bright highlights. All this, even in the hardest water, with no need for a special after-rinse.

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

**Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair**





Richard Widmark drops his tough role for a gentlemanly whirl around the dance floor. His partner? Mrs. W., of course!

Enjoying the play from the side lines at Palm Springs Racquet Club Tennis Tournament are Frank Ross and wife Joan Caulfield

## INSIDE STUFF



John Seitz (he photographed "Foreign Affair" and other great hits) was replaced. Alan, who has a sympathetic role and loves it, wasn't getting along with Vidor and he was very pleased with Seitz and his work. Walking out would have cost him many thousands, but Alan was too indignant to care. However, when he realized the cost to the studio, he reconsidered. Now star and director speak only when it pertains to production.

**Bits and Pieces:** Now that MacDonald Carey, Wendell Corey, and Mark Stevens are living on the same Beverly Hills block, they're sharing the same swimming pool, tennis court, and lawn mower . . . In between making records, appearing on radio and acting in "Aaron Slick from Punkin Crick," Dinah Shore's making all the curtains and cushions for their new Palm Springs home that George Montgomery is building by himself . . . Leave it to Corinne Calvet to be *très* original. Anyone can paint on canvas, but the French filly is doing portraits on flagstone—but don't you *dare* ask us why!

**Wedding Belle:** Mrs. Marty Melcher finally came down to earth long enough to pour a spot of tea. However, Doris Day, wearing dungarees and moccasins, looked about as bride-like as a bobby soxer! "We didn't want any fuss or chi-chi," she grinned. "So one day Marty just casually called while I was covering a sofa. 'Let's do it,' he said. I dressed, we dashed over to the Burbank City Hall five minutes from this house. Two photographers magically appeared, so we grabbed them for witnesses. My gold wedding ring looks like a miniature belt with holes and a tongue buckle. But someone had changed the size and Marty had to stop and readjust it before he could slip it on. It broke me up completely! After the ceremony we drove home again." Doris sighed ecstatically. No, Cal didn't ask her if she ever got that sofa covered!

(Continued from page 18) stopped by Cal's table in the Paramount commissary. A little later we got his "message," watching C. B. De Mille shoot a scene for "The Greatest Show on Earth." The action called for a mongrel dog to lick Cornel affectionately on the hand. Poochie, it seems, was just too doggone bored to even try. They tempted him by smearing on sausage, then honey. Finally, the exasperated director barked for a canine star who would succumb to Cornel's masculine charms. "Please let me try once more," pleaded the prop man. He then proceeded to perfume the actor's hand with a fragrant-sardine! This time the results were sensational. The last we saw of Cornel, he was still trying to shake the new love in his life—and we don't mean Jean Wallace!

**A Little from Lots:** The appearance together of Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal in Havana, made top topical conversation on Hollywood sound stages . . . Pity poor Nancy Olson, who was so embarrassed while making "Force of Arms." Because she is "expecting," the blonde beauty even had to dash out of love scenes, when illness overtook her . . . Betty Hutton, who should know, predicts that Charlton Heston's performance in "The Greatest Show on Earth" will make him the most sizzling sex boy on celluloid . . . Time marches on and Charles Boyer has now reached the age and stage where he can kid about the hairpiece he's worn since he played great lovers. The fascinating Frenchman refers to his hirsute adornment as "My brain doily!"

**Rage in Hollywood:** When the most co-operative and peace-loving actor in Hollywood wants to walk off the set, the reason has to be rigorous. Alan Ladd's the lad. Charles Vidor's the director, who also had trouble and a lawsuit at Columbia. The picture is "Rage of the Vulture" and the set is about as soothing as a quiet day in a boiler factory. Climax came when cameraman

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# Sweetie!

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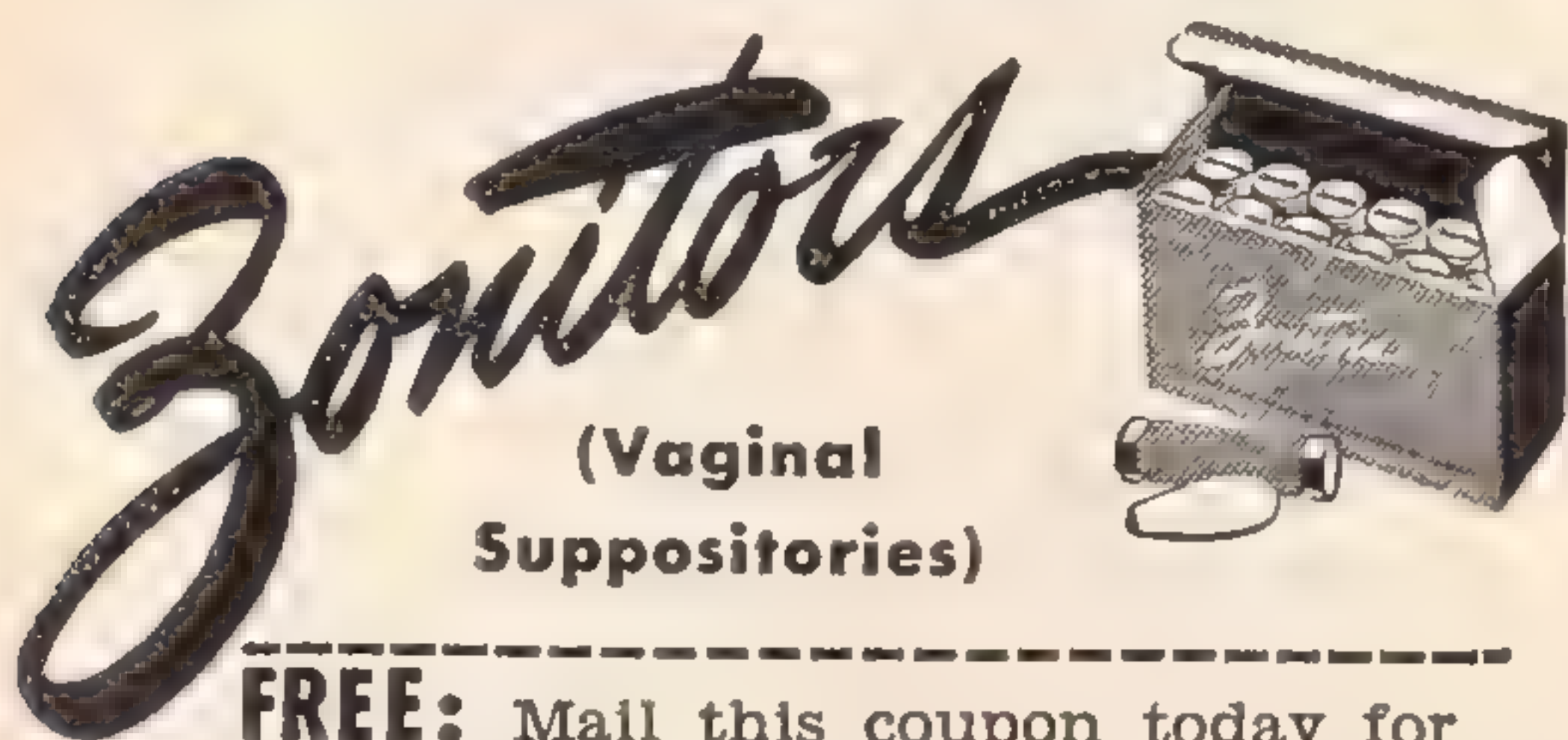
The modern girl is well aware how important it is to practice internal feminine cleanliness for her health, dainty charm, married serenity, after her periods and always as a protection from a source of odor—far more offensive than bad breath or body odor.

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## INSIDE STUFF

Looking in all directions  
are Dinah Shore, the  
Oleg Cassinis (Gene Tier-  
ney) and Dinah's husband,  
George Montgomery.  
They're at Screen Writers  
Guild banquet

**Romantic Round-up:** Rhonda Fleming and John Payne really put Cupid to the test, when they went to Florida for the Pine-Thomas production of "Cross Winds." The amorous ones had to make love to each other—under water! . . . Marlene Dietrich, who happens to be very fond of Michael Wilding, happened to be at the same desert hotel where the handsome Britisher spent his last weekend before heading back to London . . . The shy Lew Ayres, who isn't too shy to get around local lovelies, is getting around with lovely Helene Stanley, recently brought out from the New York stage by Twentieth Century-Fox . . . It comes up love (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) when Howard Duff gives the King of his cats to Marta Toren.

**Good Will Toward Men:** Cal's seen it happen before. An actor is so close to his studio they take him for granted. He gets lost in the shuffle. From now on it will be a different story for Ricardo Montalban. Since his tour of all the important South American countries, M-G-M wouldn't dare deprive him of the build-up he has long deserved. Ricardo, who is always a gentleman, kind and sincere, was a great ambassador for Hollywood. Thousands waited to see him everywhere and he saw them all. Ricardo Montalban is a religious man, whose faith is being rewarded by the faith others have in him.

**Great Open Spaces:** Ronnie Reagan (completely reconciled to his divorce from Jane Wyman) is a happy man these days. He has a new 350-acre ranch that he loves and it's very obvious that he is in love with Nancy Davis. If that new house he plans to build is any indication, wedding bells should be a-ringing soon. The first day on his ranch, a man drove up, offered to trim the trees free and buy the branches. "It's a deal," exclaimed Ronnie, who was digging his ninety-fifth post hole, "But I'm curious. What do you do with the branches?" Came the amusing answer: "Oh I sell them to your studio. They use them for props when they build outdoor sets on the sound stages!"

**Boy's Town:** Cal kind of worries at times because he's seen what success does to nice guys like Gene Nelson, who was a one-man dreamboat in "Lullaby of Broadway." Well, our worries are over. Gene's values remain as solid as those dancing feet. We ran into the charming Mrs. Gene the other day and she brought us up to date on our boy. It seems David Butler called to tell Gene the front office was raving over his performance. The maid answered the phone. "I'm very sorry," she said to the pleading director, "Mr. Nelson is on the lot next door—flying a kite! He instructed me not to disturb him—unless it was very important."

Two loves has Ronnie  
Reagan—a new 350-acre  
ranch and Nancy Davis.

If that new house he's  
planning to build is any  
indication—wedding bells  
will soon be ringing





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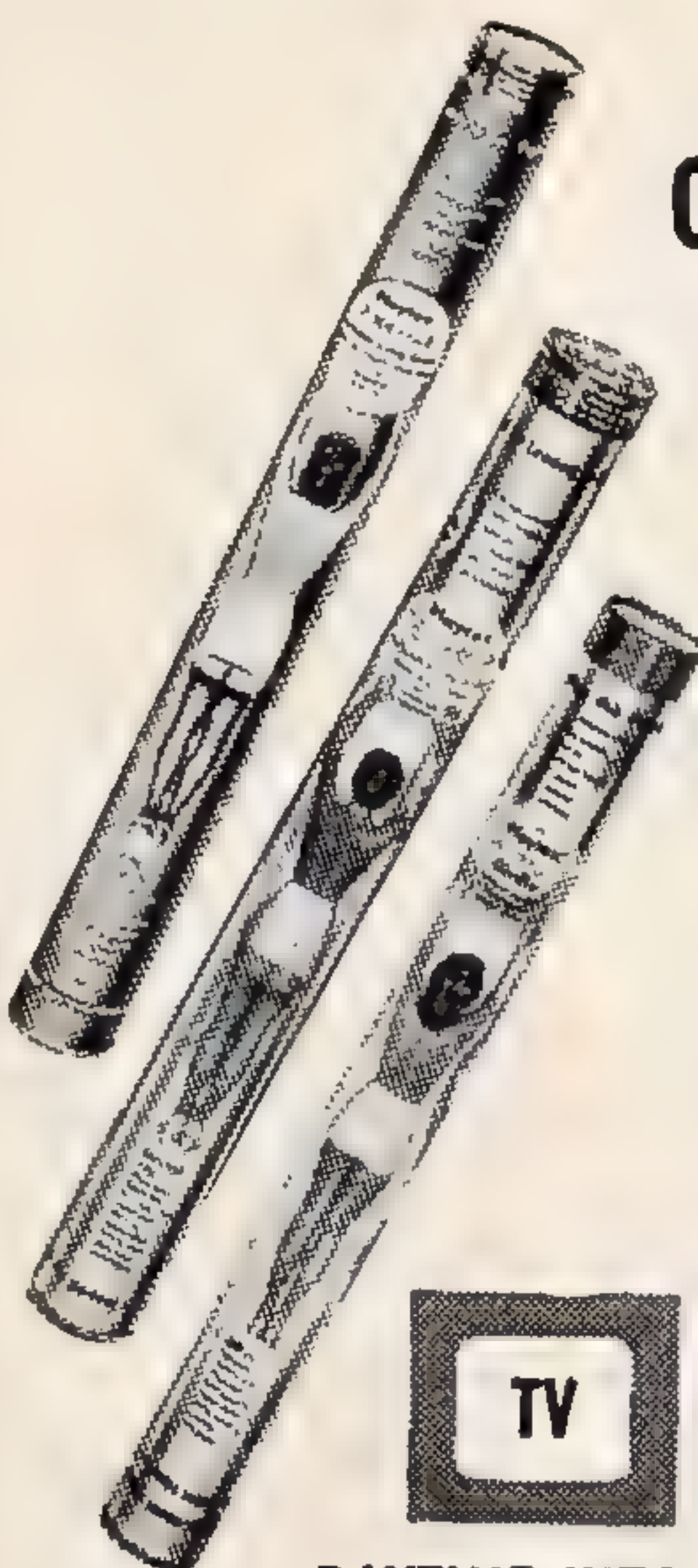
**CAROLYN SCHNURER**, famous for casuals: "Slimness is no problem if you wear a PLAYTEX under everything. It slims you, melts the inches away!"



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Naval engagement: Gregory Peck and Virginia Mayo find romance and adventure in story of fictional British hero

✓✓½ (F) Captain Horatio Hornblower  
(Warners)

**A**DVENTURES on the high seas that range from threatened mutiny to raging naval battles and finally to romance, mark "Hornblower" as a wonderful movie. Gregory Peck as *The Captain* possesses all the heroic, stoic, romantic qualities that has made the hero of this fictional classic an idol the world over. In the off-path Pacific in the year 1807 with England at war with both France and Spain, the British frigate, under Peck's command, makes its uncertain way to a Nicaraguan coastal town with arms for a Spanish rebel. Too late Peck learns that England and Spain have become allies against France and the ship granted to the rebel by Peck must be retaken.

The battle scenes are tremendously effective and the love scenes between Peck and *Lady Barbara Wellesley*, who becomes a passenger on the return trip to England, are quite touching. Robert Beatty as *Lieut. Bush*, Terence Morgan as a gunnery officer, blonde James Justice as *Quist* and James Kenney as the young midshipman top a fine performing cast.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Colorful romance, thrills and excitement galore.

**Program Notes:** Peck did so much research on the lore and technique of seamanship for his long role of Hornblower that he now can issue commands anent rigging, gunnery, navigation, signaling and codes and actually know what he's talking about . . . Throughout the action five complete ships were needed and each had to be technically correct down to the last detail. An entire French seaport town and the town and harbor of Plymouth, England, were constructed on a Warner sound stage for a brief period of action . . . Virginia Mayo wore eighteen changes of costume and had the rare good courage to dispense with all make-up during her illness scenes . . . It required not one or two stunt men for the battle scenes but thirty-seven members of the Jock Easton's Stunt Team, an aggregation of performers famous for their daring. None, may we say, was as daring as some of Miss Mayo's necklines . . . Cameraman Guy Green, who won an Academy Award for his work on "Great Expectations," could easily win another for the Technicolor beauty of his work on "Hornblower."

# SHADOW

✓✓✓OUTSTANDING

✓✓GOOD ✓FAIR



Deep water: Murder and intrigue are stowaways on wrecked ship sighted by Carla Balenda, Eric Feldary, Dana Andrews

✓✓ (F) Sealed Cargo (RKO)

**A**FISHING boat slowly emerges from the enveloping fog to run headlong into an eerie, exciting adventure that literally carries along the entire audience as uneasy passengers. Dana Andrews is the boat's skipper who finds himself, in the year 1943, a victim of Nazi intrigue off the coast of Newfoundland. Sighting a ship in distress, Andrews discovers only Captain Claude Rains aboard. Rains claims his crew abandoned the vessel when attacked by a German submarine. Andrews agrees to tow the disabled ship to his port of destination, a Newfoundland village, where he discovers the vessel is actually a mother-ship for Nazi U-boats. His long range scheme for destroying the enemy craft and its dangerous cargo provides plenty of goose-pimpily excitement.

Philip Dorn, as a Danish sailor, lends tip-top support. Skip Homeier as a young seaman, Carla Balenda as the pretty passenger and Onslow Stevens, her father, contribute to the well-directed and suspenseful story. Andrews and Rains, of course, are excellent.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A first-class thriller.

**Program Notes:** Andrews needed little technical advice in the ship scenes, being himself the skipper of two boats, the 85-foot ketch, *Vilechi*, and the 55-foot cutter, the *Katharine*. Like the postman on his day-off walk, Dana sailed one of his own boats to Catalina Island every Sunday the picture was in production . . . Claude Rains took off for New York immediately after the movie was completed to reap honors in the Sidney Kingsley play "Darkness at Noon" . . . Skip Homeier, the Nazi brat of "Tomorrow the World," now twenty, shortened his name from Skippy to Skip and was made happy by playing on our team in this film . . . Philip Dorn, a Hollander by birth, who speaks Dutch, German, English and Malay, had to be coached in the Danish dialogue he is required to speak.



**F—FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY**

**A—FOR ADULTS**



The red menace: Dorothy Hart, Frank Lovejoy are involved in a dangerous game in this stranger-than-fiction revelation

✓✓✓ (F) **I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.**  
(Warners)

**S**TRAIGHT from the pages of The Saturday Evening Post comes the true story of a man who, on the surface, was a member of the Communist party for nine years, but in reality was an undercover agent for the F.B.I. Matt Cvetic, who actually lived a dual role all those years, is convincingly played by Frank Lovejoy in a straightforward, honest and intensely interesting movie that reveals Communism in all its ugly reality.

Shunned by his friends and neighbors, rejected by his family and scorned by his son, Cvetic plays the dangerous, ruthless game until he is finally given an opportunity to clear himself. Dorothy Hart, a pretty and intelligent girl, plays the high school teacher who leaves the Party and narrowly misses death. Ron Hagerthy gives a fine performance as Cvetic's son. Gerhardt Eisler, noted Red leader, is played by Konstantin Shayne.

Your Reviewer Says: A must for every loyal American.

**Program Notes:** Frank Lovejoy comes to Hollywood from radio and first attracted attention in the film "Breakthrough" with David Brian and John Agar. "Goodbye, My Fancy" with Joan Crawford followed. Lovejoy is a quiet but forceful actor who, oddly enough, raises pet fish as a hobby . . . The high school scenes were shot in and around Burbank High. The shooting took place on a Saturday with extra players as students . . . Ron Hagerthy was spotted by a Warner scout in a Glendale College play in Glendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, and promptly signed . . . In answer to the hundreds of queries from feminine fans, the studio is forced to admit all F.B.I. agents are not as handsome as young Philip Carey and Richard Webb who play them in the film. Carey was a Marine in the last war and couldn't be happier playing in an anti-Communist movie.



Campus controversy: Jeanne Crain, Dale Robertson in straightforward expose of the cruelties of sorority snobbishness

✓✓½ (F) **Take Care of My Little Girl**  
(20th Century-Fox)

**C**OLLEGE sororities come in for a slam-bang right on their pretty snobbish noses in this little number and Whooo, are they going to be furious! Jeanne Crain gives her usual fine performance as Liz who wants only to join her mother's sorority but finally, in complete disillusionment, decides not to pledge at all. Dale Robertson who plays Joe Blake, the older non-fraternity man, is just about as interesting a newcomer as you can find on any screen. Mitzi Gaynor, a breezy individualist, Jean Peters as the snobbish Dallas, Carol Brannon, the rebellious Casey, and so many others keep the plot interest high. Good looking Jeffrey Hunter plays the fraternity man about campus and does a good job of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Watch the Greek pin wearers land on this one.

**Program Notes:** On the sound stages the gals really lined up sides, the sorority and anti-sorority sisters, but the star, Jeanne Crain, remained neutral. Jeanne's term or two of extra classes at UCLA rendered her ineligible for any sorority . . . Dale Robertson, a graduate of Oklahoma Military College, claims he was too busy horse training on his father's ranch near by to bother about the Greek letter nonsense . . . Jean Peters, the snob instrumental in depledging Ruthie, wanted no part of the "singing smirks" during college days while Jeffrey Hunter is a Phi Delt at Northwestern and heartily approves of sororities and fraternities . . . Believe it or not, Lenka Peterson, who plays Ruthie is an Iowa University Pi Phi herself . . . Mitzi Gaynor was the romping rowdy of the set and kept both director and cast in constant hot water. But the biggest excitement occurred when handsome Jeff Hunter eloped over one weekend with starlet Barbara Rush. The co-eds picketed Jeff the following day with banners that read "Unfair to his own College Widows" . . . When Director John Negulesco asked Jeanne what she intended doing after the picture was over, she replied, wearily, "Take care of my little boys."



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EVEN THE SONGS  
RING WITH LAUGHTER

"I'M LATE"

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

"VERY GOOD ADVICE"

"THE UNBIRTHDAY SONG"

"'T WAS BRILLIG"

STARRING THE VOICES OF:

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RICHARD HAYDN . . . *The Caterpillar*  
STERLING HOLLOWAY *The Cheshire Cat*  
JERRY COLONNA . . . *The March Hare*  
KATHRYN BEAUMONT . . . . ALICE

COLOR BY  
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### ✓✓ (F) The Last Outpost (Paramount)

**B**ACK we go to the West of Civil War days for another set-to between the Yanks and Rebels with lots of howling Injuns thrown in, including our old friend Geronimo. Action centers around two brothers, Ronald Reagan of the Confederate Cavalry and Bruce Bennett, a Union colonel. A mistake in their identity by John Ridgeley, a shady post owner who has married Reagan's former sweetheart, Rhonda Fleming, sets off a series of incidents that prove fatal to Ridgeley and provide plenty of giddap action for the rest of the cast. Bill Williams and Noah Beery Jr. play two Confederate sergeants, Peter Hanson is Lieut. Crosby, Hugh Beaumont is Lieut. Fenton and the "mysterious" Apache Chief Grey Cloud turns out to be Charles Evans, a former Major General who has made his home with the Indians since Army Headquarters disapproved his marriage to an Indian. Of course, Rhonda and Reagan plan to meet again at war's end.

Your Reviewer Says: They went both this-and-that-a-way in this whoop-de-do Western.

**Program Notes:** Tucson, Arizona, was beside itself during the shooting of this Western with movie stars, bit players and extras practically taking over the town. But the man who claimed the most interest was Gordon Jones, who was sent on ahead of the cast to "interview" horses for the movie. Jones "interviewed" over 400 horses, judging their ability to take direction as well as their appearance before deciding on 140 of Arizona's finest . . . Use of the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, was granted the company by the citizens who were dumbstruck when the crew spent one day aging the already aged mission by removing all electrical fixtures. The private interoffice telephone system that linked the eight-mile-wide location and the four-block-square replica of Tucson in the 1860's were more amazing features of the incredible movie-ites . . . Ronald Reagan required no riding lesson, being already an accomplished rider . . . The natural scenic beauty shared Technicolor honors with beauteous Rhonda who claimed all the shootin' and feudin' were child's play after the nonsense that went on in both her Bob Hope and Bing Crosby pictures . . . And guess what? Geronimo was played by an Indian, War Eagle, no less. Such casting! ! !

### ✓ (F) The Prince Who Was a Thief (U-I)

**H**ERE we go again, friends, riding down the same old Ali Baba highway of Far East chicanery. The bazaars are as intriguing as ever. The beautiful dancing girls are as un-Arabian as Hollywood can make them. The story is repetitious but to thousands in audiences the faults will scarcely be noticed as long as tousle-haired Tony Curtis and cute little Piper Laurie are around. And they are, most of the time.

Looking a blue-eyed dream in his colorful raiments, Tony plays a harem-scarem prince, spared death as an infant at the hand of a hired assassin (Everett Sloane) who adopts the lad as his own and trains him well in the art of thievery. With the aid of a lithe and incorrigible street gamin, Tony robs the treasury of its gold, becomes involved with a princess and an egg-sized pearl and eventually comes into his kingdom. Peggie Castle plays the princess and Piper the waif who wins Tony's heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful people in beautiful settings.



**Program Notes:** Bells rang for Tony Curtis when the role of the adventurous young prince came his way but they were school bells, alas, with Tony dashing to lessons in drama, fencing, gymnastics and readings under the tutelage of his friend Marlon Brando, no less. The studio issued Tony a no-dates-with-Janet-Leigh ultimatum until the picture was finished. Did he keep it? We're not telling . . . After a few weeks of shooting, Piper Laurie was afraid the Technicolor would emphasize her many black-and-blue marks. Petite Piper was thrown over and over into a swimming pool by Tony, was required to toss a 180-pound man over her shoulder, was chased by guards for three days and compelled to scale a fifty-foot wall up a ten-man pyramid . . . Blonde Peggie Castle dyed her hair jet-black in order to play the Arabian princess but lost the prince after all to a redhead . . . Major Ramsay Hill, retired British army officer and outstanding authority on Arabian customs, acted as technical advisor and all but fell into his teapot when he discovered the wardrobe department had sewn zippers into the men's turbans in order to save the time needed in the winding each day.

#### ✓✓ (F) Kon-Tiki

(Art-Film—Sol Lesser—RKO)

**T**HIS is a true adventure film that tells the saga of a deep sea voyage taken by a young Norwegian, Thor Heyerdahl, and his five companions who sailed from Peru to the Pacific Islands. The "Kon-Tiki" is a primitive raft on which these daring men went adventuring over a distance of 4,300 miles. Heyerdahl has a theory that the original Polynesians could have had their origin in South America and that venturesome Peruvians could have reached the South Seas using native rafts and taking advantage of the trade winds. This film is documentary proof of his theory. The expedition was made in 101 days. En route, they were followed by vicious sharks and huge whales that threatened to wreck the raft.

Your Reviewer Says: For adventure-lovers.

**Program Notes:** The films of the Kon-Tiki expedition were originally taken for scientific purposes only—but were so fascinating that they were edited to be shown as a feature-length documentary. Except for the introduction, no extra footage was added. Thus the most dangerous phase of the voyage—the shipwreck on a coral reef as they tried to land—has to be illustrated in a diagram. There were only six men in the world who were convinced that the Kon-Tiki would survive the voyage. They were the six men aboard. One skeptic went so far as to offer the crew all the whiskey they could drink for the rest of their lives if they lived to complete the journey. The only casualty was the pet parrot who was mysteriously washed overboard one night. Bengt Danielsson was the lone Swede involved in the adventure. The others are all Norwegians. The book "Kon-Tiki" is now in its ninth printing, has been tops on the best-seller list since its publication in America and has been published throughout the world in twenty-five languages.

#### ✓✓ (A) The Thing (RKO)

**A** SCIENTIFIC horror film designed with one purpose in mind—to scare the living daylights out of everyone who pays good money to see it. Far-fetched in theme—that of a vegetable-compounded creature arriving on earth from some distant planet in his specially designed flying saucer—it is nevertheless so well directed, produced, written and acted, one becomes completely lost in the vampirish goings-on. Unfortunately, the Frankensteinish appearance of this refugee de-

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stroys much of the illusion. A "Thing" in less human form would have deepened the horror to our way of thinking.

The saucer and its peculiar passenger is discovered in the North Pole regions when Captain Pat Hendry (Kenneth Tobey) is ordered to fly to the radioactive spot and find out what cooks. What cooks turns out to be a vegetable stew the likes of which no one outside Hollywood would be caught dead thinking up. But Tobey and his crew are such a likable, natural bunch of kids, they lend a certain credence to the tale. Margaret Sheridan plays the Captain's girl and Robert Cornthwaite the scientist.

Your Reviewer Says: Screaming won't help. We tried it.

Program Notes: Producer Howard Hawks, one of Hollywood's best, can now be labeled a "rank" juggler. In choosing his comparatively unknown cast, Mr. Hawks upped Tobey, a California University graduate, from his real life rank of Army private to that of captain. Dewey Martin, a Navy pilot for five years, was made a warrant officer. James Young, a Navy pilot in the Pacific, emerged an Air Force co-pilot. But the real payoff casting was that of William Neff, a West Point graduate and former Air Corps Colonel, who became a scientist because he didn't look a military type... Miss Sheridan, a former model, waited five years for her chance and emerged with a pair of slacks and a sports outfit... When Hawks applied for the usual insurance and it was discovered The Thing had to be set on fire, frozen in an ice block and attacked by Husky dogs, every insurance company turned him down. The cast was snowbound for weeks on location in Montana and went coyote hunting for sport. Oh yes, The Thing is played by James Arness.

#### ✓✓ (F) The First Legion (Sedif-UA)

A STORY of faith and its wondrous healing comes straight from Hollywood in a warming, intimate story of men living and working within the cloistered walls of a Jesuit Seminary. Endowed with many of the same human qualities that beset less spiritual men, the Fathers react, each in his own way, to a miracle within their halls when Father Sierra (H. B. Warner), paralyzed for three years, arises from his bed and walks.

The ensuing frenzy that brings hundreds of pilgrims to the Seminary, each hoping for a personal miracle, is faced with skepticism by Father Arnoux, beautifully played by Charles Boyer, who questions the young doctor in charge. In private confession the doctor admits the miracle is a hoax, sealing the Father's lips against honest revelation. But a genuine miracle in the final reel, when Barbara Rush, a hopeless cripple, is healed before the altar, restores shattered faith, harmony and peace to all. Boyer, William Demarest and Lyle Bettger are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Food for the soul.

Program Notes: Playing the role of a priest is no new experience to Charles Boyer. Back in the '30's in "The Garden of Allah" Charles undertook the role of a monk who renounces his vows to pursue Marlene Dietrich across endless sand dunes... Adapted from Emmet Lavery's famous play, the picture was filmed in and around the famous Mission Inn in Riverside, California, mecca of thousands of visitors from all over the world. The Mission has also served as wedding chapel for many Hollywood couples. Jesuit Father Thomas J. Sullivan of Loyola University acted as technical advisor to keep authentic the austerity of Jesuit background... Lyle

Bettger, the agnostic young doctor, and pretty Barbara Rush are the youngest members of a famous stage-name cast including Walter Hampden, Taylor Holmes, William Demarest and Leo G. Carroll. Demarest believes he's played every type role possible, but the fun-loving Monsignor with his scene-stealing dog was that something new for Bill.

#### ✓ (F) New Mexico (Allen-U. A.)

THERE are several points of difference in this scenically beautiful Western that render it unique. The cavalry comes riding on the screen in the very first scene instead of the last where, heavens knows, it is badly needed, and the hero and villain alike meet death. Lew Ayres plays the young Captain who attempts defense of the Indians who are being cheated and abused by Indian Affairs Commissioner Judge Wilcox (Lloyd Corrigan) and Colonel McComb of the U. S. Cavalry. Finally, the Indians rebel and Ayres, with a handful of men, is forced to hunt down and arrest his old friend Chief Acoma, taking refuge atop the famous Acoma Mountain for his last and fateful stand. Marilyn Maxwell, out-glowing in raiment the new Ansco color process, plays a frontier actress of the 1860's wearing and revealing, for some reason beyond us, a strictly modern bra. Robert Hutton, Andy Devine, Jeff Corey, Raymond Burr and Donald Buka gather around nobly.

Your Reviewer Says: Above average in all outdoor departments.

Program Notes: The amount of sand swallowed on the New Mexico location could, according to the hard-riding, hard-working cast, sink a battleship. For weeks the cast withstood sun, sand, Navajo jewelry salesmen and the vigorous action that centered around Gallup and the Acoma Rock which was first visited by white men in 1539 and is still inhabited by a handful of Laguna Indians. Navajo wives and children trailed after the Hollywood cast to gather up the brass cartridge cases left after battle scenes, to be melted and used in the making of their famous jewelry... Eleven-year-old Peter Price, son of Broadway star Georgie Price, played the son of the Indian chief, thereby becoming the idol of his schoolmates... Andy Devine was given an ovation by the citizens of his home town, Flagstaff, Arizona, when he passed through... Bob Hutton's only concern was keeping on his horse. The horse was worried, too... Ayres claims Ted de Corsia, as Chief Acoma, stole all his scenes. Under the desert sun the Chief's bright feathers and native jewelry lit up like a pinball machine.

#### ✓ (F) Whirlwind (Columbia)

NASALLY and lazily Gene Autry sings and rides respectively along the old familiar trail that leads on down to the old familiar I-Seen-All-This B4 Ranch. But the one big bright spot, and I mean big, that lightens up the proceedings like an arc lamp, is the presence of Smiley Burnette who, 'way back there when Bossy was a heifer, once clowned through all Gene's opeys. Together again they play a pair of government agents, with Smiley disguised as a hoss doctor, and still together they trap the thieving villain—the leading rancher, of course—and his numerous hangers-on. Varmints all of them.

Autry sings the new Stan Jones song "Whirlwind" while courtin' Gail Davis, the pretty niece of the bad old rancher, Thurston Hall. Champion, the "World's Wonder Horse" who must wonder why so much shootin' goes on and so few people fall, is just as pretty as ever.

Your Reviewer Says: I'd as leave set on a cactus.



**Program Notes:** It was old homeweek on the "Whirlwind" location when Smiley Burnette and Gene Autry were united after eight years apart. The pair who rose to fame together parted during World War II, with Smiley joining forces with Charles Starrett in the "Durango Kid" series. Every day on location actors and crew gathered 'round to hear Smiley and Autry swap stories of the old days of 1934 when the two first started and went on to make sixty-one pictures together. Unfortunately, Smiley goes back to his "Durango Kid" series after this one Autry film. But Gail Davis, the former University of Texas co-ed, has become quite a fixture, this being her fifth Autry film.

### ✓✓ (F) The Man with My Face (Gardner-U.A.)

**H**AVE you a double? Well, Barry Nelson has, and has he ever got troubles when said double calmly moves into Barry's home, takes possession of his wife and dog, and leaves frustrated Mr. Nelson out in the cold as a suspected bank robber? Cleverly and adroitly the plot winds and twists in and out the streets and byways of Puerto Rico, leaving the spectator a mite breathless but mightily intrigued as the movie unfolds. What's more, a man-killing Doberman does most of the chasing and in several instances catches up with his victims.

Nelson, of course, plays the dual role and cleverly, too. Lynn Ainley is his two-timing spouse, John Harvey his brother-in-law, Carole Matthews his former sweetheart who comes to his aid, and Jim Boles, the dog trainer.

Your Reviewer Says: How do you say "Help" in Spanish?

**Program Notes:** Guess who bought and produced this little spine-chiller? None other than Edward F. Gardner, the "Archie" of radio's "Duffy's Tavern." The Sam Taylor story appealed to Archie as just the right one to be filmed in Puerto Rico and since Gardner does his broadcasting from there, what could be cozier? . . . Barry Nelson, who made a name for himself on Broadway in "Light up the Sky," flew to the Island for his dual role before taking on the lead in his current Broadway hit "The Moon Is Blue" . . . The scenes shot in and around the massive old 16th century fortress, "El Morro," in old San Juan, thrilled production manager Frank Mayer who makes a specialty of authentic on-the-spot shots. In fact, the cast and crew fell so deeply in love with the Island they all plan vacations there next fall.

### ✓✓ (A) The Hollywood Story (U-I)

**M**ODERN Hollywood and the fabulous days of the silent films are blended in an engrossing manner in this picture which revolves around the solution of a twenty-year-old murder mystery by a young movie producer. As the producer, who finds himself more obsessed with the solving of the murder than in making a film about it, Richard Conte turns in a polished performance. Aiding him in his sleuthing is screen newcomer Julia Adams. Rounding out the cast are Henry Hull as an old-time screenwriter, Fred Clark as Conte's producing partner, Jim Backus as a Hollywood agent and Richard Egan as a city detective. Familiar Hollywood landmarks are used freely as backgrounds as well as the modern sound stages where movies are shown in the making.

Your Reviewer Says: Hollywood "inside."

**Program Notes:** A welcome bit of nostalgia is added to this mystery drama (based ever so lightly on a famous unsolved Hollywood (Continued on page 99)



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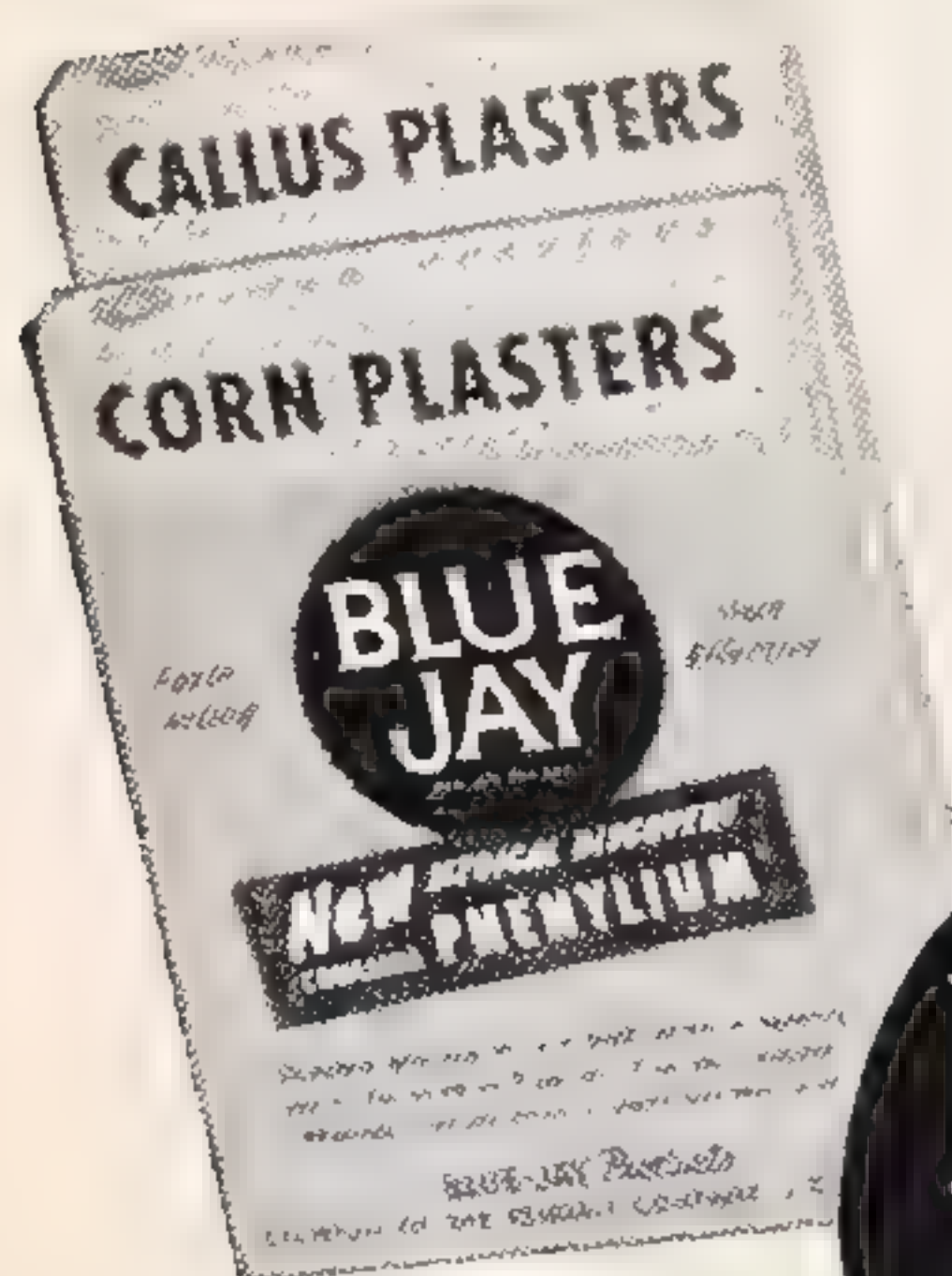
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Jane and Geary plan to call their baby Geary Steffen III, if a boy; Susan Eileen, if a girl. Jane's next picture, which was made last winter, is "Rich, Young and Pretty"

# happiest time



Janie used time she waited for her first baby as a happy holiday, did all the things she's always wanted to do—gardened, kept house, took singing lessons

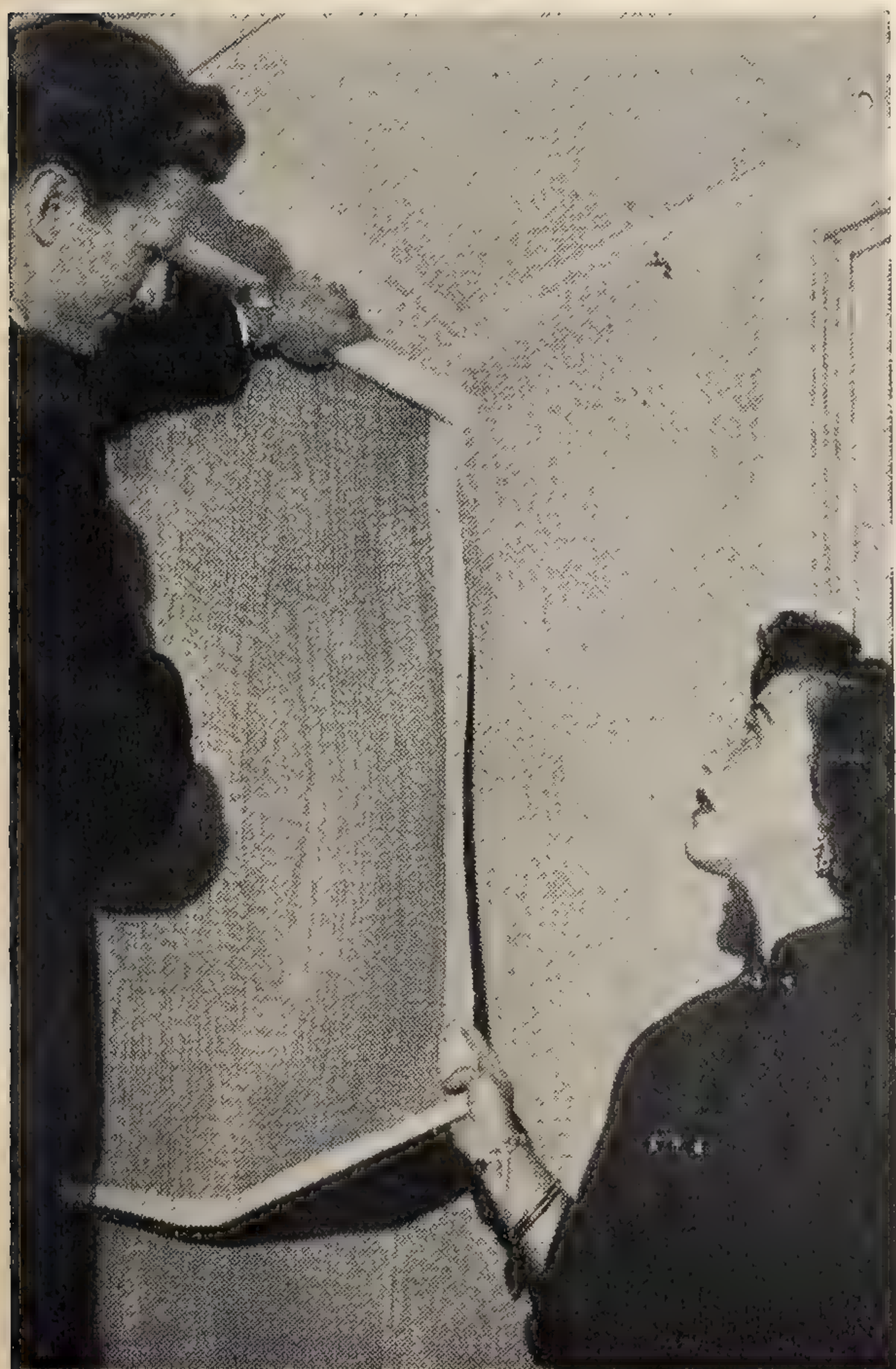




Suburban housewife Jane has a list of things for Geary to do! As a lady in waiting, Jane wore smocks in solid colors, Paisley prints  
*Photographs by Bob Willoughby*

# of her life

*In her white-walled house on a shady street,  
 Jane Powell has spent the last several months  
 preparing for her biggest role—which  
 will find her singing lullabies*



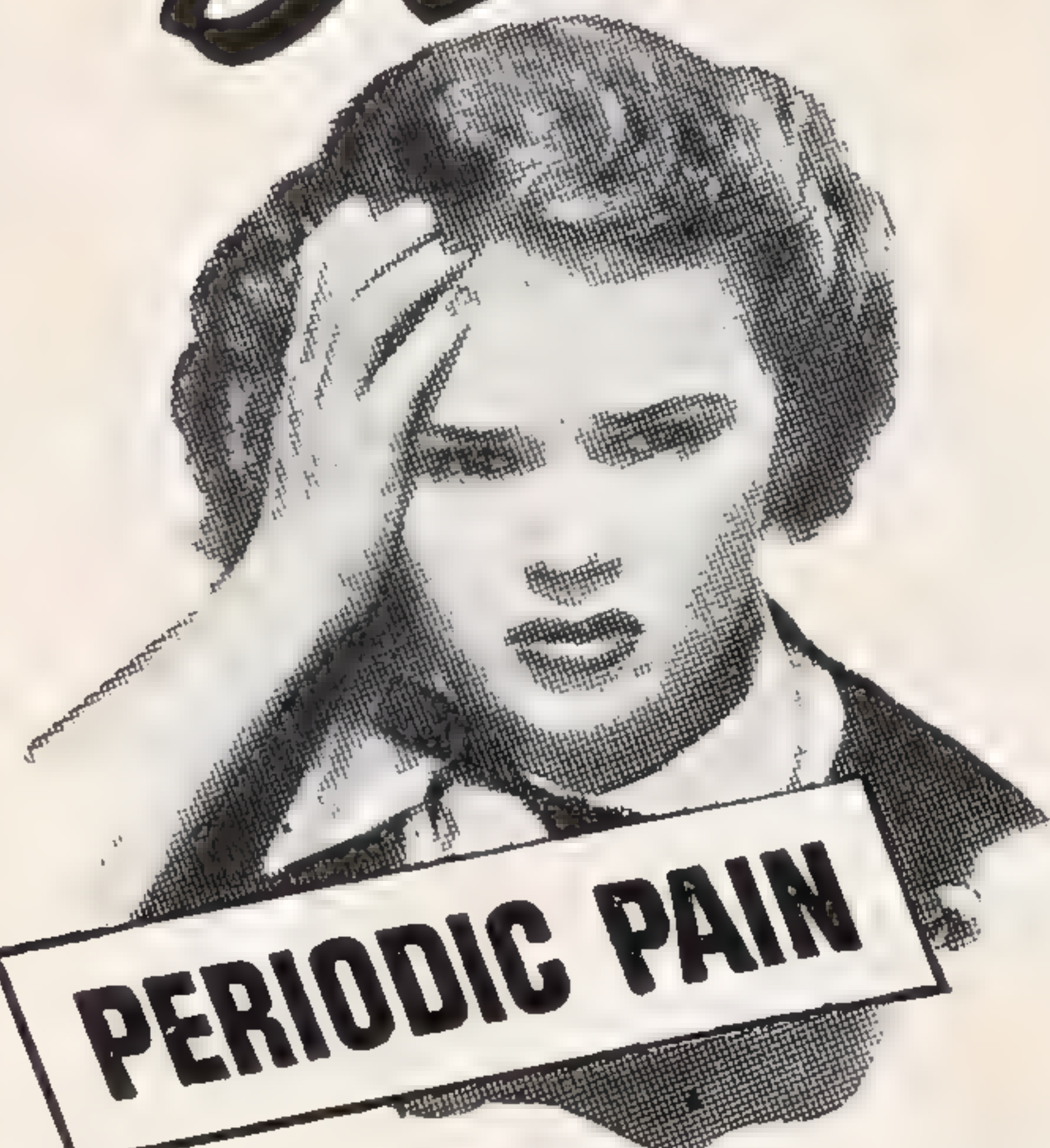
A wood-grained paper went by the board—white, red, turquoise is nursery color scheme



No breakfasting alone for Geary—Janie's always up to see him off. Light and cheery, breakfast room's big windows display her collection of glass, figurines



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✓✓ (A) *ACE IN THE HOLE*—Paramount: A ruthless drama in which Kirk Douglas, an unprincipled reporter, holds up rescue of cave-in victim Richard Benedict, in order to get a better story. With Jan Sterling, Bob Arthur. (May)

✓½ (F) *AIR CADET*—U-I: Aerial sequences are the only high spots of this semi-documentary of how jet fighter pilots are trained. Involved in plot are Gail Russell, Stephen McNally, Richard Long. (May)

✓✓ (F) *ALONG THE GREAT DIVIDE*—Warners: Kirk Douglas plays a marshal who tries to save Walter Brennan from a hanging in this blood-and-thunder epic. With Virginia Mayo, John Agar. (June)

✓✓ (F) *APACHE DRUMS*—U-I: A non-sympathetic Indian story for a change about the siege of a frontier town inhabited by Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray and Willard Parker. In Technicolor. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER*—Paramount: Alan Ladd, sent to solve the murder of a fellow post office detective, discovers plot for million-dollar robbery. An exciting crime story. With Phyllis Calvert, Jan Sterling, Paul Stewart. (May)

✓✓ (F) *BEDTIME FOR BONZO*—U-I: Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn have hilarious problems when they adopt a baby chimpanzee. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *BIRD OF PARADISE*—20th Century-Fox: Picturesque South Sea Island story centered about love affair between Frenchman Louis Jourdan and native girl Debra Paget. Gorgeous Technicolor and Jeff Chandler make this worth seeing. (May)

✓✓ (A) *BRAVE BULLS, THE*—Columbia: If you like bull-fighting you'll go for this story of a matador, Mel Ferrer, who loses his nerve in the bull ring and his heart to Miroslava. With Anthony Quinn, Eugene Iglesias. (June)

✓✓✓ (F) *CALL ME MISTER*—20th Century-Fox: An American entertainer in postwar Japan, Betty Grable runs into estranged husband Dan Dailey—with the obvious results. Danny Thomas contributes to this Technicolor fun-fest. (Apr.)

✓✓ (A) *CAUSE FOR ALARM*—M-G-M: Loretta Young frantically tries to retrieve a letter written by husband Barry Sullivan accusing her of an attempt on his life. A suspenseful melodrama. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (A) *ENFORCER, THE*—Warners: Plenty of action with Humphrey Bogart as a prosecutor out to smash Everett Sloane's murder syndicate. (Apr.)

✓½ (F) *FAT MAN, THE*—U-I: Mild screen version of the radio whodunit with Jack Smart again solving murders. With Jayne Meadows, Rock Hudson, Julie London. (May)

✓✓✓ (F) *FATHER'S LITTLE DIVIDEND*—M-G-M: A hilarious sequel to "Father of the Bride" concerning Spencer Tracy's trials when Liz Taylor announces a blessed event. With Don Taylor, Joan Bennett, Billie Burke. (May)

✓✓ (F) *FOLLOW THE SUN*—20th Century-Fox: Glenn Ford stars in the life of golf champion Ben Hogan from his caddy days to his comeback after a near-fatal accident. With Anne Baxter, June Havoc. (June)

✓✓✓ (A) *FOURTEEN HOURS*—20th Century-Fox: Many lives are influenced as Paul Douglas and Barbara Bel Geddes try to dissuade Richard Basehart from jumping off a hotel ledge in this suspenseful story. With Debra Paget, Agnes Moorehead. (June)

✓✓ (F) *GENE AUTRY AND THE MOUNTIES*—Columbia: There's lots of action when Gene switches his activities to Western Canada where he tracks down bank robber Carleton Young. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ (F) *GO FOR BROKE*—M-G-M: Van Johnson is a strict young lieutenant whose disappointment at being assigned to a Nisei platoon is changed to respect when he sees the boys in action. An unusual chapter in World War II history. (June)

✓✓ (A) *GOODBYE, MY FANCY*—Warners: Congresswoman Joan Crawford returns to the university, from which she was once expelled, for an honorary degree, and gets involved in some romantic complications with college president Robert Young. With Frank Lovejoy, Eve Arden, Janice Rule. (June)

✓✓✓ (F) *GREAT CARUSO, THE*—M-G-M: Mario Lanza's thrilling voice is heard in excerpts from famed operas in this lavish Technicolor version of life of the world's greatest tenor. With Ann Blyth, Dorothy Kirsten. (June)

✓ (F) *GROOM WORE SPURS, THE*—U-I: Jack Carson, a movie cowboy, who can't ride or shoot, hires lawyer Ginger Rogers to keep him out of trouble in this light and uninspired farce. (Apr.)

✓✓ (A) *I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE*—20th Century-Fox: Interesting drama of the garment district with Susan Hayward as an aggressive dress designer who wants to get to the top even if it means stepping over partners Dan Dailey, Sam Jaffee. With George Sanders. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN*—20th Century-Fox: A tender Technicolor drama with Bill Lundigan as a circuit riding minister. Susan Hayward as his wife, Rory Calhoun, Barbara Bates. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *KATIE DID IT*—U-I: Cute comedy in

## Brief Reviews

which illustrator Mark Stevens breaks down the reserve of ultra-conservative Ann Blyth and breaks up her engagement to Craig Stevens. (June)

✓✓ (F) *LEMON DROP KID, THE*—Paramount: Gay comedy with Bob Hope playing Santa Claus in order to raise \$10,000 owed to tough guy Fred Clark. Marilyn Maxwell's the doll in Bob's life. With Lloyd Nolan. (June)

✓½ (A) *LIGHTNING STRIKES TWICE*—Warners: Ruth Roman becomes involved in intrigue and murder when she meets Dick Todd, Mercedes McCambridge in this modern Western mystery. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ (F) *LULLABY OF BROADWAY*—Warners: Delightfully entertaining Technicolor musical starring Doris Day and Gene Nelson as a couple of talented youngsters who get their break in a musical backed by S. Z. Sakall. With Billy De Wolfe. (May)

✓ (F) *MA AND PA KETTLE BACK ON THE FARM*—U-I: This time Marjorie Main and Percy Kilbride tangle with the snobbish parents of daughter-in-law Meg Randall. With Dick Long. (June)

✓✓ (F) *ONLY THE VALIANT*—Warners: The Apaches and Union soldiers are at it again throughout this fast action epic in which Gregory Peck is accused of sending Gig Young to a bloody end because of jealousy over Barbara Payton. (Apr.)

✓✓ (A) *ON THE RIVIERA*—20th Century-Fox: There are clichés and confusion in this lavish Technicolor musical which stars Danny Kaye in the dual roles of playboy Frenchman and American entertainer. With Gene Tierney, Corinne Calvet. (May)

✓ (F) *PAINTED HILLS, THE*—M-G-M: Lassie deserves better than this dull story which has her avenging her master's death. With Paul Kelly. (June)

✓✓½ (A) *PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN*—Romulus-M-G-M: A beautiful and tragic love story with Ava Gardner as a restless 1930 playgirl; James Mason, the 17th Century Dutchman doomed to sail the seven seas until he finds a woman who'd die for him. (June)

✓✓½ (A) *PAYMENT ON DEMAND*—RKO: After twenty years, Bette Davis is asked for a divorce by Barry Sullivan in this adult case history of a marriage. With Betty Lynn. (May)

✓½ (A) *QUEBEC*—LeMay-Templeton-Paramount: A rather dull and melodramatic episode in Canadian history with Corinne Calvet, John Barrymore Jr. (Apr.)

✓✓ (F) *QUEEN FOR A DAY*—Stillman-U.A.: The popular radio show is the springboard for dramatization of short stories: "Gossamer World," "High Diver" and "Horsie" featuring Phyllis Avery, Adam Williams, Edith Meiser and a fine cast of unknowns. (June)

✓✓½ (F) *RAWHIDE*—20th Century-Fox: Tinging suspense story about the terror that results when four desperate jail breakers invade a desert stage coach station run by Tyrone Power. With Susan Hayward, Dean Jagger, Hugh Marlowe. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ (F) *ROYAL WEDDING*—M-G-M: Lavish Technicolor musical with Jane Powell and Fred Astaire as a brother-sister team who dance in London at the time of Princess Elizabeth's wedding. With Peter Lawford, Sarah Churchill, Keenan Wynn. (Apr.)

✓ (F) *SOLDIERS THREE*—M-G-M: A rather dull and much too British version of the Kipling story despite the presence of Stewart Granger, Robert Newton, Cyril Cusack as the undisciplined three, Walter Pidgeon, David Niven, as their superiors. (June)

✓✓½ (A) *TARGET UNKNOWN*—U-I: Interesting semi-documentary drama about methods used by German Intelligence to extract information from prisoners of war. With Mark Stevens, Don Taylor, Gig Young, Johnny Sands, Alex Nicol. (Apr.)

✓✓½ (F) *THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE*—M-G-M: Amusing adventures of an airline hostess with Mikes Van Johnson, Howard Keel, Barry Sullivan competing for the love of Jane Wyman. (Apr.)

✓✓ (A) *13TH LETTER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: The lives of Linda Darnell, Michael Rennie, Charles Boyer, Constance Smith are affected when poison pen notes start circulating in their village. (June)

✓✓ (F) *UP FRONT*—U-I: An entertaining comedy based on misadventures in Italy of World War II's famous cartoon characters Willie and Joe. Tom Ewell and David Wayne bring the hilarious "dog-faces" to life. With Jeffrey Lynn. (May)

✓✓ (F) *VALENTINO*—Columbia: Intriguing, fictional treatment of life of Hollywood's "Great Lover" with Tony Dexter as Valentino. Eleanor Parker, Richard Carlson, Patricia Medina. (May)

✓✓ (F) *VENGEANCE VALLEY*—M-G-M: Unusual Technicolor Western in which Burt Lancaster, accused of fathering Sally Forrest's baby, is marked for death by her brothers John Ireland and Hugh O'Brian. Bob Walker's the real culprit, Joanne Dru his wife, Carleton Carpenter—a ranch hand. (Apr.)

✓✓✓ (F) *YOU'RE IN THE NAVY NOW (U.S.S. Teakettle)*—20th Century-Fox: When Gary Cooper enlists in the Navy, he doesn't reckon with being assigned to an experimental ship that won't behave. A funny comedy with Jane Greer, Eddie Albert. (May)

Do you want to know about

**LIZ TAYLOR'S BACHELOR GIRL LIFE?**

Then read Hedda Hopper's intimate story

In August Photoplay, on sale July 11



## Casts of Current Pictures

**CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER**—Warner's: Hornblower, Gregory Peck; Lady Barbara, Virginia Mayo; Lieut. Bush, Robert Beatty; Quist, James R. Justice; Leighton, Denis O'Dea; Lieut. Crystal, M. Kelsall; 2nd Lieut. Gerard, T. Morgan; Polwheal, Richard Hearne; Longley, James Kenney; Hebe, Ingeborg Wells; El Supremo, Alec Mango.

**FIRST LEGION, THE**—Sedif-U.A.: Father Marc Arnoux, Charles Boyer; Monsignor Michael Carey, William Demarest; Dr. Peter Morrell, Lyle Bettger; Terry Gilmartin, Barbara Rush; Father Paul Duquesne, Leo G. Carroll; Father Edward Quarterman, Walter Hampden; Father John Fulton, Wesley Addy; Father Keene, Taylor Holmes; Father Jose Sierra, H. B. Warner; Father Robert Stuart, George Zucco; Father Tom Rawleigh, John McGuire; Lay Brother, Clifford Brooke; Mrs. Dunn, Dorothy Adams; Mrs. Gilmartin, Molly Lamont; Henrietta, Queenie Smith; Nurse, Jacqueline DeWitt; Joe, Bill Edwards.

**HOLLYWOOD STORY, THE**—U-I: Lawrence O'Brien, Richard Conte; Sally Rousseau, Julia Adams; Vincent St. Clair, Henry Hull; Sam Collyer, Fred Clark; Mitch Davis, Jim Backus; Lt. Budd Lennox, Richard Egan; Mr. Miller, Housley Stevenson; Russel Paul, Paul Cavanaugh; Mary, Katherine Meskill; Jimmy, Louis Lettier.

**HOUSE ON TELEGRAPH HILL**—20th Century-Fox: Alan Spender, Richard Basehart; Victoria Kowelska, Valentina Cortesa; Major Marc Anders, William Lundigan; Margaret, Fay Baker; Chris, Gordon Gebert; Houseboy, Kei Thing Chung; Dr. Burkhardt, Steve Geray; Callahan, Herbert Butterfield; Mr. Whitmore, John Burton; Mrs. Whitmore, Katherine Meskill; Tony, Mario Siletti.

**I WAS A COMMUNIST FOR THE F.B.I.**—Warner's: Matt Cvetic, Frank Lovejoy; Eve Merrick, Dorothy Hart; Mason, Philip Carey; Jim Blandon, James Millican; Crowley, Richard Webb; Gerhardt Eisler, Konstantin Shayne; Joe Cvetic, Paul Picerni; Father Novac, Roy Roberts; Harmon, Eddie Norris; Dick Cvetic, Ron Hagerthy; Garson, Hugh Sanders; Ruth Cvetic, Hope Kramer.

**KON-TIKI**—Lesser-RKO: Thor Heyerdahl, Knut Haugland, Erik Hesselberg, Torstein Raaby, Herman Watzinger, Bengt Danielsson, Themselves.

**LAST OUTPOST, THE**—Paramount: Vance Britton, Ronald Reagan; Julie McCloud, Rhonda Fleming; Jeb Britton, Bruce Bennett; Sgt. Tucker, Bill Williams; Sgt. Calhoun, Noah Beery Jr.; Lieut. Crosby, Peter Hanson; Lieut. Fenton, Hugh Beaumont; Sam McCloud, John Ridgely; Delacourt, Lloyd Corrigan; Chief Grey Cloud, Charles Evans; Gregory, James Burke; Lieut. McReady, Richard Crane.

**MAN WITH MY FACE, THE**—U.A.: Chick Graham, Albert Rand, Barry Nelson; Cora Graham, Lynn Ainley; Buster Cox, John Harvey; Mary Davis, Carole Matthews; Meadows, Jim Boles; Walt Davis, Jack Warden; Martinez, Henry Lascoe; Al Grant, Johnny Kane.

**NEW MEXICO**—Allen-U.A.: Captain Hunt, Lew Ayres; Cherry, Marilyn Maxwell; Lt. Vermont, Robert Hutton; Sgt. Garrity, Andy Devine; Pvt. Anderson, Raymond Burr; Coyote, Jeff Corey; Judge Wilcox, Lloyd Corrigan; Mrs. Fenway, Verna Felton; Acoma, Ted de Corsia; Sgt. Harrington, John Hoyt; Pvt. Van Vechten, Donald Buka; Pvt. Parsons, Robert Osterloh; Pvt. Daniels, Ian MacDonald; Pvt. Cheever, Bill Tannen; Pvt. Finnegan, Arthur Loew Jr.; Corp. Mack, Bob Duncan; Pvt. Clifton, Jack Kelly; Pvt. Vale, Allen Matthews; Pvt. Lindley, Jack Briggs; Chia-Kong, Peter Price; Col. McCoomb, Walter Greaza; Lincoln, Hans Conreid.

**PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF**—U-I: Julna, Tony Curtis; Tina, Piper Laurie; Yusef, Everett Sloane; Mokar, Jeff Corey; Princess Yasmin, Peggie Castle; Mirza, Betty Garde; Hakar, Marvin Miller; Mustapha, Donald Randolph; Cahuena, Nita Bieber; Marat, Fred Graff; Sari, Midge Ware; Beulah, Carol Varga; Hedjah, Ramsay Hill.

**SEALED CARGO**—RKO: Pat Bannon, Dana Andrews; Margaret McLean, Carla Balenda; Skaldar, Claude Rains; Conrad, Philip Dorn; McLean, Onslow Stevens; Steve, Skip Homeier; Holger, Eric Feldary; Skipper Ben, J. M. Kerrigan; Dolan, Arthur Shields; Caleb, Morgan Farley; Ambrose, Dave Thursby; Anderson, Henry Rowland; Smitty, Charles A. Browne; Owen, Don Dillaway; Tom, Al Hill; Lieut. Cameron, Lee MacGregor; Holtz, William Andrews.

**TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL**—20th Century-Fox: Liz, Jeanne Crain; Joe Blake, Dale Robertson; Adelaide, Mitzi Gaynor; Dallas, Jean Peters; Chad Carnes, Jeffrey Hunter; Marge, Betty Lynn; Merry Coombs, Helen Westcott; Ruth, Lenka Peterson; Casey, Carol Brannon; Mother Clark, Natalie Schafer; Janet, Beverly Dennis; Jenny, Kathleen Hughes; June, Peggy O'Connor; Ellie, Charlene Hardey; Polly, Janet Stewart; Thelma, Gail Davis; Justine, Judy Walsh; Marcia, Irene Martin.

**THING, THE**—RKO: Nikki, Margaret Sheridan; Capt. Patrick Hendry, Kenneth Tobey; Dr. Carrington, Robert Cornthwaite; Skeely, Douglas Spencer; Lt. Eddie Dykes, James Young; Crew Chief, Dewey Martin; Lt. Ken Erickson, Robert Nichols; Corporal Barnes, William Self; Dr. Stern, Eduard Franz; Mrs. Chapman, Sally Creighton; The Thing, James Arness.

**WHIRLWIND**—Columbia: Gene Autry, Himself; Smiley Burnette, Himself; Elaine Lassitter, Gail Davis; Big Jim Lassitter, Thurston Hall; Wade Trimble, Harry Lauter; Lon Kramer, Dick Curtis; Sheriff Barlow, Harry Harvey; Bill Trask, Gregg Barton; Johnnie Evans, Tommy Ivo.

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*Dainty moistened pads you just  
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5-DAY PADS. No  
drizzle! No clammy,  
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trickle down your  
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penetration just where  
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With it you throw away  
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bacteria that other types  
of deodorants leave  
under your arms. It's  
sheer magic!

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P7

F

32



# ▶ LAST

## Photoplay's 2-Year



Behind every student are directors like Jack Lynn, who teach them how to produce, direct, act in plays



All set for a "middle-age" role—if student passes director Jim Tracy's make-up tests!

Tear off and mail to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest,  
Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

### ENROLLMENT BLANK

Please enroll me in the Photoplay-Pasadena Playhouse Scholarship Contest. I agree that should I be accepted for admission to the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts, I will comply with all student rules and regulations in regard to general conduct, hours, meals, health, studies and other items as set forth by the College. I will maintain to the best of my ability a satisfactory rating in my dramatic work and all academic studies required by the College.

(please type or print clearly)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

School last attended \_\_\_\_\_

Name of high school \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Date of graduation \_\_\_\_\_

Today's date \_\_\_\_\_ Date of birth \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

*Photoplay's ticket to  
a bright future—a contest  
that can make your dream  
of becoming an actress  
an exciting reality*



# CHANCE TO WIN

## Scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse



After school, students gather in cheery date rooms for impromptu parties, thrilling talk about classes, their futures

**D**O YOU want to be an actress? Do you dream of hushed, darkened theaters, of crowded movie sets, of you, bringing a character in a script to life, of hearing the exciting call: "On stage, please . . . on set . . ."

If this is your dream, then this is your opportunity—first to prove your talent and then to develop it, studying at the famous Pasadena Playhouse College of Theatre Arts, the school which was the stepping-stone for many of Hollywood's brightest names.

The editors of Photoplay announce with pride a nation-wide talent search; the winner to receive a two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse. This scholarship covers all college expenses—tuition, room, board, all meals not covered by the

board, all incidental college fees, books, an allowance for spending money and one round-trip ticket from the winner's home to Pasadena.

In September, the three semi-finalists in this contest will visit the Pasadena Playhouse at the expense of Photoplay. There they will be auditioned by the final board of judges: Ethel Barrymore; Gregory Peck; Academy Award Winner Joseph Mankiewicz, writer and director; Stanley Kramer, the young and brilliant producer of such films as "The Men," "Champion," and "Cyrano de Bergerac"; Thomas Browne Henry, Dean of the College; and Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor of Photoplay.

The three semi-finalists will stay at a Playhouse dormitory as the guests (*Continued on page 96*)



*The Screen's Sensational  
New Young Star Discoveries...*

**TONY CURTIS  
PIPER LAURIE**

*NOW co-starred  
in answer to your  
overwhelming requests!*

THEODORE DREISER'S

*The* **PRINCE** *who*  
**was a THIEF**

All the wild excitement  
...of an Arabian  
Night's Adventure!

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*The dancing slave girls of Tangier!*

with **EVERETT SLOANE • JEFF COREY • PEGGIE CASTLE**  
Screenplay by GERALD DRAYSON ADAMS and AENEAS MacKENZIE • Directed by RUDOLPH MATÉ • Produced by LEONARD GOLDSTEIN

Based Upon The Story by Theodore Dreiser • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE





# Make it for keeps

BY MARILYN MONROE

## Vacation rules

for changing that "two weeks

with love" to an

all-year-round romance

I HAVE only one excuse for being brave enough to respond to Photoplay's faltering request that I give out with rules for making summer romances last. That is, that I do know how desperate it can make a girl to see a full moon riding across a deep blue summer sky and to know she has no place to go and nobody to go there with.

Loneliness led me into marrying at sixteen. I knew nothing about men. I knew less about love. I knew only that I wanted to belong, to be part of life around me. I had no home or family

Two years later we were divorced and it was much more my fault than his. You see, I knew exactly nothing—nothing about men, nothing about giving love without expecting too great a return, nothing about running a house, nothing about thinking for myself. Nothing.

That was four years ago. I haven't married since. I'm now started on a career and naturally (Continued on page 92)



Marilyn Monroe appears in  
"As Young As You Feel"

Ornitz



Hedda's fanciest hat is off  
to these young stars who stretch  
their dollars into a wardrobe that makes  
them the best-dressed girls in town

# Hollywood's



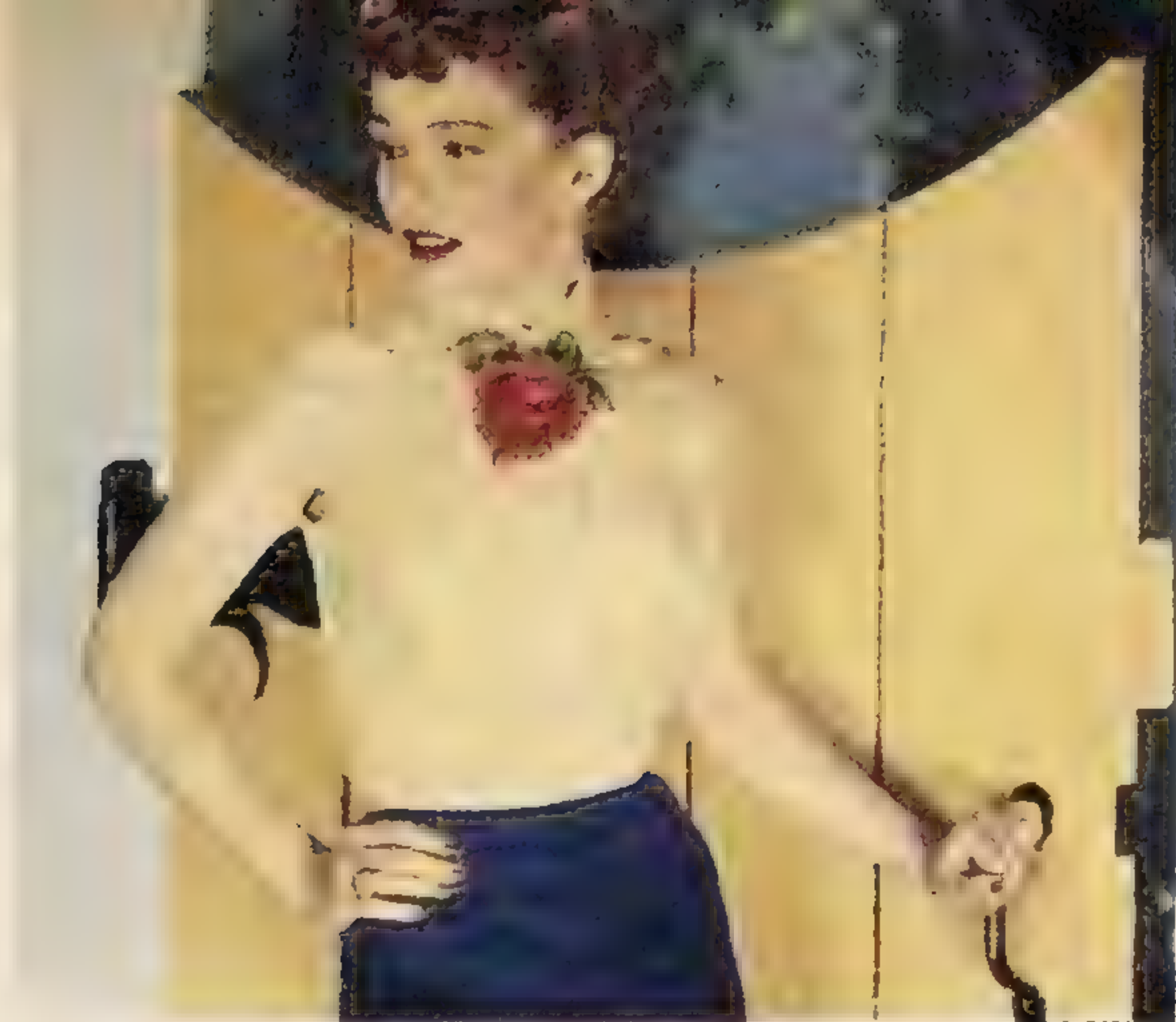
Jean Peters shops for ideas, makes aprons for wardrobe variety. Above, sheath dress with sheer cotton apron

Says Sally Forrest, "If I'm not careful with clothes I can look as busy as closing night at a country fair!" Left, herringbone silk suit becomes date dress when coat is removed

Color photographs by Engstead



A "separates" girl,  
Phyllis Kirk swings end-  
less changes with navy  
skirt, different colored  
sleeveless blouses



# Hit Parade

By Hedda Hopper



Coleen Gray knows how to make  
low-priced dresses look expensive.  
Above, eyelet-embroidered dress



Even her honeymoon clothes revolve around Ar-  
lene Dahl's basic ideas. Above, in trousseau  
peignoir of pink chiffon from Saab Lingerie Co.



For Mona Freeman, one basic  
dress adds up to nine changes.  
Above, white linen with navy

When a famous woman was asked how she had managed to stay on the  
"Best-Dressed Women" list for so long, her answer was: "All it requires is a sense of style,  
being seen in the right places by the right people, and a yearly clothes budget of \$100,000."

She didn't add, but she could have, that the last item was the most important.  
It's no coincidence that Hollywood's best-dressed women are also among its  
highest paid. It's been a long time since any best-dressed (Continued on page 100)



He liked skiing, so she hit the slopes.

He loved to dive, so she took the plunge.

He was interested in art, so she haunted the museums.

Never underestimate the stamina—

of a woman in love

# HOW I *pursued my* HUSBAND

BY MRS. GENE NELSON

THE first time I saw Gene, I flirted with him. I was feeling quite elegant and gay, wearing my new red fox fur jacket and sitting in the fourth row at the New York Center Theater ice show. Gene skated gracefully across the arena. He was tall and blond and handsome, a whirling figure in blue. As he stood poised to go into a spin, he glanced up, our eyes met and we both smiled. The rest of the show he played to me. He would take one bow to the audience, another to me. It was a frank flirtation, teasing and meaningless. But I must, I decided, see him again.

I made mental lists of people who might know him and tried to sound casual when I asked other dancers in "Panama Hattie" if they knew Gene Berg—his real name. Finally, I hit the jackpot.

The wardrobe lady for Gene's show, May Kelly, had "dressed" me for three shows. So the first night I had off from "Panama Hattie" I went to the Center Theater again. Backstage, before the curtain, I told May Kelly why I was there. She suggested I come back later. A darling and a (Continued on page 74)

Gene Nelson of "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine"

• • • • •  
Six

When Gene was due to be drafted, it was Miriam who proposed! Above, with son Christopher. They both hope for a girl







The future of his romance with  
Ginger Rogers has Hollywood guessing.  
But there's no guesswork about  
Steve Cochran's future

# BIG FUTURE!

# BIG GUY!



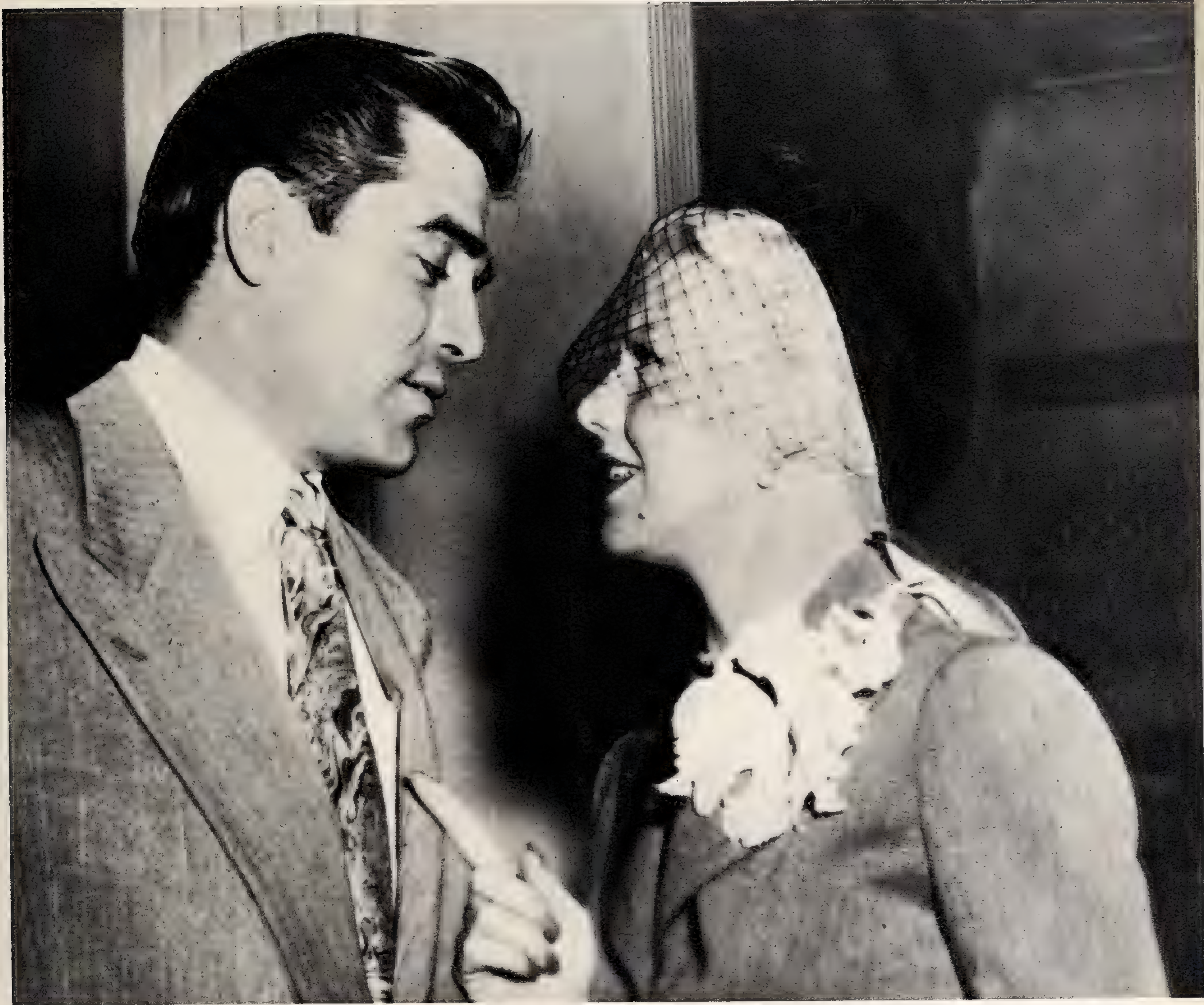
Steve's a type women go for—and many of them have. His next film is "Raton Pass"

A fellow can go on for years—then all of a sudden everything happens. That's the way it is with Steve



# BIG ROMANCE?

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



**I**T'S JUST one of Hollywood's little ironies that a good actor and a good-looker like Steve Cochran can go along for years turning in excellent performances and doing a fine job—but:

It takes talk of a hot romance with a star like Ginger Rogers to get him into the talked-about bracket—the big league gossip columns and, yes, the social whirl. That's Hollywood for you.

It's enough to make a player like Steve, coming along toward stardom legitimately as fast as he is, a little cynical. Even I, who have known Steve since he was married to Fay McKenzie and they were battling and reconciling with every edition, never thought of doing a story about him until Ginger came into his life.

And, as usual, the first thing I threw at him after he arrived (*Continued on page 72*)

**"Ginger is no two-timing female. I asked her for a date and she turned me down cold. She was seeing Greg Bautzer then"**



PHOTOPLAY

# PIN UP

## #6

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH  
BY DIRONE

*Playsuit by Del Mar*





# lil' lightning bug



"Fellows are all right—at a party, dance, football or baseball games!"

BY MAXINE ARNOLD

She's a pushover for chocolate  
malts, a whiz at street  
baseball, a fun-loving tomboy  
who'd rather bowl than beau.

She's Debbie Reynolds, who won  
Hollywood's heart at first sight

Not too long ago Debbie Reynolds stood off stage at Burbank Junior High School making

like lightning. She'd tried out for the lead in the big dramatic offering of the year, "And I wasn't good enough." So she "propped" instead. She

"did the lightning" in the murder mystery, she was the eerie ring of the doorbell, and in between times she was the sloshing of feet through imaginary mud.

Today she is proof that lightning—given even a little assist—can and does strike twice. Debbie, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's pint of dynamite, is the hit of Hollywood's sub-deb set.

With her wide-open gray-green eyes framed by sweeping lashes, her glossy golden-brown hair worn usually in a wind-blown wave with one

large soft saucy curl behind her ear, a pert nose and bedimpled chin—Debbie Reynolds is the cutest thing since Seven Up spiked with pistachio.

She's a doll-sized seven, five feet one and one-half, with each of her one hundred and two pounds where nature (and the camera) intended. She says she's a full nineteen years old—"but *nobody* ever believes it.

Not even when (Continued on page 81)



Debbie has role in "Mr. Imperium," with Ezio Pinza and Lana Turner



Nobody ever believes she's nineteen—"Not even when I'm all dressed up in black and sophisticated"

Debbie still plays French horn in Burbank High School band

Photographs  
on this page  
by Ornitz





*Jeff appears next in "Iron Man"*

*Fink and Smith*

# Jeff Chandler

*A mountain crag against a windswept sky . . . humor,  
spiced with melancholy . . . a Roman  
warrior in faded dungarees . . . a giant with a gentle touch . . .  
the ringing of an ax . . . a magnet for romance*



# Jane Powell

*A Dresden figurine in a peasant skirt . . . Eve,  
secure in her dreams . . . a field of yellow buttercups  
. . . enchantment in a youthful mold . . . a meadow-  
lark in a cashmere sweater . . . a pixie on a balanced budget*

*Jane is in "Rich, Young and Pretty"*

*Apger*





# THE GARDNER—

BY ELSA MAXWELL

Everyone gives you a different reason why Ava and Frankie won't marry. But Elsa gives her reason—for thinking they will

**T**HE Gardner-Sinatra jigsaw, the pieces of which I believe will fit together in marriage before the summer ends, is not only a romantic jumble—it also involves two jumbled personalities. For both Ava and Frank are exceedingly contradictory characters.

Ava makes frequent visits to North Carolina where her father used to farm the tobacco fields and where her sisters and brother and nieces and nephews continue to live in the simple surroundings which marked Ava's childhood. Whenever life presses she goes home to Smithfield to get un-snarled. There's no nonsense about these visits either. When Ava goes home she doesn't live in any suite in any near-by hotel. She stays with one of her married sisters. She helps with the housework, tramps the countryside, talks to farmer friends, partakes of the local gossip at a country store owned by one of her sisters.

Basically, I think, Ava wants exactly what her brother and sisters have; a little house, a garden and a new baby as often as nature and the family budget will allow.

"For love (Continued on page 94)





# SINATRA JIGSAW



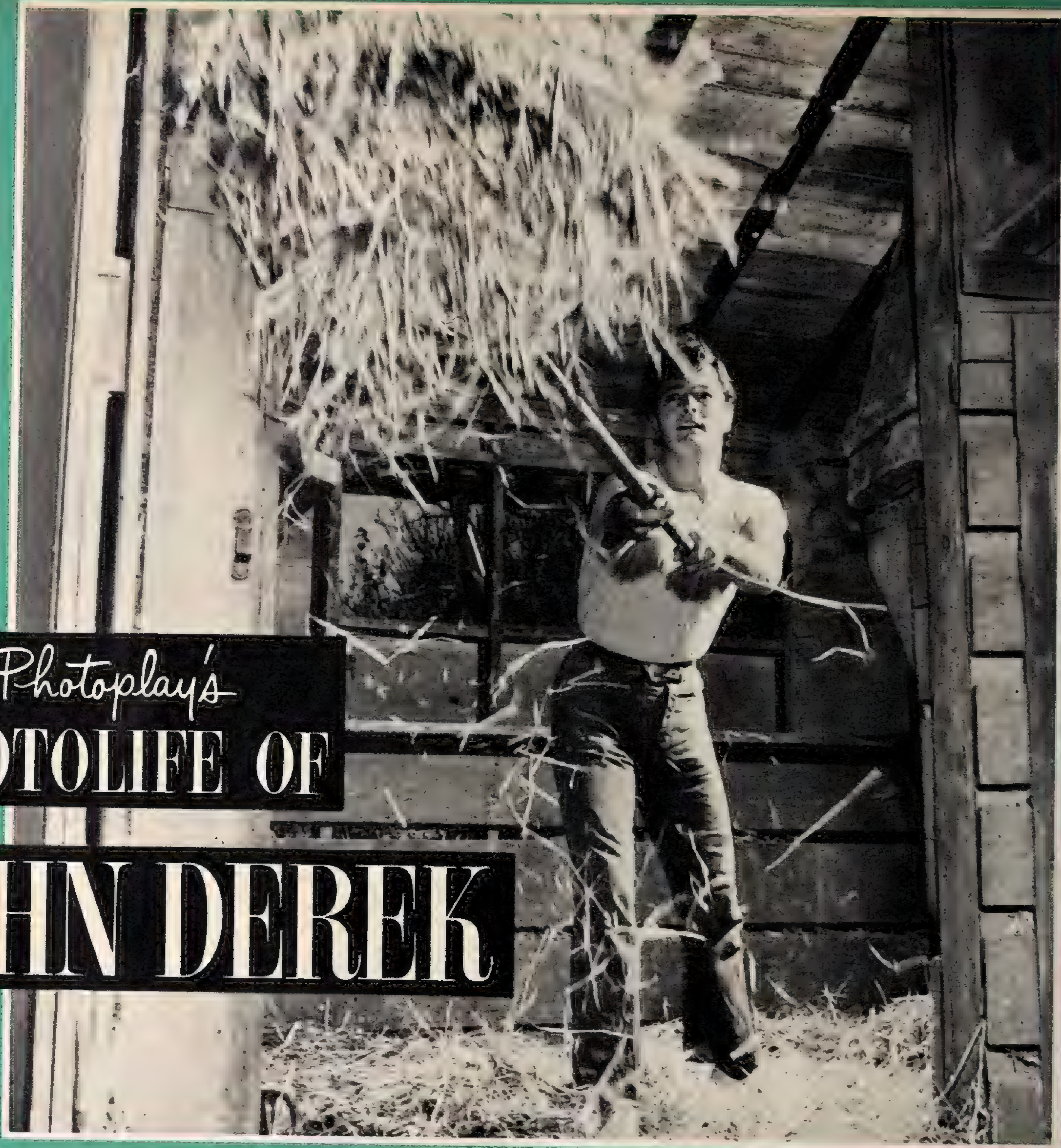
*Cover Girl*

Ava Gardner is a woman of contradictions—a glamorous star and a girl who wants the simple things. But Ava never marries simple men . . .

. . . and Frank Sinatra is no more blessed with husbandly virtues than Ava's former husbands, Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw







Photoplay's  
**PHOTOLIFE OF**

# JOHN DEREK

**J**OHN DEREK'S face is his fortune, it's been said. But John doesn't go along with this. His face, he'll tell you, has often been a drawback. At school, the girls, wary of his looks, were too ready to rate him conceited. And it took many a fist fight to convince the fellows they'd better not continue calling him "Prettyboy." John admits his appearance helped him get the role of *Nick Romano* in "Knock on Any Door." But he knows a guy can be too handsome for his own movie future—when it comes to getting such meaty parts as he knows he can tackle. Only this time he's using his talents, not his fists. Glamour, says John, is strictly for—his leading ladies.

**BY LYNN PERKINS**

*Specially posed photographs by Don Ornitz*





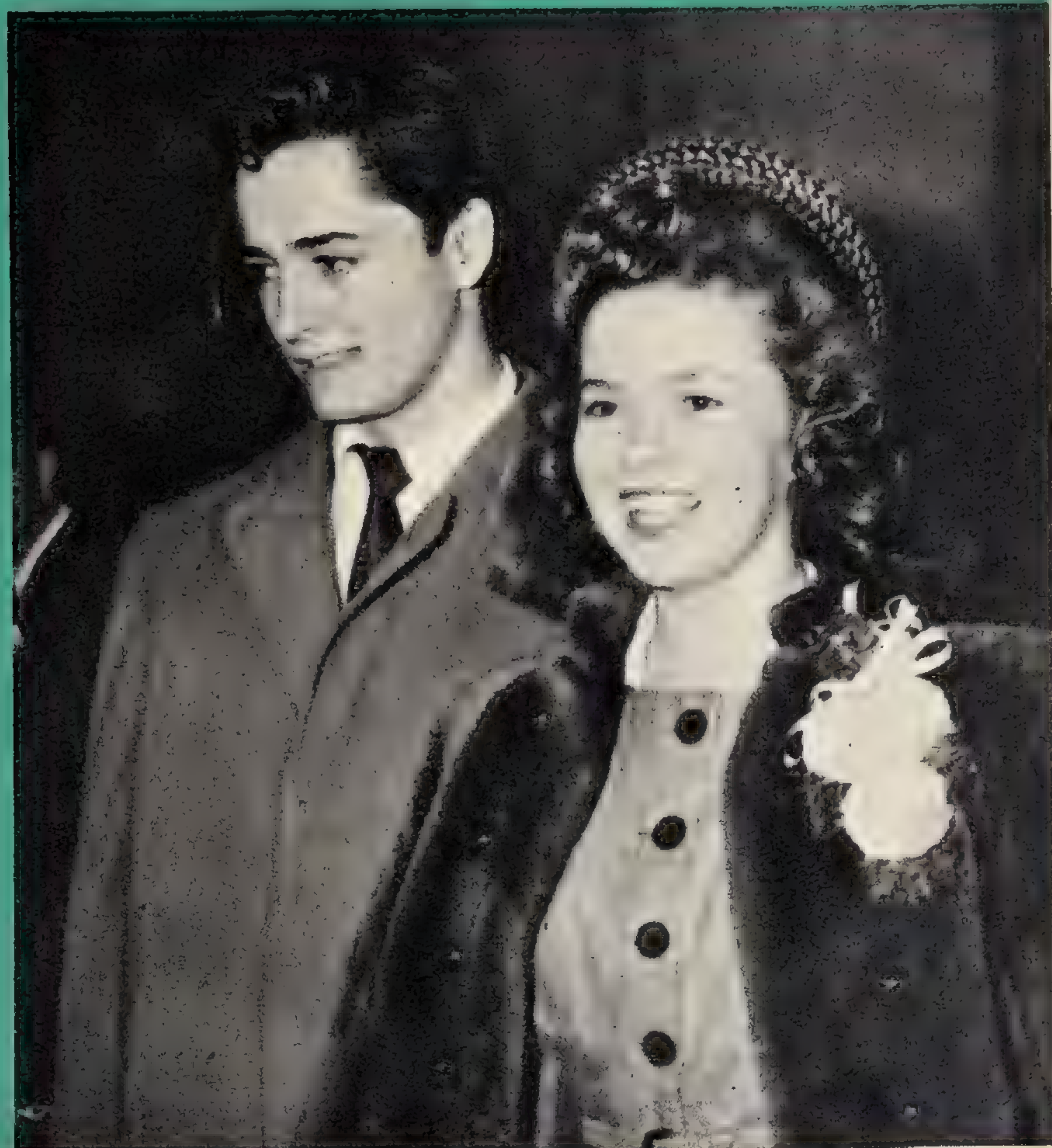
He grew up in the saddle, broke ponies at a Brentwood polo club and had no thought of an acting career until scout Tom Moore spotted him on a bridle path and . . .



. . . suggested a screen test. But his dad, a former actor, said no. John, absorbed in his job, didn't care. Another interest, art, filled his free time



But Fate wasn't finished with John Derek. A year later, another talent scout saw him at a bowling alley, took him to David O. Selznick. This time his dad said yes



He played bits in "Since You Went Away," "I'll Be Seeing You." His studio arranged dates with Shirley Temple, other stars, as publicity build-up for him



*Photoplay's*  
PHOTOLIFE OF  
**JOHN DEREK**



Then Uncle Sam called. When John came home after serving twenty-six months in the Philippines and Japan, he was just another actor looking for a job



When Humphrey Bogart announced plans to produce "Knock on Any Door," John memorized scenes from the script, badgered everyone to get him a screen test. His persistence paid off



Romance knocked on John's door when he met Patti Behrs, a Georgian princess, at 20th Century-Fox's drama class. They dated steadily, married in '48



Patti's the kind of girl a guy can argue things out with. John calls her his severest critic, says she keeps him from getting a swelled head. Her French cooking is an added attraction





Ambitious, eager to learn, John studies with Columbia Studio drama coaches. Prefers roles like football . . .



. . . star of "Saturday's Hero," left, to swashbuckler (above) of "Mask of the Avenger." With Jody Lawrence



The Dereks live in little house in Hollywoodland. Thanks to Patti's thrift they'll soon be able to buy a ranch in The Valley—where year-old Russell Andre can, like John, grow up in the saddle



# *miracle* *in Boston...*

***By Ruth Roman***

*Feverishly, she tried  
to count the flowers, whirling on  
the wallpaper—and heard the  
words that changed her life*

**A**LTHOUGH I was only twelve years old, I remember it well because I had complained to my mother about what a hot day it was for April in Boston. She immediately became suspicious. A thermometer was dug up and mother took my temperature. It was 102 degrees!

Mother thought it was just a stomach upset. I was bundled into bed. In those days, medicine-cabinet treatment was the rule. Physics, aspirins and multi-colored pills were stuffed into me at irregular hours. But in three days, my temperature remained steadfast, unmoved by the best home remedies my family had to offer.

I was growing weaker and the pains in my legs were almost unbearable. Our family physician, Dr. Charles Gardner, was called in.

Dapper, kind old Dr. Gardner was one of my favorite people—probably because of his generosity with lime-colored lollipops and his smile under a curved, shiny, waxed gray mustache. Even the sight of him gave me a lift.

The doctor spent a great deal of time with me, asking all sorts of questions, many of which I couldn't answer. His voice seemed to rise and fall, gobbled up by the heat waves that enveloped me.

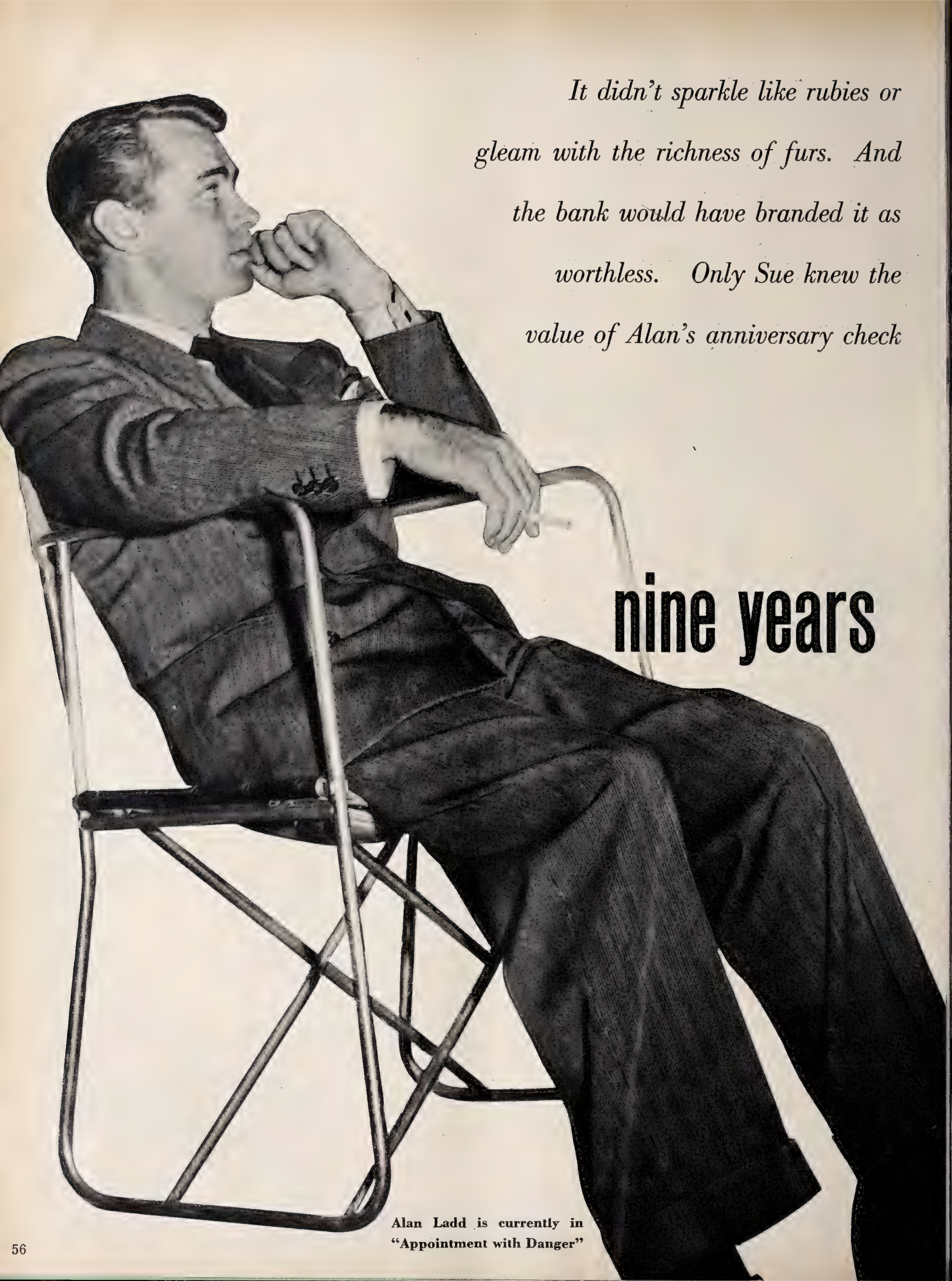
I heard him tell my mother it was a kind of mystery (*Continued on page 91*)

Ruth Roman appears next  
in "Strangers on a Train"









*It didn't sparkle like rubies or  
gleam with the richness of furs. And  
the bank would have branded it as  
worthless. Only Sue knew the  
value of Alan's anniversary check*

**nine years**

Alan Ladd is currently in  
"Appointment with Danger"





"She's got the know-how to take care of a man," Alan says. Above, with Alana, Sue, David. Alan calls kids, "My eaters"

# with love

BY IDA ZEITLIN

ON their ninth anniversary last income-tax day, Alan filled the house with flowers and gave his wife a check which read: "Pay to the order of Susie, \$xxxxx. No money in the bank, but I love you, so please cash in for the rest of our lives."

The gift didn't sparkle like rubies nor gleam with the richness of furs, and it wasn't worth a plugged nickel at the teller's window. But it gave Sue a glow that you can't buy across counters, and she put it away with other treasures of its kind.

Marriage in Hollywood is a controversial subject that goes bouncing back and forth like a nonstop tennis ball. "What's wrong with the place? Why can't people out there stay hitched like anyone else?" That's one side—

And the other side answers, "Our marriage record is as good as that of the rest of the country. It just sounds as if we divorced more, because we hit the headlines and you don't."

In the final analysis, marriage anywhere depends on people, not on places, and the Ladds are a case in point. Knowing them, the wryest cynic (Continued on page 77)



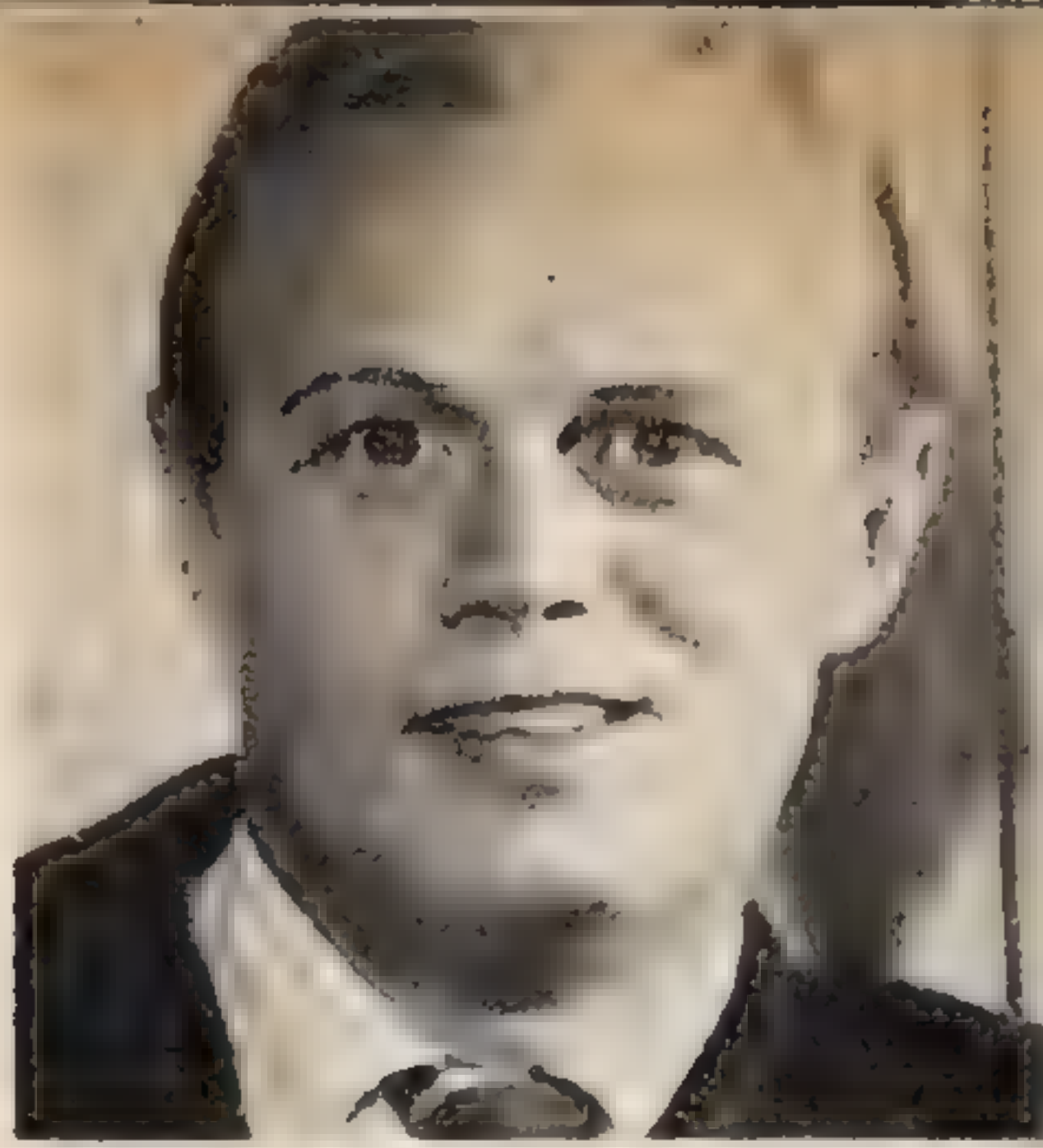
It wasn't easy for Alan to make the decision that separated him from his old studio—even though he now realizes his dream of producing one picture a year on his own



THIS JURY  
CHOOSES



Farley Granger likes "professional looking" legs



Richard Widmark voted for Betty Grable 3 times



Macdonald Carey can be very lyrical about legs



Tony Curtis gave Janet Leigh his top vote

the  
**PRETTIEST LEGS**

It isn't just the shape they're in. According to the Hollywood men it's the personality they express that gives these legs their intriguing lines

Kornman



BETTY GRABLE

Bachrach



JANET LEIGH

Hester



AVA GARDNER





For Bob Mitchum: Jane Russell's long stems



Howard Duff put Gardner at the top of his list



Scott Brady likes legs that show signs of talent



Kirk Douglas admires Ava Gardner's "show girl" legs

# IN HOLLYWOOD

BY VICKY RILEY

The Betty Grable legs, acclaimed in song, story and headlines, now win Photoplay's poll conducted among Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, plus some married men—just to give the whole thing balance. However, many of the married gentlemen preferred not to have their names or selections mentioned: wife-jealousy department. Hollywood's beauty-wise male eyes are wolfishly aware of (Continued on page 104)

Bachrach

Apger

Powolny





They wanted a big family so Jeanne and Paul planned their house to take on some additions too

# plot FOR A home

Four lounge chairs put together make long couch in living room where high windows top wall bookshelves



BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios



Paul designed furniture, had it made in his factory. Gold draperies cover wall of windows in master bedroom

●T'S no trick to start Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman talking about their house. For they have taken four years to get a house that's right for them, and it isn't finished yet.

The setting of their house is perfect. Their land, scooped out of the side of a hill, overlooks what seems to be most of southern California. Behind it the hill rises sharply, and the ground falls away on the other three sides, giving absolute privacy.

When Paul first found the land, he planned to purchase just one acre, but ended up with the whole cove, most of which he (Continued on page 89)



When guests want to know what's cooking, Jeanne takes them to indoor kitchen barbecue

Photographs by de Gennaro

Living-room bar doubles as projection room when Paul shows movies. Jeanne's in "Take Care of My Little Girl"





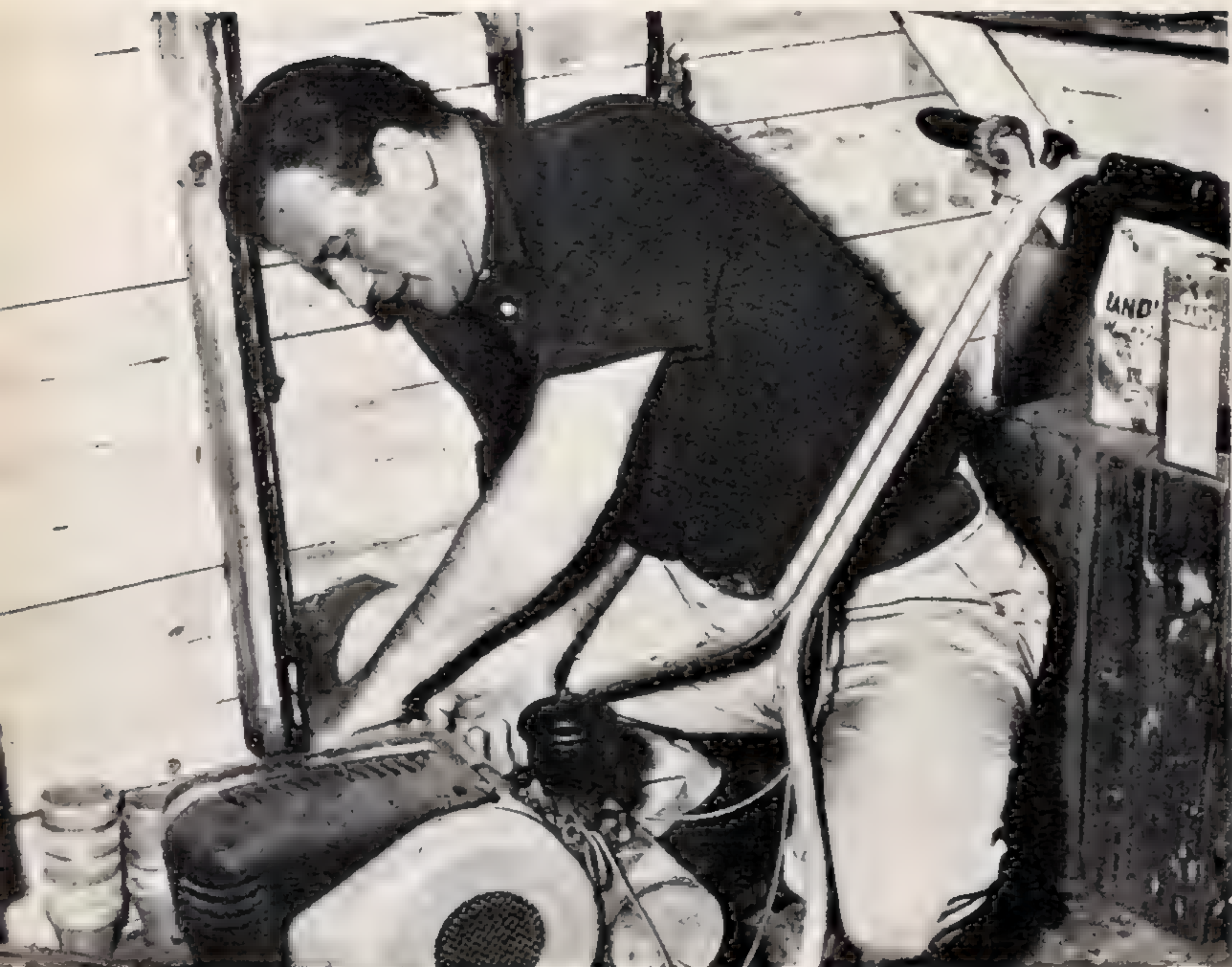


# they're characters

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Sometimes, says Sheilah, the parts  
they play on the screen are acts that don't  
go over in private life

If you ask Jane's friends, "Johnny  
Belinda" got under the Wyman skin



If John Wayne changed he'd be a different man on screen



Martin and Lewis can be even whackier away from the camera. But when no one's looking, Jerry shows another side







Bette Davis didn't have to study Tallulah Bankhead to give her realistic performance as *Margo* in "All About Eve"



June Allyson might be too cute for words if it hadn't been for those two years of waiting

**Y**OU wonder sometimes if movie stars don't become like the characters they play on the screen. Then again, you wonder if maybe it isn't the other way 'round; if stars aren't chosen for certain parts because that's what they're like really. I know! I've watched them all—the tough guys, the ingenues, the waspish women, the heroes and the heels.

Bette Davis, who played *Margo Channing* in "All About Eve," is more like *Margo* than *Margo* is like Tallulah Bankhead, on whom she supposedly was modeled. I know a couple of Bette's previous husbands quite well and they tell me Bette and *Margo* are one—the same, unpredictable type of person, complete with the flinging around of mink coats and staccato excitability. Plus the genuine warmth and intelligence and sense of humor that *Margo* had. *Margo*, Bette—it's all the same, and if you liked *Margo*, you'll love Bette. Gary Merrill did and does, both ways.

Peter Lawford has changed considerably since he started at Metro as a British boy (Continued on page 75)



George can sneer all he wants to—there is another side to Sanders that never shows on the screen!



PHOTOPLAY

FASHIONS





## Turn a cool shoulder

● Intriguing strapless dress, opposite, with smart detachable stole. Eye-catching fabric is gleaming polished cotton. By Jonathan Logan, 9-15, in wide variety of exotic colors. An unbelievable \$17.95 at Best & Co., New York, N. Y., Stewart's, Baltimore, Md., H. P. Wasson, Indianapolis, Ind. Marvella pin, Capezio shoes. Worn by lovely **Barbara Lawrence** of RKO's "Two Tickets to Broadway"

Dirone



● Dramatic dark plaid dress, above, with matching stole, can be worn strapless or with halter shoestring tie. Skirt is full, with unpressed pleats. By Koret of California, 10-18, in red or navy ground-tissue sheer plaid. Around \$14.95 at Saks-34th, New York, N. Y., J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.

● Personality in plaid is dreamy tissue sheer gingham sunback dress, right. Elasticized bodice, with removable straps, tapers gracefully into full skirt. For added effect, a matching stole. By McKettrick, 10-18, in brown, green, or navy with white. Around \$14.95 at Kresge Newark, Newark, N. J., Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.

These dresses worn by **Margaret Sheridan** of RKO's "The Thing"

For stores nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67







Checkmate a summer skirt with a woven cotton T-shirt. Neckline ends in flattering V both back and front. Ribbed waistband can be worn in or out. By Peggy Parker in navy, red, green with white, small, medium or large. Around \$2.25 at Lit Bros., Philadelphia, Pa. Pert pique hat by Dani

## MODEL T'S

Three ways to enjoy Summer—T-shirts go glamorous

Something new has been added—to T-shirts. Below, left, a lacy weave cotton that can be worn demurely buttoned up in front, prettily plunged or as a cardigan over a plain dress. By Helen Harper, it comes in white with navy, red, green or brown; small, medium or large. Around \$2.98 at Crowley Milner, Detroit, Mich., and Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.

Light as a sea breeze is the terry cloth T-shirt, below, right, with its nautical striped jersey bib front. By Jane Irwill, in white with navy or red trim, small, medium, large. Around \$3.50. Gloves by Grandoe.

To keep your curls in place, Debway's perky Jockey cap

*Photographed by Dirone aboard a Moore-McCormack ship*



*Modeled by Barbara Britton, movie and television star*

*For store nearest you, write direct to manufacturer listed on page 67*





Wherever you live you can buy  
**PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS**

If the preceding pages do not list the stores in your vicinity where the Photo-play Fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

**Jonathan Logan dress**

1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Marvella pin**

383 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Capezio shoes**

1612 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Koret, of California dress**

611 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

**McKettrick Williams dress**

1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Peggy Parker T-shirt**

1384 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Jane Irwill T-shirt**

1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**Helen Harper T-shirt**

1372 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

**June Patton dress**

1641 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

**Fuller fabric for Ella Raines pattern**

1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



PHOTOPLAY'S  
PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Detailed drawings, above, of the  
Ella Raines dress on page 68

win one of **25** thrilling  
**all-expense-paid vacations**  
to the romantic Caribbean

. or 326  
valuable  
cash prizes!



Follow  
The  
Sun!

go Caribbean\*  
with  
**Catalina**

Imagine winning an all-expense-paid vacation trip to the Caribbean wonderland—inspiration for Catalina's new, spirited Caribbean\* Collection! Beautiful new designs, gay sun-filled colors, fanciful patterns and fabrics, all created with a true Caribbean flavor!

See  
**JUNE HAVOC**  
in **FOLLOW**  
**THE SUN**

a 20th Century-Fox Production



You'll fly via luxurious  
Pan American World Airways—  
stay at the finest hotels!

It's fun! It's easy to enter!

Ask for contest blank in the swimwear  
departments of leading department stores  
and women's specialty shops in your city.



Shown Above: CONGA LACE,  
completely feminine real lace over  
skintone—lined elasticized suit.  
Bewitching in Black, White, Granada Red,  
Shore Green. Sizes 32-38.  
Shown with Rebozo, matching three yard  
lace Caribbean shawl.

LOOK FOR THE  FLYING FISH

\*REGISTERED

Write for folder of other Catalina styles and name of nearest store. Catalina, Inc., Dept. 219, Los Angeles 13, California



● Photoplay Patterns  
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York  
Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the  
Photoplay Pattern of the Ella Raines "Fighting Coast Guard" dress  
in sizes 9-11-13-15-17.

Name..... Size.....  
Street.....  
City..... State..... Age.....



*Photoplay's Pattern of the month*

Ella Raines in the original dress  
designed by Adele Palmer for her to wear  
in Republic's "Fighting Coast Guard"



*Ella Raines  
officially  
accompanied  
by officers  
of the U. S.  
Coast Guard  
Cutter  
SPENCER*



*Photographed by Dirone at the St. Regis roof*

*For summer eyes*

• Charm him in this permanent finished sheer cotton with its brief sleeves, soft skirt with unpressed pleats in front. A detachable collar of velvet frames the pretty neckline; with matching velvet belt. By June

Patton, 10-20, in black, brown, green, red. Around \$14.95.

Cotton shorties by Grandoe. Brilliant necklace by Coro

*For stores nearest you write to manufacturer listed on page 67*

• Patterned for a perfect evening is the dress worn by **Ella Raines**, opposite.

Designed to show off your best figure lines, its graceful neckline is

draped over a fitted bra top. Eight-gored skirt has center seam and

inset on each side of front and back for fullness, giving a pleat effect. To match the gleam in his eye, make it in Fuller's "Spotlight"—a cotton satin that comes in twenty-five exciting colors



# If you



by **Joan Crawford**  
*Star of "Goodbye, My Fancy"*



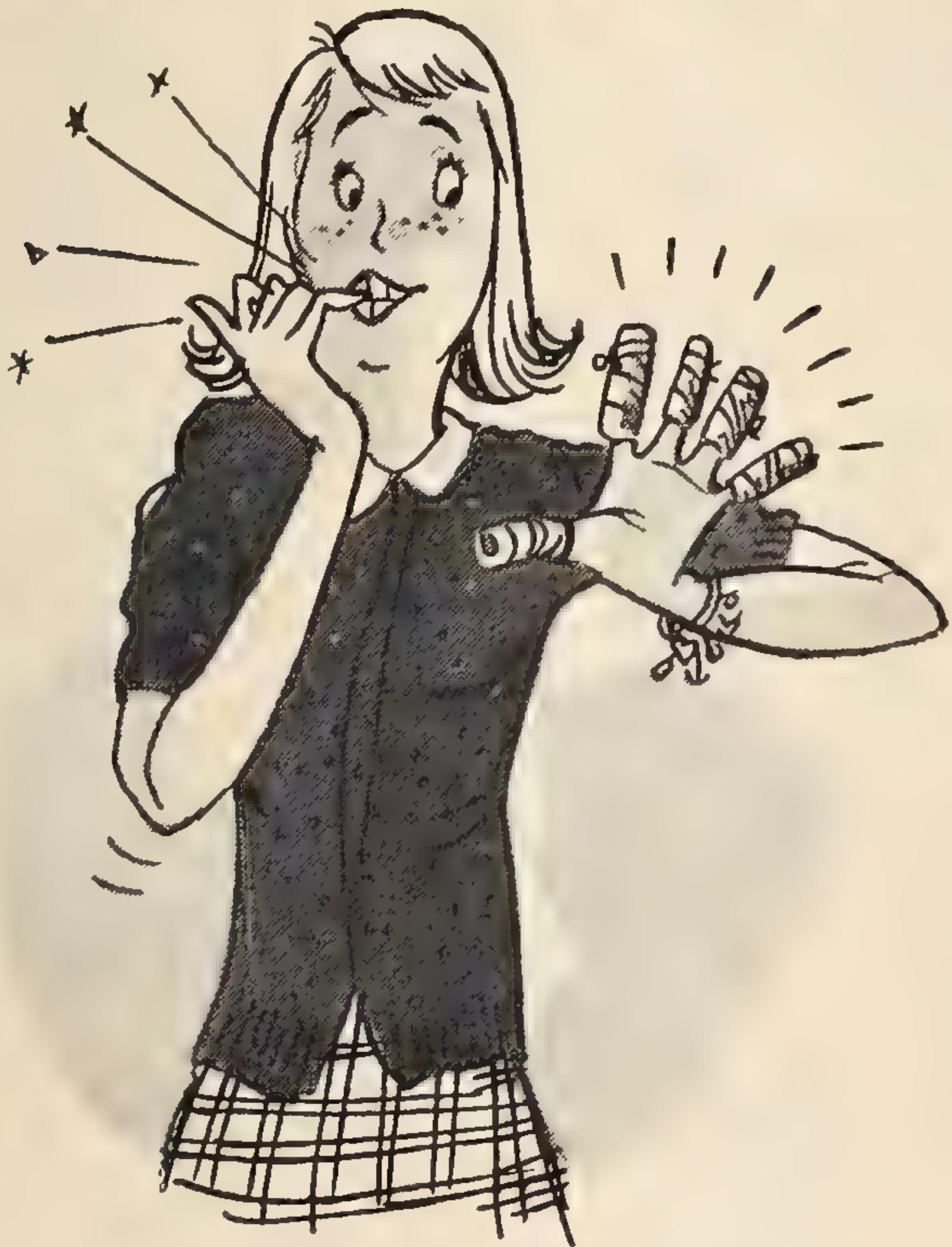
He's not as dumb as you  
look when you give him the  
charm treatment!

Don't be so superior—your  
parents have been around  
much longer than you





# want to be CHARMING



Analyze your "secret" thoughts  
and your nails will be longer!

## *Reverse the Current*

I've said this before and I'll probably say it many more times, because I think it's basic. It's this--the secret of a charming personality and the popularity which is its reward--is not to be found in any trick, any mysterious sleight-of-hand with make-up or fancy hair-dos or clothes, important as these may be. What makes you charming--or charm-less--is how you feel deep inside about yourself and about those around you.

All of us worry about ourselves, how we look, what sort of impression we are making. And there's nothing wrong in such concern unless it's so intense that it excludes our outgoing interest--our interest in other people, in other words.

A girl who concentrates on herself instead of communicating with her friends is tense and self-conscious. She's the type who will go to a dance and worry the entire evening about her "stringy" hair or that blemish on her skin the pancake just won't conceal. And in this worrying of course she'll shut off her charm automatically. No one who is preoccupied exclusively with herself is charming. Incidentally, the blemish you can't help --but the "stringy" hair you can. Preparation and organization in one's life is

of prime importance. You can't just accept life and take from it. You have to contribute, and not just to people you want to impress.

Too many of us "turn on the charm" only on special occasions, taking our families and close friends for granted. But that kind of on-again, off-again charm is phony. Nobody is fooled--neither your mother, for instance, who pressed your new nylon blouse so exquisitely and was understandably hurt when you "forgot" to thank her, or the new boy friend on whom you lavish all the saved-up smiles and thoughtfulness. Self-conscious, "this-will-get-him" charm--the only kind you possibly can have when you put it on like a new formal or your best hat--isn't charm at all. It's affectation--and, like last year's slip, it shows!

## *It's Magic*

It's almost magic the way a change in your feelings can affect the responses (bred of their new feelings) of the people you contact (Continued on page 103)



Glamour is composed of two parts  
soap and water--and one part sense!



(Continued from page 43) for our appointment was—just how serious is his romance with Ginger? Enough to end in marriage—or just another Hollywood love affair scheduled to end after the excitement has worn thin?

Steve was neither annoyed nor embarrassed by my question. Personal questions obviously do not faze him.

He's handsome in a way—his way. Even off screen, he has that same solid, virile wallop Gable first had. There's just 175 pounds proportionately spread over his six-foot-one frame. His hair is dark, his eyes green. He's a type women go for.

I think that Fay was still crazy about him when they parted.

"You tracked me down at the train the first time Fay and I parted," Steve reminded me. "You also had the first story of our marriage."

"Now I'd like to have history repeat itself," I told him. "How about the first story on what you and Ginger Rogers intend to do?"

AS I said, the question did not rattle him. He didn't quibble. "As of today there are no plans for marriage," he said. "What will happen tomorrow, no one can say. Ginger and I have a perfect understanding. We enjoy each other's company so much at this time that neither she nor I go out with any one else. But look here, Louella," he went on, "I've been married twice. The first time to Florence Lockwood—for eight years. Fay and I didn't stick it out that long. They were both wonderful girls—so maybe the trouble was all my fault."

"Right now, my career is pretty important to me. I've made nine pictures for Warners in a little over a year. I'm very grateful to Jack Warner."

I knew all about his career. "Where did you meet Ginger?" I cut in.

Steve laughed. "When we were making 'Storm Warning' together. I thought she was lovely the minute I saw her. But she would have no part of me. She was seeing Greg Bautzer then. And Ginger is no two-timing female. I asked her for a date—and she turned me down cold."

"In fact," continued the honest Steve, "she laughed in my face. Then we went to Miami for the premiere of 'Storm Warning' and surprise! surprise! Ginger accepted my invitation for dinner one night. Maybe she was just feeling sorry for me—because I had a broken leg. But we had a lot to say to each other and had a wonderful time. It was just about the time she and Bautzer were beginning to cool. But it wasn't until they were definitely through that she let me take her to parties and theaters and see her most of the time."

What Steve didn't tell me, but what I happen to know, is that he seldom went to any Hollywood parties until he became Ginger's escort. Since that time he has beau-ed her to the Gary Coopers', the Jack Warners' and to other social events.

At the Coopers', Steve and Ginger ran into Greg Bautzer—who came with Jane Wyman. Steve admits it was a pretty tense moment for Ginger. "She was pleasant to Mr. Bautzer," he said, "but she didn't go overboard and I took her home."

Did I sense a little touch of jealousy? Greg is mighty good looking, too, and a very successful lawyer. But luckily for Steve, apparently, that chance meeting did not revive the old magic where Ginger is concerned. Steve told me that he was going with Ginger and her mother to Ginger's Oregon ranch.

"How do you get along with Ginger's mother?" I asked.

"Lela? Say, isn't she a great woman?" He was sincerely enthusiastic. "I like her fine." And, believe me, if he didn't like Lela Rogers he would have said so.

Steve likes a drink now and then—I don't mean by that that he's addicted to the bottle. By no means. But Ginger is a complete teetotaler.

"How about that?" I asked. "How do you get along on the subject of a cocktail or two before dinner—or a highball?"

"We get along fine," he grinned. "Ginger keeps liquor in her house and gives me a drink when I want it. She doesn't touch the stuff herself, but she has no objection to my having a drink—or any of her other guests."

Ginger is an ardent Christian Scientist and Steve shares many of her ideas on the subject of religion.

To all outward appearances, then, these two seem to have much in common—a similarity of tastes, a mutual understanding and considerable pleasure in each other's society. Many Hollywood marriages have been based on less.

And yet, somehow I don't see them getting to the marriage license bureau.

Why? For one reason the set-up is too good. Ginger has just said "adieu" to a long and, as it turned out, unhappy romance. Steve admits he is wary after two wrecked marriages. I would say their romance is placid—without fireworks.

WHEN Ginger was in love with Greg they quarreled frequently. So did Steve and Fay. Now that Steve and Ginger are romancing it seems to me that they are making a bit too much of an effort to fall in love.

Sometimes a "rebound" love affair does lead to a marriage. But that happens usually in the case of kids—and not with two mature, well-balanced people—such as Ginger is and Steve rapidly is becoming.

He wasn't always! I don't know how I happened to think about his much publicized fling with Mae West—unless it was because Mae was appearing in Los Angeles in "Diamond Lil" and I wondered if Steve had seen the show in which he once had appeared with her.

"Seen her?" laughed Steve, and it was a good hearty one. "Why, I couldn't get within a mile of Mae. That musician friend of hers keeps everyone away. But don't let anyone tell you that she isn't a swell girl. She's fun—I'd like to have seen her again had there been a chance."

I remember when it was reported that Steve, Mae's leading man on the stage, was romancing with her. "That wasn't true, Louella," he said, "I liked her company. That's all."

"I like women anyway!" he cheerfully admitted. "You know that. Remember

when Fay and I were married? She didn't know she was going to get married when I took her to Las Vegas. I said to her, 'This is your birthday and you're going to get a husband for a birthday present.' So we walked into the Las Vegas courthouse, got a license and were married."

"Is that the way you do it with all your women?" I laughed.

"Well, I don't think I'd get very far trying that with Ginger," he admitted, "but Fay was very young and the idea of an elopement intrigued her."

"You couldn't have been very old yourself at the time, Steve," I went on. "How old are you?" I was beginning to enjoy asking him such questions as I usually don't put to actors, because he's so frank about everything.

"I'm thirty-four now. That's no kid."

Oh, isn't it? That's what he thinks. Steve's first acting job was with Florence Eldridge in the Federal Theater in 1936.

"We opened in Detroit—my part was very unimportant. Fact is, until just recently I've had a career of unimportant parts. You know, Louella, this is my second time around in Hollywood. The first time, when I did 'Wonder Man' and 'The Chase' . . . neither the public nor the producers went crazy about me. I had to go back to New York to make a stab at eating steadily. Finally I got the role of Juarez in 'Diamond Lil'."

"That's why I'm so happy at being at Warners. After years of being Mr. Nobody in Particular I love all the attention, courtesy and consideration you get when they put that star on your dressing-room door. Anybody who tells you differently—says he hates publicity and all the rest of it—is either lying, or a fool."

"I believe the public has every right to know anything that interests it about my life. It pays me well for that privilege. No one who is all-fired set on his 'private life' rights—should take up a public career in the first place."

"When I hear about actors walking out on good contracts, I can't understand it. All I ask is to be allowed to stay at Warners and keep going as I am. I spent years praying for this break. Now I'm sincerely and humbly grateful for it."

With such an attitude—plus his talent—how can he help but go far?

I hadn't known that Steve was a native Californian until he told me that he first saw the light of day in Eureka, California. Like everything else that has ever happened to him—he's proud of it and proud that his early "jobs" were as a Wyoming ranch hand, a railroad section hand, a floor detective in Macy's, a shipyard worker—and a couple of other assorted callings.

As he said, his stage and screen career was far from brilliant until Jack Warner brought him back to Hollywood from New York to make "White Heat" with Jimmy Cagney and Virginia Mayo. He counts the day he got that telegram as the red-letter day in his life. I suspect there are many red-letter days ahead for him. Now that he's settled career-wise and financially he may even find the love of his life which so far has eluded him.

Will it be Ginger? There's no doubt this hunk of man intrigues her. Since she met him she's not nearly as insistent about spending six-months of every year in New York which she learned to love last year when she had a whirl there, courted by such cosmopolites as Count Serge Oblensky and others in the social whirl.

As for her whirl with Steve I'll be surprised if it whirls them to the marriage license bureau. But I've been surprised before.

## prevent polio by:


Keeping children away from strangers  
Washing hands carefully before eating  
Keeping food clean and covered  
Watching out for headaches, fever, sore throat, upset stomach, sore muscles, extreme tiredness, trouble in breathing or swallowing  
Putting a sick person to bed at once and calling the doctor  
Telephoning your local Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis if you need help

## remember . . .

delayed action can lose a life!

THE END





# "Be Lux Lovely"

says  
*Joan Crawford*

CO-STARRING IN  
"GOODBYE MY FANCY"  
A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION

*"This beauty care makes my skin softer, smoother!"*



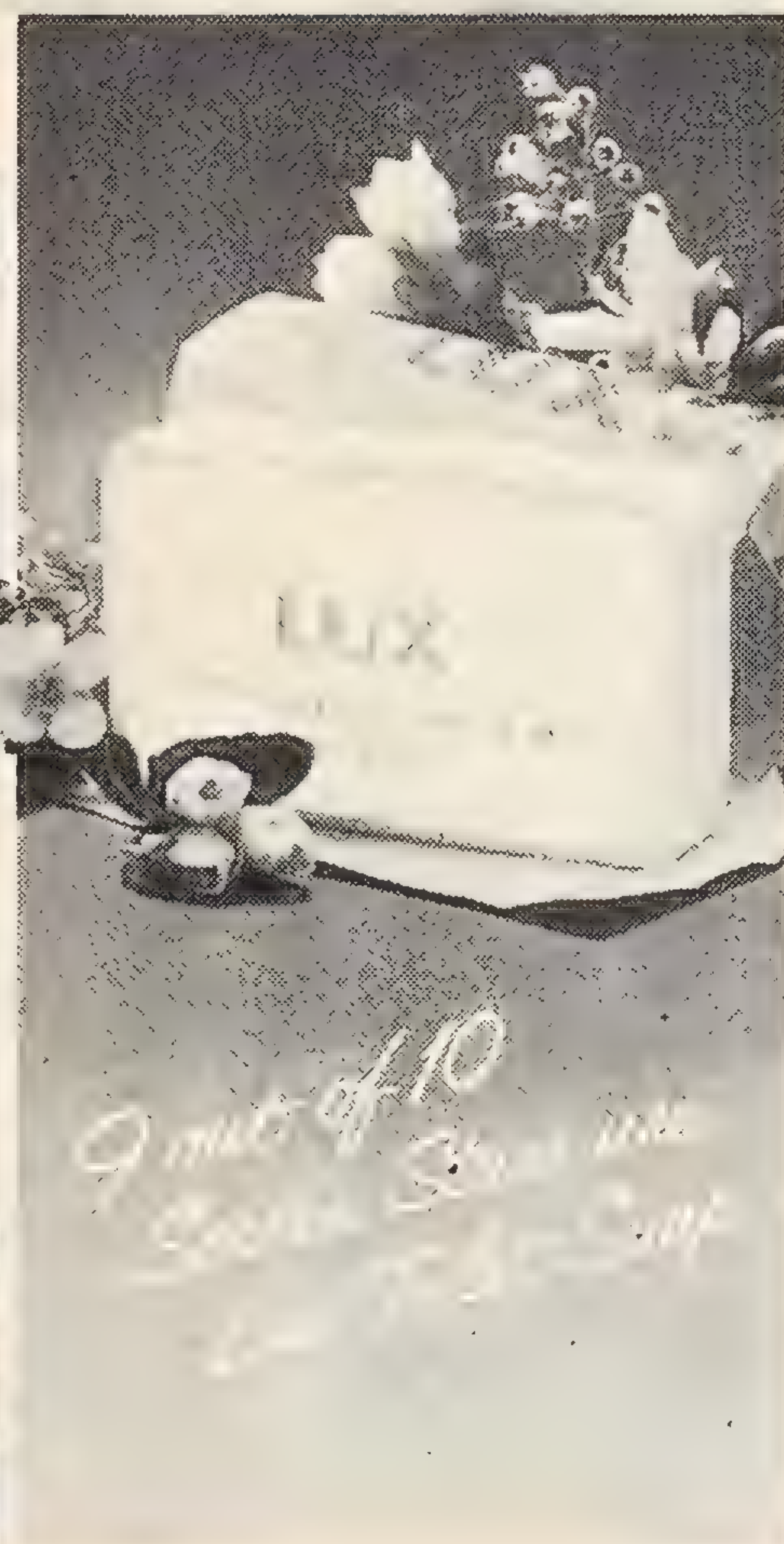
**"I'VE ALWAYS TRUSTED MY SKIN** to gentle Lux Soap care," says Joan Crawford. "Here's the daily beauty facial I depend on: I work up a rich lather with Lux Soap and cream it well into my skin.



**"I RINSE THOROUGHLY** first with warm water and then with a splash of stimulating cold. Already my skin feels delightfully soft and smooth." *Lux Soap has active lather that works like a charm!*



**"NEXT I PAT MY FACE LIGHTLY** with a soft towel to dry. It's wonderful the quick new beauty this facial gives my skin!" Try Joan Crawford's own beauty facials. Discover how easy it is to be Lux-lovely!



*9 out of 10  
girls use  
Lux Soap*



(Continued from page 40) diplomat, May knew that I wanted only to meet Gene. But deliberately and casually, she introduced me first to others in the cast. Just as I was about to burst with anxiety, Gene came rushing by. May stopped him. His face was covered with greasepaint and he wore neither shoes nor shirt. The stage manager was calling the overture and Gene, on a split-second time schedule, scarcely took note of me. Just a curt, "How do you do, Miss Franklin. Nice to meet you."

In my eagerness to impress Gene, I had dressed as though I were going to tea at Buckingham Palace. I wore my slim black taffeta molded and graceful with flying paniers and I was decked with jewelry that jingle-jangled. Over all this, I wore my luxurious beaver coat slung carelessly about my shoulders.

I CONSOLED myself with the fact that Gene had been rushed. I told myself that he surely would call me. *He had to!* For there was nothing more I could do. I was acquainted with no one else who knew him.

The following Wednesday, my break came. After my matinee, I found a note in my theater box. Gene had seen my show, had tried to phone me without success and wanted me to have dinner with him. He gave his number.

I whooped with joy and ran back to tell the other kids in the cast. But before I reached the dressing rooms, I began to wonder . . . The other dancers in "Hattie" knew how I felt about Gene. Had they written that letter as a gag? That night and all the next day I eyed everyone suspiciously. But finally, unable to contain myself any longer I dialed the number. Gene answered the phone.

We talked for a half hour. Gene told me that May Kelly had raved about me for a solid week, insisting that he see my number in "Panama Hattie." I listened avidly to all he said—especially when he talked of himself, building up a careful backlog for future conversations.

The next night we had dinner together. I wore the red fox jacket. He looked at me strangely, for a minute, and only then did he connect me with the girl with whom he had flirted. The beaver coat I'd worn to impress him had almost cheated me of the chance to know him.

We talked so much that night we hardly ate at all. I remembered Gene's likes and dislikes and used them as guideposts for our conversation. I knew that, at fourteen, he had worked after school at the Robert Montgomery stables, exercising and feeding the horses. His interest in sports amazed me. And when he said that he was interested in skiing, although he had never been on a slope in his life, I immediately was eager to ski, too.

Gene took me at my word. Soon afterwards, when a group from the Ice Show went to Bear Mountain, he invited me along. The first night at the Inn he walked me to my door and kissed me goodnight. He was going to get up early next day, he said, and try his skill alone.

I hardly slept wondering how he would make out on that steep white slope. At seven the next morning, I stood at my window peering at a lone figure struggling up, up, up. About half-way up, he turned and shussed straight down, ending in a snow drift. Watching him dig out I decided that if he was going to risk his life, I was, too. I put on my red woolen "long-johns," a pile of sweaters and struggled into my borrowed ski suit.

My boots were heavy and clumsy and when I tried running across the snow, I could manage only a slow trot. Gene,

helping me on with my skis, promised to teach me whatever he had learned.

I made a brave attempt to "herring-bone" up the slope. The trick is not to cross skis in back. My skis crossed. I slipped backwards and must have fallen at least five times before I reached the quarter mark. I was hot and unhappy. But Gene wouldn't let me remove any of my sweaters. Deciding to try again, I pointed my skis, and took off. I picked up speed, saw that I was headed towards a bump in the slope and, not knowing how to turn, I sat down. One ski dug into the snow and my body turned over. It was like a mild electric shock. I was afraid to move.

Gene removed my skis and helped me up. I winced as I tried to step on my right foot but I didn't let him know how much it hurt. Slowly, we walked back to the Inn for breakfast.

That night, in a tub of water, my knee swelled to twice its normal size. When Gene saw me limping downstairs, he was concerned and called the doctor. I had wrenched my knee, the doctor said, but nothing was broken. My "snow bunny badge," Gene called it.

Neither Gene nor I have been near a slope since, although our ambition is to spend a week at Sun Valley. It's more Gene's ambition than mine really, but I'll be there pitching—and falling, no doubt.

GENE'S athletic prowess often discouraged me in those first days. He was a whiz at riding and skating. And the first time we went swimming, he turned out to be a champion diver. I managed to stay in the running but obviously I couldn't keep up with him. I thought everything Gene said or did was wonderful. When I'd known him a week, I told myself he was the man for me. Until this time, I'd been dating a boy named Chuck. Friday being our date night, he had introduced me to his friends as "My girl Friday."

Friday night, over a drink at the Stork Club, I told Chuck, "I don't think I can be your girl Friday any longer. I've met someone else and I think it's going to be serious."

"If you think that, I wish you all the luck in the world," Chuck said.

Gene, too, believed our romance was serious. Later, I discovered that after our first date he wanted to give me the little golden ice-skate with a tiny diamond in it which he wore in his lapel. But his roommate suggested he wait and find out if he was really sure. So Gene waited—for two months, then had the golden skate made into a pin for me.

I've always let Gene know how much this pin means to me. Because it was his first gift, it's my favorite. I lost it once, and Gene and I spent hours retracing our steps across Broadway, searching the sidewalks, the curbs, the gutters. Then we went back to the theater and looked in my dressing room. When Gene found the little gold skate under my dressing table, I was so happy, I cried.

People say you shouldn't wear your heart on your sleeve. But a blind man could have seen the crush I had on Gene. I'm not very good at hiding things.

Certainly, I never made any bones about the fact that I was trying to please him. After Gene said he liked the way I looked in red I wore red often. When he told me he liked tailored clothes and singled out a brown gabardine suit which I wore with a brown snap-brimmed hat, I bought all the tailored suits I could afford. When he admired my hair, I started brushing it vigorously, until it gleamed, and wore it in as many different styles as possible.

One of the first things I discovered about

Gene was his love for music, ballet music especially. Always, before a ballet company came into town, he would order tickets. And I would buy all his favorite records so we could listen, hours on end.

Whatever Gene does, he does well. When he became interested in painting, he would buy a book on the lives and work of the various painters, read through it rapidly and remember practically everything he had read. I read slowly, retain less than Gene. So I would make up for what I couldn't get from the books by visiting the Metropolitan Museum.

One thing I've always done well, though, where Gene is concerned, and that is—listen. Everything he's ever had to say has interested me. If it hadn't, I'm afraid I would have pretended like mad.

FROM the beginning, we dated steadily. My mother could never quite understand how we found so much to talk about. Except for matinee days, we spent every afternoon together. After our evening shows, we'd go dancing, to the movies or just talk. Gene would take me home and we'd talk more. He'd kiss me goodnight, and then, as soon as he reached his hotel, he'd telephone. And we'd be on the wire for as long as an hour.

Soon, marriage became part of our plans.

We talked about marriage, and we talked about children. I said that when I was married, I wanted a boy and a girl. Gene said he thought that would make a nice family. He also said he wouldn't marry until he could support a wife with ease.

Then the draft came. Gene was eligible. My friends said the usual things: "Don't marry now . . . suppose you have a child . . . suppose he's killed . . ."

His friends said, "Marry her right away."

Gene said, "If you don't marry me now, I won't guarantee whom I'll be seeing while I'm in the Army—or that I'll be single when I return."

A wave of panic swept over me. "I want to get married right away." I proposed.

"Are you sure?" he asked sternly.

I nodded, blissfully.

We were married within the week, on December 22, 1941, at New York's City Hall.

Gene took me to the Belvedere Hotel, where he lived, and carried me into his room lighted only by the soft glow cast by the Christmas tree bulbs. Then and there, I made a vow. I had won Gene by being interested in the things that interested him. My wedding ring, I promised myself, would not change this. I'd try always to be all things to the man I loved.

When Gene was in the Army, I sent V-mail letters regularly. I told him all the details of my life, showing him not only what I was doing, but that he was constantly in my thoughts. Happily for me, Gene did the same thing.

I'll always wear my heart on my sleeve for Gene. After children arrive, some women relegate their husbands to a secondary place. Gene and I and our four-year-old son have a wonderful relationship in which Chris, product of our love, shares equally in our affections. But Gene and I love each other first.

I still help Gene with his dancing, often working on the choreography of his pictures, rehearsing with him and other members of the cast. His only objection is that he feels I, too, should be in the limelight. He dreams of us as dancing partners. I'd be happy with that kind of achievement, of course. But I know of no achievement, of no career that can be more wonderful than that of pursuing a husband—even after you've caught him.

THE END



## They're Characters

(Continued from page 63) actor. In some respects for the better. In others—I'm not sure. He's no longer the eager youth dashing madly to the studio in his open convertible. But he was friendlier then. Whether or not it's because Pete has played so many "other men" parts in pictures, nowadays he seems less of an optimist. And I don't quite know which adjective to use about the following incident. It's an open secret in Hollywood that Sharman Douglas finds or found Pete extremely fascinating. In fact, she's said to be carrying a man-size torch for him. But Pete, probably unthinkingly, brought his new interest, Jeanne MacDonald, to Sharman at RKO and sort of put her under Sharman's protective wing. If Sharman really is still in love with Pete, that was pretty thoughtless.

Jane Wyman has been a hard girl to fathom at any time. But there was a change in Jane after she played the deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda." Some people believe that the strain of the role was partly responsible for the break-up of her marriage with Ronald Reagan. But I personally believe that some of the divorce can be blamed on Ronald's talkativeness, which can be very boring. However, Jane was a sick, depressed girl both during and after this picture.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR has told me many times that she hates to play society girls on the screen—she'd rather be a gypsy. But Elizabeth has patterned quite a lot of her private life attitude on the way the society girls behave in her pictures. Fundamentally, Elizabeth is a fresh-air country girl who loves dogs, horses and chipmunks. And the haughty stuff and quarrels with her family are alien to her innate sweet nature. I hope film fame will ultimately bring Elizabeth happiness. To date, it has only brought confusion for her family and for her.

John Wayne is still "Duke" to the people who knew him as Duke Morrison. And they all still know him. His great success, his position at the top of the Photoplay Popularity poll (he won the Photoplay Gold Medal this year) hasn't changed him at all. In fact I'm not sure how good an actor John really is because he's exactly the same person in and out of his pictures.

Gregory Peck is another local boy who made good without making his associates miserable because of it. Greg was raised in La Jolla, California, which is why he started the La Jolla Playhouse, a very profitable tourist attraction for his home town. I remember when Greg startled me with his portrayal of the sex-crazy, selfish Lewt in "Duel in the Sun," shortly after he had electrified me with his sensitive characterization of the priest in "The Keys of the Kingdom." I asked him—"Which is the real you?" He grinned and replied, "Ask my wife." I did. Sorry I can't tell you.

The big change in Olivia de Havilland started with her two-year-long battle to free herself from her Warner contract. And remembering the carefree, happy girl she used to be, it is sad to hear no sorrow expressed in Hollywood over the not-so-hot reviews and brief six-weeks run for Olivia's "Romeo and Juliet" in New York. She tries so hard with every acting job. I'm wondering if there isn't such a thing as trying too hard. I hope that her next movie assignment will be a little romantic part. Then maybe Olivia will return to her early lighter, gayer self.

This was the theme of course of "A Double Life," the picture that produced Shelley Winters for better or worse. I think for better—Shelley is fun.

**I like**



**because**

MY PLAYCLOTHES LOOK

SO PRETTY AND BRIGHT

Joe's shirts and my sheets look so white  
and my whole wash smells so  
sweet and fresh!

The gang at the shop kids me about  
always wearing clean overalls, but  
I notice a lot of 'em ask me what  
kind of soap Mary uses!

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Come to think of it, it's only natural that playing dramatic tragic roles all the time should have a sobering effect on performers. Certainly nearly all the screen killers, except Humphrey Bogart, are exceptionally quiet men in real life. Jimmy Cagney never speaks above a whisper. George Raft rarely cracks a smile. Richard Widmark is moody and broody. As for Bogey, he has always been on the raucous side in his public and private life. It was just as noisy before Warners elevated him to stardom and he used to complain about his bosses just as much then as he does now. Only now, at \$200,000 a picture, he doesn't have any reason to.

The oddest contradiction in reel and real life in Hollywood is Jane Russell. The sexy extrovert on celluloid is a deeply religious, modest girl at home, with a chapel in her own backyard. The posters can show Jane struggling for her honor in low-cut gowns till kingdom come. Away from the camera the only thing Jane struggles for is to remember a passage from the Bible, most of which she knows by heart.

June Allyson can be pretty cute off screen if she thinks an occasion warrants it. But on the whole she isn't too carried away with her characterizations. It was a good thing for June, as it is for every young performer in Hollywood, that success here didn't come right off the bat for her. She had a two-year very discouraging wait before she made a hit, playing herself really, in "Two Girls and a Sailor." It's a better thing that she fell so in love with Dick Powell, older and wiser.

How about the movie sirens—the Ava Gardners, the Hedy Lamarrs, the Lana Turners? They remind me of the comedians, most of whom are sad sacks away from the camera. These delectable dames rarely wear make-up or dress up off duty. Hedy is notorious for her peasant dresses. Lana loves shorts. Ava goes in for slacks. And all three cinema sirens have this in common—they passionately desire a husband and home life. At this writing, Lana has it, and I'd say she was the happiest of the three. Hedy is prepared to travel to the four corners of the world to get hers. Ava is hoping that somehow, somewhere, she can be Mrs. Sinatra.

How about the lover-boys, the gents who always get the females in films? Do they repeat in private life? Let's see. Errol Flynn had his marriage option dropped by Lili and Nora. Stewart Granger was divorced by his first wife. Robert Taylor—well, you know about Robert. Clark Gable—you know his history too. Cary Grant? After winning Virginia Cherrill, Barbara Hutton, and every girl in pictures for two decades, including the time he was

a ghost in the "Topper" series, Cary has now been won for life, I believe, by a bit of a girl, Betsy Drake.

I said before that the comedians of the screen were sad creatures in private life. Not all of them are. It's impossible to define where Red Skelton of the screen begins and the ditto of civilian life ends. Red never stops making with the gags. But Red's jokes are never at the expense of any living creature. Nor are the wise-cracks of Bob Hope.

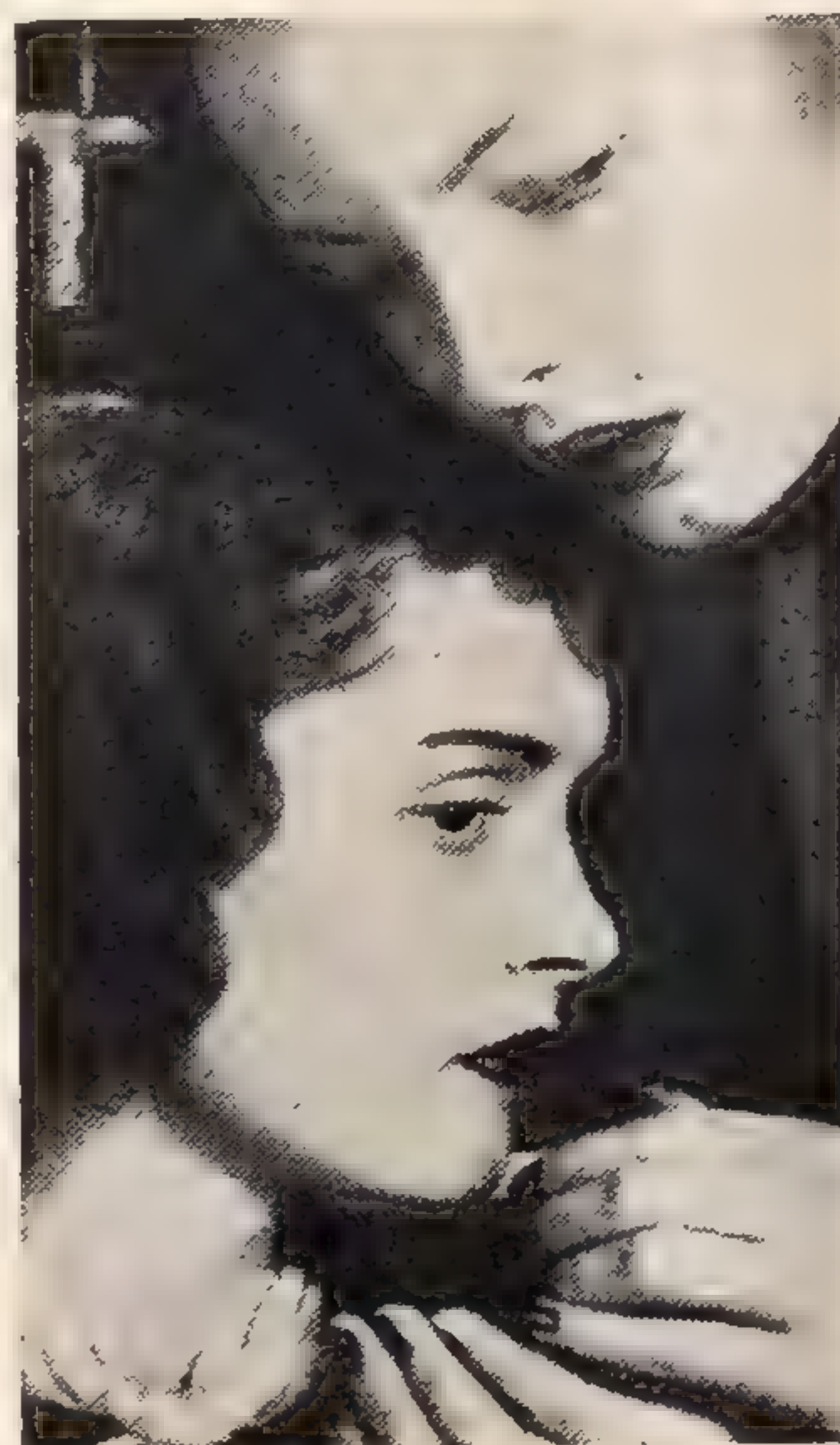
Martin and Lewis can be even whackier away from the camera. But once in a while, when no one is watching, Jerry forgets the funny face and is the complete coordinated businessman. Jerry passes on everything—even the advertising posters for their pictures. And recently, when a columnist took some cracks at Dean, Jerry did the same to the columnist. "Dean's my friend as well as my partner," he told me quietly. "Anyone who hurts him is not my friend."

George Sanders usually plays a very rude man in his pictures. I don't know whether George gets these roles because he is rude in real life, but it could be. However, recently I made a discovery about George. And I should have suspected it before. His sardonic speeches are a cover-up for an oversize inferiority complex. When I phoned him to talk about something else, he engaged me in a lengthy conversation all about, "What did you think of my singing?" (On a radio show.) Why, George, I didn't think you cared what *anyone* thought. Incidentally, I thought he sang divinely and told him so and the purr at the end of the line could almost be stroked. I also discovered that Mr. Sanders has a sense of humor. When the story was printed that he could not play the Pinza role on Broadway in "South Pacific" because he was supposed to have an operation, I called him to say, "Is it really true about the operation, or is it an operation for cold feet?" He roared—with laughter.

Jeanne Crain, the mother of three, still has the wistful air of a little girl, that made Janet Gaynor famous. With Jeanne it's a case of her roles being chosen for her. She is wistful and feet-off-the-ground-ish. She was a natural for those roles.

Bette Davis is *Margo*, Elizabeth Taylor is the society girl, John Wayne and Duke Morrison are one and the same, Gregory Peck is, well, Gregory Peck. The contradictions are there, too . . . the sirens, the gag-men, the lover-boys, they're all double personalities. But that's like the old "which comes first, the chicken or the egg?" routine.

THE END



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TUNE IN

## "MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS



(Continued from page 57) would know that "for the rest of our lives" means exactly that. They don't flaunt their happiness, nor do they take it for granted. But you feel that it's built on rock and that Hollywood can't touch it. Built any other way, it could fall apart in Hoboken.

They have no gimmicks or recipes to hand out. Love is a mystery. Nobody's yet been able to explain why two particular people are drawn together, and not two others. But there's more to love than physical attraction, as every adult knows. In the course of Alan and Sue's friendship, as struggling actor and agent, each grew to respect the other's worth as a human. Because they felt and reacted alike, the wordless understanding between them was from the beginning almost uncanny. In some bigshot's office, with no prearranged campaign, they'd play into each other's hands like a couple of jugglers. Each knew when to speak, when to quit, when to get up and go. It was a new experience then, startling and delightful. Now, after nine years of marriage, it's ingrained.

**P**ROFESSIONALLY, Alan refers to himself as "we," the other half being Sue. It's long been accepted that where he goes, she goes, since he won't go without her. You recognize her presence in the flowers that brighten their impersonal hotel room, and the magazines strewn about. This may seem like a minor item, but nothing's minor to Sue that contributes to Alan's relaxation. Many men on a business trip feel their wives are better off at home. Many men—let's be honest—like to get away from their wives once in a while. Alan says: "I'd be lost without Sue—" He needs her for the comfort of her companionship and because of his vast respect for her judgment. Not that he invariably follows it, but he'll take no major step till he's thoroughly thrashed out all its aspects with Sue. Because of the harmony already noted between them, their conclusions are more likely than not to fuse.

Once they had a difference of opinion with Buddy DeSylva. DeSylva was a wise man and a fair one, who could see the other fellow's side as well as his own. After tossing it back and forth, the boss advised them to go home and sleep on it. Next day they returned, still of the same mind. DeSylva threw them a curious little smile. "You two! You've got too much of that pillow talk between you. I can't beat it. You win."

Others have been less understanding. Everyone at the studio knows that Alan hates talking on the phone. Sue loves it. Acting as a buffer for him, she takes his calls. This is sometimes resented. "Who's under contract here?" stormed an irate V.I.P. "Sue or Alan Ladd?"

"I am," said Alan. "And if ever Sue makes a decision, I'd have made the same."

One thing they avoid is running to Tom, Dick and Harry with their problems. This is not because they think they're so all-fired smart. "We just feel it's no good when the husband goes pouring his heart out to Joe Doakes, and the wife can't wait to talk it over with the girls. Outsiders can come between you, they can lead to fusses. Sue and I don't look for advice till we've kicked it around ourselves. Then, if we're stymied, we take someone into our confidence. But whoever it is, we go to him together."

What catches your eye on first entering the Ladds' living room are four pictured young faces, gazing gravely from shadow-box frames—Carol Lee, Laddie, Lonnie and little David. "My eaters," Alan calls them with a grin. Like any family, they add to the light and laughter and sweet-

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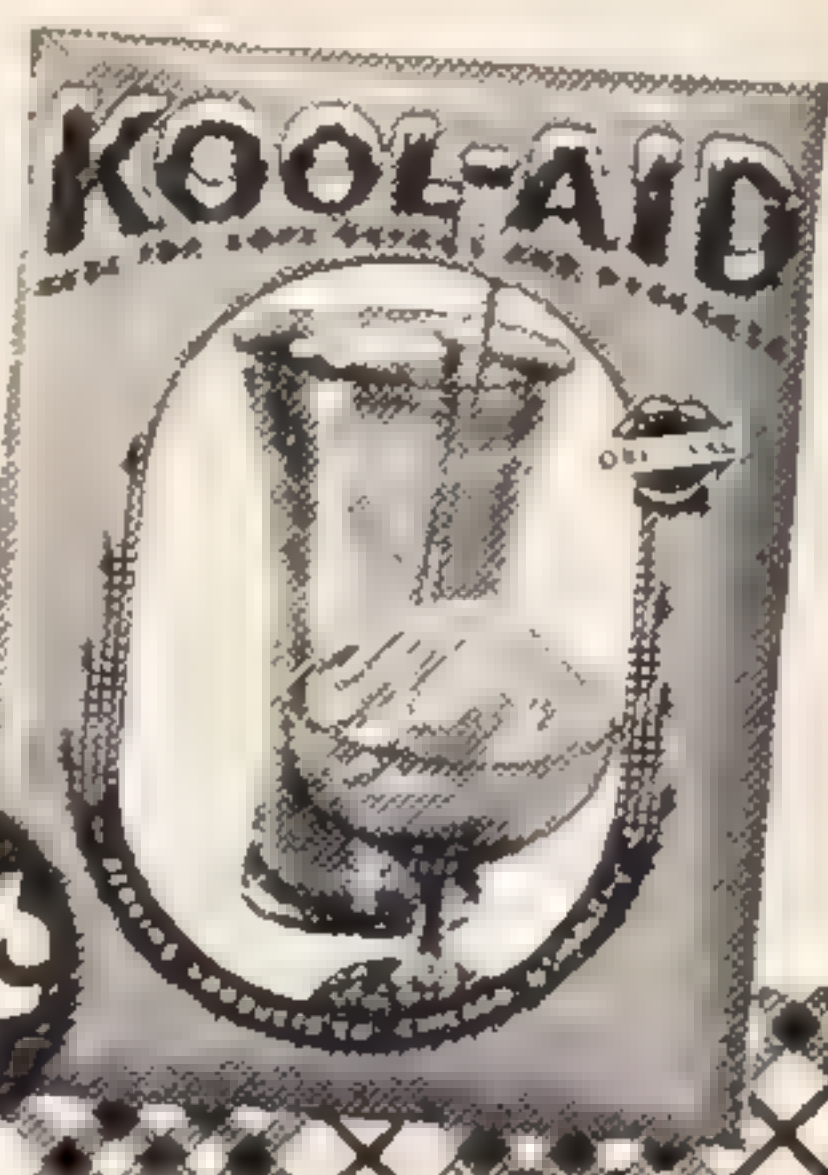
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ness of home. But the widely held notion that children can cure an ailing marriage doesn't sit well with the Ladds. "It's up to the parents, not the kids, to make a marriage work. We owe them security," says Sue "Not the other way 'round."

Security comes from an atmosphere of serenity. It's produced by a feeling between two people that has deepened from the electric of early romance to something enduring. "You can't sit down and rationalize it," says Alan. "Anyway, I can't. You find that companionship with the other person satisfies you. You accept him for what he is. You don't say, I'll try to cure this habit or that. You say, I want to make him happy. Acceptance and understanding are the big things. They include all the rest."

WHEN Sue and Alan are out together, he has a way of making her feel important. He's not full of a lot of baloney and five-dollar words. But there's always a look, a smile, a touch that says, "I'm glad to be here with you. I'd rather be dancing with you than anyone else."

"The place," says Sue, "may be jumping with glamour girls. Goodness knows they're better-looking than I am. But on the way home my husband never fails to pay me some little compliment. Of course it sets me up."

Alan, for his part, maintains that she spoils him, but good. "Sue's got the know-how to take care of a man. I've seen women get so wrapped up in their kids, their friends, their bridge, their clubs, that the poor old guy comes home and sits on the sidelines like a scrub who'll never make the team. Which leaves him wide open for the sympathetic 'other woman.' Thank heaven I've got a feminine wife. She bolsters my ego."

Sue sniffs. "What ego? My great problem is that Alan always thinks he's washed up tomorrow."

"Could be I'm right," he laughs, but he's not kidding. Actors are supposed to be over-endowed with self-confidence. In which case, Alan's no typical actor. Success doesn't inflate, it amazes and humbles him.

He has a very attractive singing voice which he's loath to use except in the shower. Asked to use it on a personal appearance tour, he nixed the suggestion as not altogether sane. But Sue and Kay Kyser framed him. Kyser was emceeing a show in a military hospital, where the Ladds joined him. He and Sue put their heads together. Without bothering to warn the unsuspecting soloist, Kay announced that Alan would now sing "My Ideal."

What could he do, with the guys whooping and hollering! He sang "My Ideal" and they raised the roof.

"See, you can sing," said his double-crossing wife.

"Yeah. That's the one song I know all the words of."

Lest I give the impression that the Ladds are too good to be human, let me cut in fast with an assurance to the contrary. Like all married pairs since Adam and Eve, they have their flare-ups. There was a time when Susie used to flounce out and take a walk. Naturally, she expected Alan to follow. He always did. One night, as she stomped down a dark boulevard, he caught up and got her into the car. "Now look," he said. "This is no way to settle an argument. If you do it again, I won't be home when you get there."

That was her last walk. Not because she took him literally, but because he'd opened her eyes to the childishness of her operations and made her ashamed of them. Psychologists say that spats are important or not, depending on their source. Those of Alan and Sue rise from the surface, leaving the depths undisturbed. Normally, they settle a difference of opinion by hashing it out. Sometimes they fly off the handle, and the huff lasts till one or the other breaks it with an offhand overture. "Being angry with someone you love," says Sue, "is like being ill. If you have any sense, you don't prolong it, you heal it."

Once Alan got mad because Sue returned a fur coat he'd bought for her birthday. "But, honey, it's an extravagance. First, I don't need it. Second, it won't wear well—"

He was still mad. She shouldn't have returned a gift—anyway, not without consulting him first. From behind her back she drew a little book. "I consulted this. It says we can't afford it."

There's no comeback to a joint banking account. Alan threw in the towel.

They don't see eye to eye on their social life. Alan much prefers playing host to guest, though he'll go willingly to a friend's home when not more than four or six are gathered together. Big parties, which bore him and make him uncomfortable, he's got to be dragged to. Susie hankers after a party now and then, if only for the fun of getting dressed up. She'll start working on Alan 'way ahead of time, and even then he's been known to back out at the last minute. Once for a couple of weeks he grew positively lamb-like. Wherever Sue wanted to go was okay with Ladd. She couldn't figure it, but made hay while the making was good.



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## "TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

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on 523 Mutual Stations



Till the night came when she said, "We've been chasing too much. Let's stay put."

"Had enough?"

She looked up, and the light dawned. "So that's been your little game."

"You're too smart by half, Susie."

The score remains the same. He hates parties, she likes them. "But he hates them worse than I like them," sighs Sue, "so we generally stay home."

In basic matters, their ideas run parallel. Their home is for people they feel at home with—for friends, not influences. You won't find them catering to producers for the sake of a role. But they'll have the Peter Hansons because they like them. Hanson played in "Branded." Both Sue and Alan think he has talent, and go out of their way to encourage him. Alan's never forgotten his dark days, nor what encouragement meant to him.

ALAN'S contract still has over a year to run and he still has two Paramount pictures, "The Red Mountain" and "Rage of the Vulture," awaiting release. But with major players, the studio presents a deal well in advance. The actor presents a counter-deal. If they can't get together, he's free to negotiate elsewhere. We're springing no leak when we state that Ladd's appeared in a fair number of stinkers. You've seen them yourselves. That they've made a lot of dough must be ascribed to his personal popularity. Naturally he feels a good script isn't too much to ask for.

That was one consideration. The other was Alan's four kids. Should anything happen to him, he wants them taken care of. The deal Paramount offered was fine. Only he found he could double the money outside. He and Sue thrashed it out from every angle, put it together and picked it apart again. But the moment of decision had to come. Jack Warner was waiting to hear from them. Alan paced, Sue sat. Their agent stood by the phone. "Well?" he prodded gently. "Do you want it or don't you?"

Ten years of Paramount flashed through Alan's mind, ten years of working with a wonderful set of guys on the back lot. He gulped. For a moment it looked as though the tears might come. Sue couldn't stand it. She jumped up and ran to him. "You don't have to take it, Alan."

He looked at her and the grin broke through. Hanging on to her hand, he nodded to the agent. Presently he was talking to a Warner brother. "Well, Jack, I guess I'm coming home."

"What do you mean?"

"I used to be your grip for two years."

"Under what name?"

"Look it up. Alan Ladd." Which broke the tension all round.

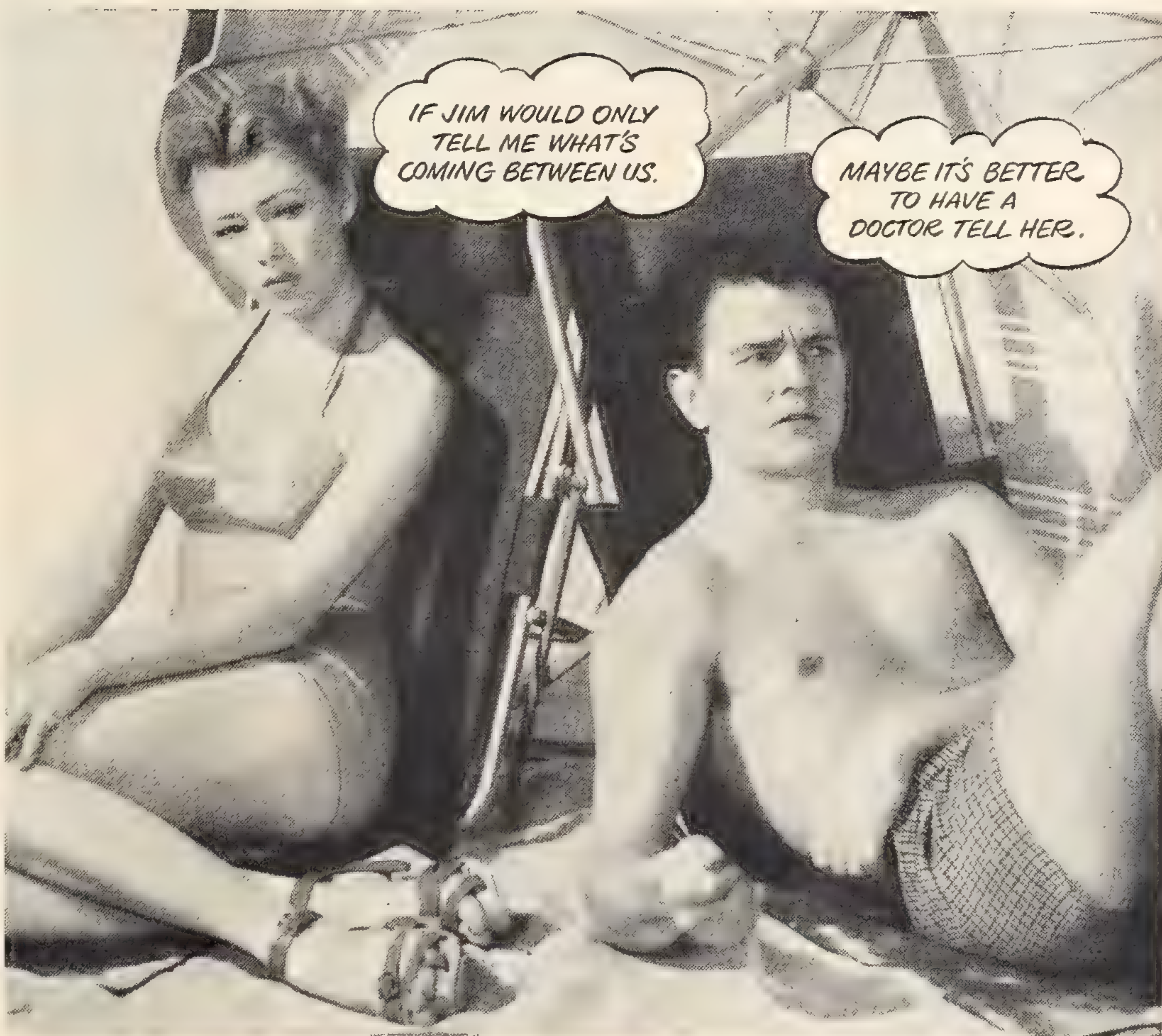
On termination of his present contract, he plans three pictures a year—one for Warners, one for another major company, one for himself. They've already bought a story for independent production.

"We love this business," says Alan, "and as long as they'll have us, we'll stay. But if it ended tomorrow, we'd say thanks, it's been swell knowing you, and work out something else. Make the farm pay, maybe," he teased. "I can see it now. Me running the tractor, Susie milking the cows. Or the other way round. No difference really, so long as we're in it together."

And that's where we came in. Our country's divorce-ridden from coast to coast. But let's look at the bright side for once, and the millions of couples joined by such love and loyalty that if one is wrenched out, the other becomes incomplete. It's the old kind of love that makes marriage happy in Hollywood, Hoboken and all points between, the kind of love that exists between Sue and Alan Ladd.

THE END

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# Photo-Plays



Bing Crosby of "Here Comes the Groom" may have a fortune today but he hasn't forgotten his lean years. His sons never have been allowed to think money grows on trees. Every summer they earn their allowances by the hard work they do on their dad's Nevada ranch.



Success is taken casually at the Crosbys'—so casually that Gary, a big money-maker with his recordings, never thought much about his . . .



. . . growing career. His brothers weren't impressed either. They used to rib him by singing his disc hit, "Sam Song," whenever he appeared. But suddenly, all . . .



. . . kidding stopped. The twins became abnormally respectful—even begged for privilege of chasing Gary's handballs during his practice sessions! This threw Gary



So did the strange noises he heard behind the barn—until he discovered Lindsay showing him off to his gang—at twenty-five cents a look! Bing howled . . .



. . . when he heard this, said, "Remember, Gary, when you charged your pals a dime for watching me play golf? The twins are just trying to beat the high cost of living!"



## Li'l Lightning Bug

(Continued from page 45) I'm all dressed up in black and sophisticated." At any gathering where strong beverages are served, Debbie's answer is as automatic and swift as the raised eyebrow that inquires her age—"I was born April 1, 1932—and now, if you don't mind, please, I'd like a straight milk."

At her studio she thumbed past ultra-glamorous portrait shots and chose another for her fan-mail pictures, saying, "This one looks *younger*, don't you think?" She's smart enough to realize she will probably continue playing younger parts "for at least two more years."

What's more, Debbie studies the smaller fry for her homework. "There are kids in every age group in our block in Burbank. I love to play baseball and football out in the street with them, and I watch them—so I won't go stale on acting real young."

But there's nothing small about her talent. In the opinion of some critics, as the fourteen-year-old "Miss-Fix-It" sister, she stole "Two Weeks with Love," which, considering Janie Powell and Louis Calhern, would be adjudged senior-sized stealing. She was immediately put into "Mr. Imperium" with Lana Turner and Ezio Pinza. And she is now rehearsing ballet day and night, prepping to dance with Gene Kelly in "Singing in the Rain."

In the personality department Debbie's a pert little paradox, as young at heart as she is mature in the brains department. Assured and ambitious, she goes her merry way studying to be a movie star. Privately, she's still a bit surprised to find herself an actress instead of the gym teacher she meant to be.

**S**HE'S a cute combination of middy-blouse and red satin shoes, a beauty-catcher who's more happily at home with the hair-ribbon set. She's strictly a fun-loving tom-girl who'd rather bowl than beau. "158 is my top score. But I usually bowl around 133. My girl friends and I go every week to a bowling alley in Burbank." She'd rather play the French horn (as she has the past six years) in the Burbank Youth Symphony every Saturday night than decorate the arm of the dreamiest date in town.

Not that "fellows" aren't all right, too—"at a special big party or dance, or at football or baseball games, something that sounds like fun." Debbie likes big men, "the bigger the better, six-foot-four and over 200 pounds, fellows the size of Howard Keel." But they don't have to look like Howard—"just so they're big and have a sense of humor. I just like to joke around and have fun."

Debbie even clowns when she has laryngitis. Recently she arrived at the studio with a big cardboard sign hung around her neck which read, "I Can't Talk," and in smaller print underneath: "Reason—Laryngitis." All of which accomplished little other than inspiring conversation all the way down the studio streets with curious acquaintances who stopped her to ask, "What's the matter with you?"

Outside of that time, Debbie admittedly has never been at a loss for words—except on the memorable occasion when she won the title "Miss Burbank of 1948," a title that led to her movie contract. "I just entered to get a free blouse," she says. She was, it seems, standing there in the Burbank Recreation Hall, "tired and hungry and thinking about how I'd love to have a chocolate malt," when the judge announced she'd won. "I was leaning against the piano—and I almost fell flat on my face. I walked over to him and just



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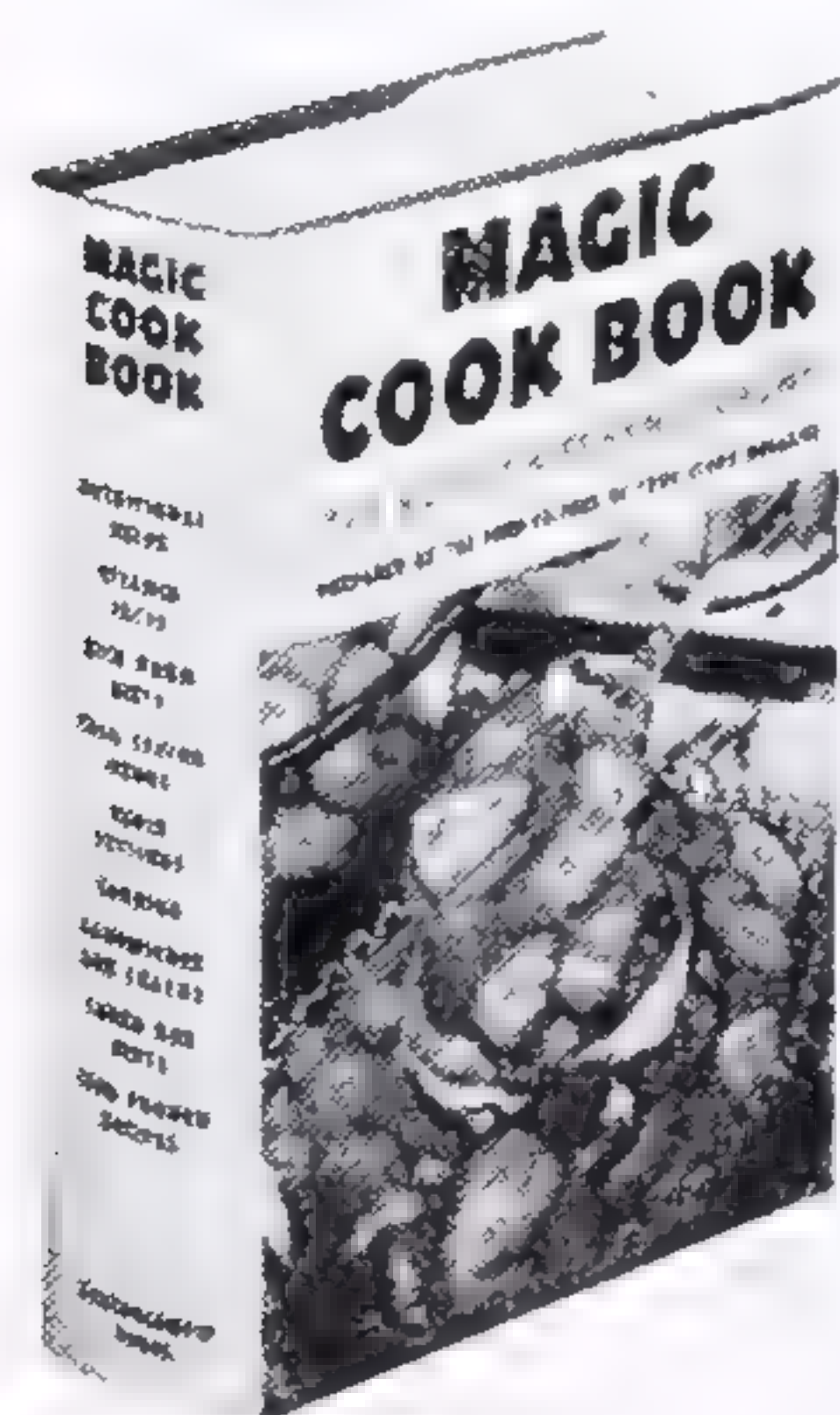
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stood there. For once I didn't know what to say."

Debbie didn't even want to enter the contest, but one of her girl friends didn't want to enter unless Debbie kept her company "and she's very cute and I thought she might have a chance to win." So Debbie wore her "Easter dress" one night "and my old bathing suit—so old if I'd bent over, no telling what would have happened"—another night. She walked around, stood in line, did her impersonation of Betty Hutton singing "I'm Just a Square in a Social Circle" and, in addition to winning the crown and the blouse, she won the eye of a Warner Brothers talent scout. He arranged the screen test that won her a contract.

Debbie was with Warners a year and a half, during which time she was seen as June Haver's sister in "The Daughter of Rosie O'Grady." Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picked her to portray Helen Kane, the "Boop-doop-a-doop" singing star in "Three Little Words."

**S**HE'S a big movie fan and very impressed still about meeting Clark Gable, Lana Turner, Fred Astaire, June Allyson—"She's my father's favorite. I hope we make a movie together sometime so I can get him a picture," and she's crazy about Red Skelton. "I think making people laugh is so important, don't you?" One columnist, struck by Debbie's gamine quality, recently commented, "Looks like Metro has another Judy Garland in Debbie Reynolds." "I just died," Debbie says if you mention this to her. "Comparing me with that great star. She has more talent than I'll ever have in my life!"

Born Mary Frances Reynolds in El Paso, Texas, Debbie lives with her mother and father (a carpenter for the Southern Pacific Railroad) and a Persian cat named "Michael O'Flaherty" in "just a regular house" in Burbank. Her twenty-year-old brother and his bride "live in the new apartment my dad and uncle built out in the garage—it's so cute." Her brother, says Debbie, is her "worst and best" critic. "Other people can tell you you're wonderful and everything—but not your brother—not unless he means it. Not my brother, anyway."

She wants to do musical comedy "more than anything." And anybody who knows her—including her brother—is convinced she will succeed.

A day in her life would indeed stagger a hardier soul. She gets up every morning at 7:30 a.m., takes ballet from 9:30 to 11:00 at the studio, exercises until noon, ballets again from 1:30 to 3:30, takes a drama lesson until 4:30—then dashes home in her 1947 model Mercury club coupe, grabs a bite to eat, meets her girl friends and attends dancing school from 6:00 to 9:00 at night for special instruction in tap, boogie, free style and more ballet. Then a night-cap hamburger—and so to bed—until the alarm reminds her that it's 7:30 a.m.—again. . .

When she will have time for even a junior-sized romance is the pay-off question right now. She has, it seems, "bet seven of the boys in the publicity department five dollars apiece I won't get married before I'm twenty-three. We have it all in writing," she says. "You know, one of these 'We do hereby declare' things, and I signed it 'The Bachelor Girl.' It's all legal."

To suggest that matrimony might win out before she's twenty-three brings a hoot from Debbie, followed by: "And lose thirty-five dollars?"

The lucky lad undoubtedly would have to promise to love, honor, cherish—and pay off her bet.

THE END





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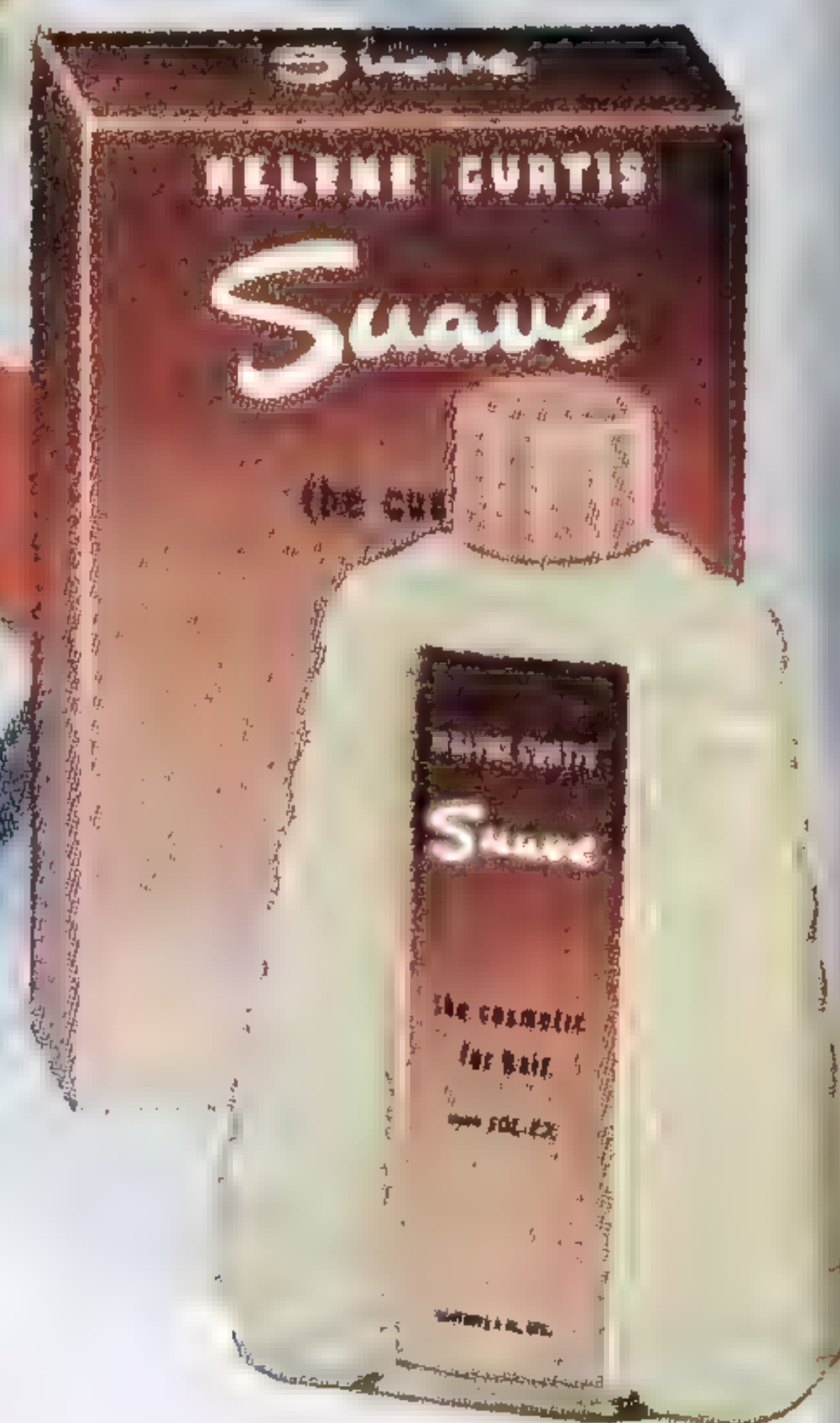
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# YOUR FAVORITE COSMETIC COUNTER POINTS THE WAY TO TRUE 'Cover Girl' Beauty *by Dorry Ellis*



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YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME is the way PRELL Shampoo leaves your hair. PRELL... that different, emerald-clear shampoo in the handy tube... makes your hair look younger, because it imparts so much "spring" and youthful sparkle. This is true no matter how dull and "lifeless" your hair seemed before. PRELL leaves your hair shining—Radiantly Alive, even in the hardest water. And your hair is softer and smoother—easier to set and easier to manage. Try just one shampoo with PRELL and you'll be thrilled with how much lovelier your hair can look... how much younger, more glamorous... more "Radiantly Alive"!



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## Plot for a Home

(Continued from page 60) subdivided and sold, saving several acres and the original spot which had caught his eye for him and Jeanne.

Originally the house itself encompassed 2,400 square feet, today it's 3,400 square feet, and when it attains full growth will have about 4,500 square feet. "I'd rather have fewer rooms," says Jeanne, "and have them large, than have a lot of small rooms." She's entirely right, because you can create a more harmonious room if the space is large. Better to double up the uses of a room, combining a living room and a den, for instance, rather than have a small living room and an even smaller den. Den-dining rooms are popular now, too, and another recent trend combines kitchen, den and dining room.

Right from the beginning, Jeanne and Paul planned the house as it eventually would be. Originally it had just one bedroom, but they knew where two additional bedrooms and a bath would go, and the doorway that would lead to all this was already framed in the hall. So when the Brinkmans added their first wing, all they had to do was knock out the opening.

The second wing will be added to the other side, so that when finally completed, the house will have a modified "X" shape. A large playroom's contemplated in this new section—to relieve wear and tear on the rest of the rooms. As Jeanne says, "When you have children, either the house suffers or the children suffer, and we think our children are more valuable than the house. So, the house suffers."

The idea of having the plans for a completed house all ready, but building a little at a time, is a good one. The Brink-

mans built when building was difficult, right after the war. In fact, they camped out in the house for awhile, during the finishing-up process. Carpeting was a "must" to provide warmth for their first-born, Paul, but other than that, they used candles for illumination, rented beds, ate from card tables, and sat on boxes.

The Brinkmans' house, hidden from view until you round a curve on the driveway, is a low, modern building of fieldstone and redwood, with the windows set high to let in light and guarantee privacy.

AS YOU enter, there's an oak closet partition on the right and a plant box in front, which is backed by panels of corrugated opaque glass that stop at the ceiling. These glass panels are about a foot wide, and travel down each side of the plant box, about a foot apart, alternating, so that you have the effect of a solid wall. Your vision of the next room, the dining area, is obscured, yet there's plenty of light and room for plants to grow.

The Brinkmans continued the exterior feeling of the house into the interior through the materials they used, but instead of redwood paneling inside they chose  $\frac{3}{4}$ " oak planks, and gave them a wonderful natural finish. The fieldstone was repeated in the fireplace, but this posed an unexpected problem. The builder was afraid that a plaster ceiling would be cracked by the weight of the fireplace. So Paul bought some 2 x 8 kiln-dried fir planks. Split and left rough, these were put on the ceiling. Linseed oil mixed with green stain was applied, then wiped off, which left the wood with a slight green finish, toning in perfectly with the rest of the house.

The fieldstone fireplace is framed with oak. There are floor-to-ceiling windows on the fireplace wall, high windows opposite and oak panels on the walls.

They lined the wall under the high windows with long bookshelves and under the bookshelves they placed an enormous red sectional sofa, four pieces, each section the size of a love seat, and at one end, its back to the closet partition, is the radio phonograph. At the other, against the wall, stands the piano. The long red sofa, plus two curved green sofas that flank the fireplace, provide plenty of seating space when needed, yet they don't crowd the room. If enough chairs were used to provide the same amount of seating space, the room would look like a hotel lobby.

Paul designed all the furniture except the green sofas and the dining-room group, and had them made at his furniture factory. Even though you can't do this, you can be sure that each piece you choose is as right for your room as if you had it made to order. Don't buy a table or chair you see in a store just because it seems exceptionally attractive. Picture how it will look with your other furniture.

Occasional pieces finish off the living room. A round, blonde coffee table in front of the fireplace, two black lacquered end tables complete with ceramic lamps at each end of the sectional sofa, two antique mirror-topped tables with brass lamps beside the fireplace.

The dining area's at one end of the living room. The entire group is of natural wood, modern style, with pedestals of combed wood, dining seats in a lime and yellow pattern. The sideboard against the wall matches, and has a separate glass front top for china and glasses.

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Many women once hated to shop for an underarm deodorant because they had tried many, found none that filled all their requirements. According to a survey, over 6,000,000 were dissatisfied with deodorants they'd used!

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**SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE**

From the dining area, naturally, you go into the kitchen, a gay combination of red and white, with red formica counter tops and splashboard, white cupboards and woodwork, and the two colors combined with green in a cheerful strawberry-patterned paper for the walls. White ruffled curtains finish off the windows. The kitchen's in an "L" shape, the working section in one part, a red formica-topped table in the other, surrounded by pine captain's chairs with red leather cushions. Red linoleum covers the entire floor.

The most-talked-about feature of the kitchen stands in the heel of the "L," and that's an indoor brick barbecue. The first time the Brinkmans used the barbecue, they cooked a prime rib roast, and brought each guest into the kitchen to see it and smell it even before he removed his coat.

"You see," explained Jeanne, "we think that barbecued food tastes much better during the cold months, and the fire looks so cheerful on a gray day. So we put this barbecue indoors where we can really use it." On their flagstone terrace there's also an outdoor barbecue, but it's more often used for fires than for cooking.

**T**HEIR bedroom is at the opposite end of the house. It's large, with two walls of windows to take advantage of the superb view. Louvers above admit air, and sliding doors open on to the terrace. These are hung with gold draperies which blend with the bedspread and dust ruffle. The spread has a chartreuse design woven on a silver-gray ground, and the ruffle repeats the yellow. All the floors are carpeted with the same gray broadloom, and the bedroom wallpaper uses the gray for background color, featuring a bird-of-paradise design in yellow, blue and coral.

They placed the shadow box fireplace against oak paneling, and the grouping in front of it includes a blonde, free-form coffee table, together with a channel back chartreuse loveseat.

The blonde desk boasts an idea you can borrow. The two bases and the top are three separate pieces. Since the bases—bookshelves on one side, drawers on the other—are the size of nightstands, the Brinkmans can utilize them for that purpose any time they wish. If you've been wanting a desk, why not make one by placing a wood panel across the tops of two night stands? The Brinkmans curved the top of their desk, which is composed of a thin real wood veneer combined with a layer of formica and a layer of fiber

glass, all put under terrific pressure. The result is a handsome surface that can take spilled drinks, carelessly placed cigarettes and all the other hazards to furniture in a modern home. "Someday," says Paul, "we're going to have a dining table with a top like that."

Jeanne and Paul put family photographs in the bedroom, and that should be the rule in your home. Such pictures are too personal to add anything, decoratively speaking, to a living room, unless you've a portrait that is a work of art.

The headboard of the bed is modern, to go with the rest of the furnishings, and it includes the two nightstands in the one unit, all of blonde wood with touches of chartreuse leather.

Adjoining the bedroom is an enormous dressing room. Woodwork and cabinets are gray and the ceiling coral. Wardrobes line the walls and a storage partition divides the dressing area from the bath area. Soft coral Carrara glass surrounds the two washbasins, picking up the coral from the paper on the walls.

The dressing room is large enough to double as a nursery, and the newest baby always sleeps there in his bassinette. Right now young Timothy has it.

Someday he'll graduate to the nursery wing, where Michael and Paul share a room which is just right for boys, with a minimum of furniture, natural finish bunk beds and two matching chests. The floor's yellow and brown linoleum, and the walls contrast with pale green. Whimsical animals decorate the sturdy sailcloth curtains.

A small bar separates living room and master bedroom, its entrance in the hall, the counter side in the living room. The inside of the doors that close it off wear deep button tufts of green leather, and cushions on the bar stools repeat the green leather. It's a projection room as well, for Paul keeps his projection machine behind the counter on the floor. It's ready in a jiffy for showing movies, as is the screen which stands in the dining area.

Part of the charm of the house lies in the surrounding landscape, for it's completely casual. A lawn frames the swimming pool on the front terrace, but native trees and shrubs cover the hill.

Paul and Jeanne knew what they liked. They were not afraid to try out their ideas and they were willing to wait to get the effect they want. All this adds up to a home that's completely delightful inside and out.

THE END

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## Miracle in Boston

(Continued from page 55) virus. She was badly upset—mystery in sickness is a frightening word. Dr. Gardner consulted with another neighborhood doctor, but no definite diagnosis was made.

For a week I lay in bed in utter weakness. From the kitchen I could hear my mother's sobs and my sister trying to console her. I could hardly move. My leg muscles were almost entirely without power. I prayed that if I were to get well my legs would not fail me.

Many years later my mother told me I was only semiconscious most of the time. What I thought were silent prayers were words spoken aloud in delirium.

Dr. Gardner came in twice a day. Although I was a child, I could see he was very worried and seemingly powerless, just waiting for something to happen.

Then one night as I lay in my sickbed, watching the flowers in the wallpaper designs revolve slowly around the room, I listened dreamily. The doctor was speaking to my mother. He had just finished a long consultation with the other physician.

I heard him say, "Ruth is a sick girl, that's true. But she's well on her way to recovery. Don't be worried about her legs, she'll walk again and will be perfectly all right."

I was amazed. Could it be true? Yet if Dr. Gardner said it so confidently it must be so. It was wonderful news to me. I was overjoyed. For the last few days my legs had been stiff and powerless. But now I would soon be well!

Then the fever broke. I felt stronger. There was a long period of convalescence. Then as the weeks went by I could feel the tingling sensation of "pins and needles" in my legs. It's true that I couldn't stand

up; my legs wouldn't support me yet. But always I remembered the doctor's words. "She's well on her way to recovery. She'll walk again and will be all right." Dr. Gardner had said so, and I never doubted it.

When my legs hung limp from the side of the bed, when it was impossible to move a muscle, I forced myself out into my homemade wheelchair. And then holding on to the chair-backs and the dresser I managed to swing slowly around the room.

Whenever the going seemed too tough and I wanted to give up, feeling it was all

★ "A diplomat is a person who lets someone else have your way!"

... James Stewart

too hopeless, I remembered that my doctor had said I'd walk again. And I preferred that it be sooner than later. Soon, too, I would have to get back to school and make up all the time I had lost.

Finally I was walking, slowly but without help. What a wonderful overwhelming feeling of love for the world and everyone in it I felt when I walked to the corner bakery for the first time in months!

Then I was able to get around in the sunshine. Dr. Gardner, beaming, pronounced me completely cured.

After graduation I almost forgot my childhood illness. Time caught me up in its rush forward, with jobs in "little theater" plays. Then a road show company.

The years flew, and I traveled far away from Boston to Hollywood. But whenever there was a pause in my hectic career, my thoughts would search out Dr. Gardner. I could never forget him.

Recently I went back to New York for a personal appearance tour—when, incidentally, I met my husband Mortimer Hall—and from there I went to visit my family in Boston.

As a very pleasant surprise, my mother held a little get-together of old friends. Dr. Charles Gardner was among the guests.

Later in the evening I found him alone at the punchbowl. He was an elderly man now, but had lost none of his dignity.

"Ruth," he said, "I am very proud of you and your success. I never dreamed that a certain skinny little girl who wouldn't let me give her a booster shot without getting a lollipop first would someday be a star in motion pictures."

I told him gratefully how he was responsible—how his words had served as an inspiration for my recovery. I told him honestly that if it hadn't been for him, I might never have walked again, might never have arisen from a sick bed. I told him how, when I had felt during my illness that it was impossible I could ever use my legs again, I had remembered his confident words after consulting with another doctor, his statement that I would be completely cured.

He squinted, thought a moment, and looked puzzled.

"Ruth," he said oddly, "I don't remember ever saying anything like that. I remember my comment, and I believe I said, 'She's a very sick girl. She'll never walk again. Only a miracle can save her.'"

THE END

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## Make It for Keeps

(Continued from page 37) I hope it is going to be a successful one. It's thrilling to see the papers and magazines refer to me as "promising." It's comforting to get those pay checks once a week, after all the insecurity I've had—and to have my own car and my own apartment.

But let's be honest. A girl's Number One dream is to be ideally married. She never knows when or where she may meet the right man. It might be during this summer's vacation.

If you think a Hollywood girl, living in a continual summer resort, has more chances to meet men than the average girl in a small town, you're both wrong and right.

Our work allows us to meet a lot of men. But those men also meet a great many girls. So we have to work just as hard or harder at the same rules for survival until we reach that blessed third-finger-left-hand state. This much is certain. Whoever you are, wherever you go, life is like a bank. You can't take more out of it than you put into it; except for a reasonable amount of interest.

So, when you go off to a summer resort, don't expect the Big Catch of the place to spy you the first time you enter the dining room, to swoon, become totally unaware that any girl but you exists, marry you and set you up in a house only slightly smaller than the Ritz.

In fact, speaking of the Big Catch, it's often smarter not to concentrate upon him at all. One, the competition in his direction is bound to be greater. Two, your casual politeness in contrast to the rush he is getting from other quarters might even intrigue him.

**Y**OUR contribution to life at a summer resort will be less than it should be if the resort is a place where golf is the great sport and you don't golf, or where sailing is the order of the day and you know nothing about sailing.

Above all, go where you belong—not only because you can participate in the activities enjoyed there but because, at ease, you will be relaxed and secure.

Pretense never is any good. It's a waste of good time and money, for instance, to have a man attracted to you because you appear to be a gay good-time Katie when really you're quiet and have a mind with a serious turn. For what you are becomes evident all too soon—and then, where are you? Or where is he?

Speaking of going to a hotel or camp or on a cruise reminds me of clothes.

Last winter one of the most attractive girls I know stopped at the studio to lunch with me. I lunched. She sipped chicken broth and nibbled rye toast. "I have to lose five pounds," she told me. "I'm going to Palm Springs for a few weeks and my tennis shorts and sweaters are slightly tight."

"Buy new ones," I said.

"I wouldn't be seen in new ones. You know how men are about sport clothes. They get a vague feeling you don't belong in clothes that look as if they just came out of a store. And I want invitations to play tennis."

I nodded. "Man-hunting this trip?"

"Sounds frightful when you say it," she laughed. "But I am—together with a few dozen other girls who will be on the desert at the same time. So I may as well take advantage of anything I know."

She was so right—as she proved. For she got her man the first week she was there. And she got her ring at Easter.

Get a few new things for the excitement they offer. A new cocktail dress, for instance. There's no harm in looking chic at the cocktail hour. In fact, a girl should.

But the effect should be achieved with simple good taste. The comment you want to overhear is "Isn't that girl attractive?" Not "She must spend a lot of money on her clothes."

Men, as my friend suggested that day at luncheon, like to wear old, comfortable things for sports. They don't wear slacks or sports jackets fresh from the tailor, or swimming trunks that have never been wet. Thus, they are, I think, unconsciously critical of a girl who lolls beside a swimming pool in a glittering new lastex. They feel she's a phony who never meant to swim, even though she might be just a lonely girl who doesn't know how.

It's always a definite asset if you know how to dance. But the most important rule on the dance floor is: Don't lead by so much as one little gesture. Remember, the first pursuit should be forthcoming from a man.

Another thing: It definitely helps to read the sports pages, not every word, but enough so that you know that the Boston Braves and the Cleveland Indians are not redmen, and that Ben Hogan never rode a thing in the second.

"Fellows," as one of Hollywood's glamour girls puts it, "are always so astonished and pleased when they discover you read something besides department store ads, that they begin to rattle on about their pet interests, while you listen almost silently, giving the impression that you are a very great conversationalist."

Incidentally, I think the listening act can be overdone. It is the intelligent reply that keeps the man going, that makes his conversation spark. If he has felt stimulated when with you he'll be back for more.

That old rule of "Don't let your brains show" ought to be changed for 1951 girls. The modern male wants a girl who is an intelligent, independent human being—without losing her femininity.

It's all very well to talk about making a summer romance last—but first you have to start it going.

A camera, I think, is a splendid ally. And if you have snapshots of a man to send him after you return home you can always write a charming letter to accompany them. Often, I think, men want to continue with a vacation friendship but get side-tracked by other interests after they return to the old routine.

There's a girl in Hollywood who has made a new life for herself since she's owned one of those cameras that print pictures within a few minutes after they're taken. These cameras are more expensive than the ordinary kind, as you'd expect them to be. But one of them would be a sure-fire passport to popularity at any resort—entree into the very group to which you would want to belong.

You see what I mean—the more you put into life, at a summer resort or anywhere else—the more you get out of it. Of course you have to use your head, too.

No use concentrating upon a man who comes from a great distance—so that the possibility is remote of seeing him after the vacation is over. Because another good way to keep a resort Romeo in your life is to have a get-together for some of the men and girls with whom you spent most of your time.

No use either in being the easy-to-get girl. A little affection, a little romance, that's fine. But there's always a Big Lover Boy on a summer scene—who gives a girl a big build-up for his own not-good reasons. Be smarter than he hopes you'll be. Otherwise you'll become the resort's conversational piece and lose your chances with the very men with whom a summer romance could develop into a—Happy Ending.



# Tom Fowley



It took twenty-five serious years for Tom Ewell's special brand of humor to make its way "Up Front"

By Beverly Linet

IN FRONT of a huge building in midtown New York Tom Ewell waited in his car for his wife to join him. Every so often he'd leave the car, walk into the lobby, put his ear to a door, and upon hearing shrieks of laughter return to the car to "sweat out" the remainder of the ninety-three minutes. The occasion was the sneak preview of "Up Front" and, despite Marjorie's wifely persuasions, Tom refused to budge beyond the lobby. "You go—and let me know what happens," he told her. "Let me know if they laugh at all." Laugh? The audience was hysterical. "Hollywood's newest success story," they called Tom. "Delayed-action success story—" he corrects. "It took a mere twenty-five years of work to get there."

He was seventeen—and a student at the University of Wisconsin—when he started spending more time with the dramatic club than with his law studies. During his last two years at college he played ten performances a week with a local theatrical group. This netted him \$20 a week. It also netted him a few D's in political science. A few months before graduation he quit college to go to New York to pound the pavements for a job in the theater. The only jobs he found were in Macy's basement and Bickford's cafeteria.

Three years later, in '34 he finally got a part in "They Shall Not Die" which died fast on Broadway. And for thirteen years after that—deducting the forty-four months he served as an apprentice seaman in the Navy—if there was a play that ran three performances or less, you can be sure Tom was in it. Often between those three-day engagements it was back to Macy's basement for him.

In 1947, at last he had a hit with "John Loves Mary." His performance resulted in a couple of acting awards and a few screen tests. "He's great," said the studios, but they didn't sign him.

"He's terrific," said the heads of Warners who bought the play—and gave Tom's part to Jack Carson.

But when M-G-M was scouting around for a strictly off-beat type to play Judy Holliday's husband in "Adam's Rib"—they took one look at Tom's old tests and their casting problem was a problem no longer.

Tom followed that up with "A Life of Her Own," "An American Guerrilla in the Philippines," and "Mr. Music" but no one dreamed he'd be star material until "Up Front."

When Tom is working on a picture, he and Marjorie live in a small house in the Hollywood hills. The minute he finishes his last line they jump into their car and ride like the wind to their Bucks County, Pa. farm—and there they stay until the studios send out an S.O.S. for him.

THE END

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## The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw

(Continued from page 48) and marriage and kids I'd give up my career like that!" Ava's always said with a snap of her fingers. "Like that!"

I, for one, am sure she means it. But—and it's a large but—there's a strain in her which runs counter to this simple instinct. Otherwise she'd have stayed in North Carolina and married one of the young men of her home town or had some fluke of fate deposited her in the film colony she'd have been attracted to counterparts of the young men she knew at home. Instead, she married first Mickey Rooney, then Artie Shaw, fascinating fellows, it may be, but neither of them possesses even remotely the attributes of a steady husband.

And now Ava hankers to marry Frank Sinatra. Now, even though her career is on a brilliant rise, she continues to say she would give it all up—gladly. And on more than one occasion certainly she has jeopardized it for her love of Frankie.

I hope that under the dizzy influence of love Ava will not make this mistake. Ordinarily, I'm quite old-fashioned about marriage. But Frank Sinatra, let Ava face this, is no more blessed with husbandly virtues than were Mickey or Artie... She'll do well, whatever happens, to keep her career as an anchor to windward.

I've known Frankie for years. We met, as I said last month, in the first chapter of "The Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw," as implacable enemies when, after hearing him sing in a little cafe, I wrote dreadful things about him in my syndicated newspaper column. I criticized him because of the crowds of young girls, crowded on the sidewalk outside of the cafe and in the powder room inside, who were encouraged to squeal hysterically over him. Some of these girls were paid to squeal: Two dollars a night. But what began with commercialism grew with hysteria. I criticized Frankie, too, even more harshly, for the vulgar way in which he held the microphone.

So—when Frankie opened at the Wedgwood Room and I was a guest of Mr. Boomer who then owned the Waldorf, there was a great buzz. He has great charm, has Frankie. I still remember him approaching the mike that evening. "If I do not sing well," he told his audience, "I ask your forgiveness. There are those here who do not like me. And when I am nervous I am not at my best."

Later, at a party Mr. Boomer gave in his rooms, Frankie came directly to me. "You disapprove of me," he said. "And my mother agrees with you. She said, 'You tell that Miss Maxwell she is right!'"

"I disapprove of you, Frankie," I told him, "only because I think it a pity for

anyone with your naturally lovely voice to resort to such cheap tactics."

"My press agent, George Evans, thought up the squealing girls and the way I hold the mike," he explained. "I do not like any part of it. But it all has made the headlines. And the headlines have made me, I guess..."

He was so eager in those days. He sang at a White Elephant party for the benefit of Mrs. Taylor's Child Adoption Center at the Hotel Pierre at which I was to introduce him. And driving home in my car he held on his lap the little white fur jacket he had won and, again and again, picked it up to examine it, to admire it.

"Nancy's never had a fur," he said. "Is this real ermine?"

"No," I laughed, "but it's a reasonable facsimile."

I say again that I do not doubt Frankie has associated with wrong people in his time and done wrong things. In the nightclub world there is plenty of opportunity for both. Frankie's inherently tough, a product of the Italian section of Hoboken where he grew up. And, inclined to be bitter about his underprivileged youth, he wants boys growing up in similar neighborhoods all over the country to have a chance to become good citizens. But he lacks the background or the knowledge to judge where liberalism ends and other "isms" begin, including those isms which our underworld uses for its own evil ends.

It would take a corps of psychologists to understand Frankie—his restlessness, his complexes, his deep insecurity and, above all, his rebellion against authority. Arrogant and hot-headed, he hurts many associated with him. Frequently, however, these people remain staunchly on his side.

Nancy has forgiven his romantic truancy so many times. And her mother, even now, will let no one speak against him. She still thinks of Frank as the skinny, ambition-driven teenager who, visiting Nancy, used to borrow money for carfare.

Recently, when Frankie finished retakes on "It's Only Money" and signed to appear at the Copacabana in New York and needed special material, his first thought was of a writer with whom he had had a frightful row. "Get in touch with Joe," he told his secretary. The secretary located the writer in Palm Springs to find he already had the material prepared. "I thought Frankie might be needing something," he explained. "I'll be in Los Angeles in four hours."

Maxine Arnold, one of my colleagues on Photoplay, has her favorite Sinatra story too—about the time they wanted Frankie to go to Phoenix, Arizona, and put on a show for the Junior Police kids. Max-

## MARIO CABRE'S LOVE POEMS TO AVA GARDNER

Mario Cabre's book of verses, "Dietario Poetico a Ava Gardner," has just arrived from Spain. Following is a translation from the foreword and two poems.

Do you remember, dearest one? I promised you a book of poems where love and the sea, the soul and eternity would bring back the memory of your visit. How happy it makes me to fulfill my promise, to dedicate to you, this expression of my love.

### WE WALKED

*We walked and walked  
Our lips directed our course  
A night of tears and kisses  
Of treasured glances*

*The sea, as close to the land  
As the ecstasy I embraced  
We walked and walked  
The route was the secret of our steps*

### SOLITUDE

*... I sink sadly  
Into the depth of my being  
And try not to remember  
The light and warmth of my love*

*Perhaps, I have lost confidence  
In the impulsiveness of my courage  
For all that remains is the anguish of  
my search...*



ine took the junior officer to the radio studios where Frankie, shuttling back and forth between two radio shows and rehearsals, was eating a fast sandwich. He could have told them all to get out. But he pulled out his little pocket calendar and put a ring around a date. "Let's make it then," he said.

He explained to the Junior Police officer that the latter might not hear from him again—but he'd be there. However, when the boys didn't hear they got panicky and checked with his press agent, who knew nothing. But, he said, that date was checked on Frank's desk calendar; so Frank, who was in New York, undoubtedly knew all about it. And sure enough a few days before the date came around Frankie called from New York to say he was bringing a show with him.

"But we can't pay for that kind of talent," the officer protested.

"Who said anything about paying for it?" demanded Frank. "I'm bringing them."

And he brought Sid Caesar and The Pied Pipers.

**THESE** are the stories Ava likes to tell about Frank. She's impressed, too, with his devotion to his children, Nancy, eleven—Frank, seven—and Christina, three, and their great love for him which their mother has protected magnificently.

When Nancy went to court for her separation agreement she turned away from the TV cameras. "After all," one of the photographers challenged, "I've got a wife and kids to feed."

"I have children too," Nancy replied, "and they look at TV."

It was about nine months ago that Nancy sued for her separation. Since then she has said, repeatedly, that she has no intention of asking for a divorce. She is not interested in any one other man, certainly. Her dates with Bob Sterling and other Hollywood gentlemen have been casual.

However, recently she and Barbara Stanwyck have become good friends. It could be that Barbara, who made a valiant effort to hold her marriage with Bob Taylor together before she admitted defeat in the divorce court, will convince Nancy that when a marriage is over it is wiser to let a man go, even though you do not want freedom for yourself.

And now I come to the two last pieces in the Gardner-Sinatra Jigsaw. There has been talk Frankie would like to return to Europe—to Spain especially—with Ava as his wife. He hopes, I suspect, to erase his memories of last summer when, a married man, he could not deal with the romantic rumors about Ava and treader Mario Cabre—who appears with her in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman"—as he would have liked to do.

Hearing this talk, I called Frankie on the phone. "I do not mean to intrude upon your private plans," I said, "but I understand you are hoping to marry Ava. And if I could know the time of your honeymoon I would like to arrange a wonderful party for you—in Spain. I know many interesting people there. Last year my Spanish friends complained because they neither saw nor heard you..."

"I would love such a party," he said enthusiastically. "But it could not be until late summer..."

Ava's friends continue convinced that she never will agree to any irregular marriage. But an acquaintance of Frank's, who knows how persuasive he always has been with Nancy, wouldn't be surprised to see Frank, when the time is right, convince Nancy that since they grow further apart all the time and since he truly loves Ava, a divorce is in order.

When this happens the last piece in the jigsaw will fall into place.

THE END



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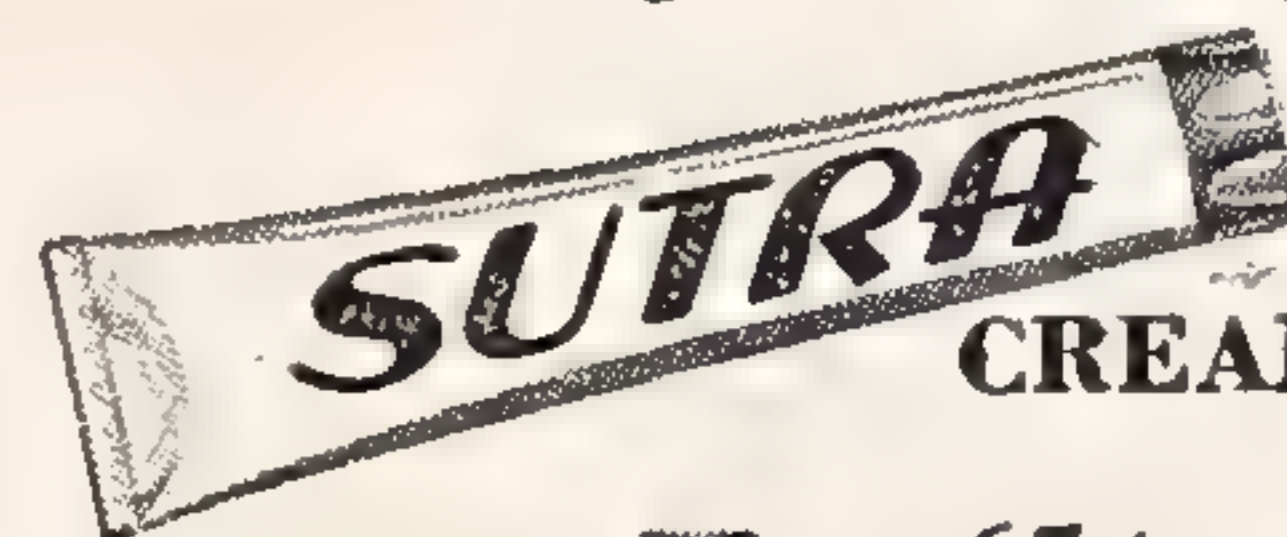
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## Last Chance to Win

(Continued from page 35) of Photoplay; the winner, of course, will remain. The two runners-up will, before they return home, appear on radio or television programs and be interviewed by the casting directors of three major studios.

The hundred top running contestants—those who make a showing in the auditions to be held in August—will be called to the attention of major radio and television networks, producers, directors, little theater groups, stock companies and modeling agencies.

The Pasadena Playhouse was chosen as the scholarship college not only because it is recognized as one of the best dramatic schools in the country but because it also has standing as a college. The two-year course is the prescribed length of the Playhouse plan and its graduates receive a certificate equal to that given by all accredited junior colleges. If you have had two or more years of college previous to entering the Playhouse, you will receive, upon graduation, a Bachelor of Arts degree in Dramatic Arts.

The winner of this contest will live and eat in the college dormitory. She will receive \$250 a year to cover those meals not included in the board (lunches every day and all three meals on Sunday). She will also receive \$5.00 a week for spending money. This extra money for meals and allowance will be given her in monthly installments. Photoplay cannot, of course, be responsible for any medical expenses on the part of the scholarship student. But she will receive \$65 the first year and \$50 the second year for her books, as specified by the college, and her room, board and tuition will be paid for by the magazine.

To enter this contest, fill out the enrollment blank (on page 34) or reasonable facsimile thereof, and mail it, not later than June 25, together with the answers to the questionnaire on page 97, and a letter of not more than 300 words telling why you want to be an actress and why you think you can act.

If you pass this first stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Only those contestants who receive this notification from Photoplay will be eligible to submit, not later than July 25, a voice recording and two snapshots.

Disc, wire or tape recordings are acceptable for this recording which must be made up of any two passages from: "A Place in the Sun," "All About Eve," "Wuthering Heights," "Our Very Own," the text of which appears on page 98.

These passages were chosen because they allow for a great deal of flexibility in interpretation and because they are generally familiar. However, do not imitate any actresses you have seen in these parts. Approach these passages as if you were the first person ever to create the roles.

Disc is the least expensive type of recording and a record of less than four minutes of recording time can be cut for under a dollar to two dollars. Almost every sizable town in the country has a professional recording studio where such a record can be made. The only requirement is that these recordings, disc, wire or tape, be clear in tone and free from extraneous noises. Across the center of the spool or disc, paste a sticker on which is printed your name and complete address.

The voice recording must be submitted with two clear, candid snapshots, one full length, one close-up. This is not a beauty contest; dramatic talent is the only qualification for winning. But the judges want to know everything about you—how you think and look and act. So be sure these are candid, natural snapshots. On the

back of each picture, print your name and complete address.

## PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP RULES

- Entrants must have been graduated from high school or be a member of a June 1951 graduating high school class. They must have maintained a grade average of "C" or better during their last school year.
- Entrants must be young women of adequate physical health and under 25 years of age on July 1, 1951. They must reside within the continental limits of the United States.
- All material must be typewritten, double spaced on white paper not larger than 8 x 11 inches. The name and address of the contestant must appear in upper right hand corner of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and will not be returned.
- All material must be mailed to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1250, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
- To enter this contest, submit the following items postmarked not later than June 25:
  - Enrollment blank, or reasonable facsimile thereof, found on page 34.
  - Answers to questionnaire on page 97.
  - A letter of not more than 300 words on: Why I want to be an actress. Tell why you think you can act. State your reasons simply. Your letter will be read for content, not literary style.
- If you qualify for the second stage of the contest, you will be notified by July 10. Then you will be asked to send postmarked not later than July 25:
  - Two snapshots—one full length candid snapshot, one close-up snapshot.
  - A voice recording not more than four minutes in length, based on the scenes that appear on page 98. Voice recordings must be paid for by the contestants. Recordings vary in price from thirty-five cents to two dollars.
- If you are eligible for the third stage of the contest, you will be notified by August 6. You will be auditioned before a local board of dramatic authorities appointed by Photoplay. The auditions will be held in towns convenient to the greatest number of contestants during the week of August 13-18. You will be judged on the basis of a prepared reading, an impromptu reading and a pantomime. You also will be required to submit, not later than August 25:
  - Two letters of character reference from outstanding members of your community—clergyman, doctor, teacher or businessman.
  - A photostated copy of your high school record. (Since most schools will be closed at this time, it is suggested that you have a copy of this record photostated when you enter the contest.) If you have had some college training, you will also be asked to submit a copy of your college record.
- From the auditions, three final candidates will be chosen. If selected, you will be notified by September 6 that you are invited, as the guest of Photoplay, to visit the Pasadena Playhouse during the week of September 17-22. Here, you will be auditioned by the board of judges listed below. And at this time, the scholarship student will be chosen.
- The final judges of this contest will be:
  - Ethel Barrymore—actress
  - Gregory Peck—actor
  - Stanley Kramer—producer
  - Joseph Mankiewicz—director
  - Thomas Browne Henry—Dean, Pasadena Playhouse
  - Lyle Rooks—Hollywood editor, Photoplay



10. The decision of the judges will be final.
11. This contest is not open to employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., or to members of their families.
12. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
13. This contest is subject to all State and Federal regulations.
14. The winner of this contest will be announced in the December, 1951, issue of Photoplay.

#### QUESTIONNAIRE—PHOTOPLAY SCHOLARSHIP CONTEST

Answer the following questions numerically. Please type your name and address in the upper right hand corner of each page.

1. List the high schools, business schools, colleges or universities you have attended, with addresses. Give complete dates, diplomas granted or degrees conferred.
2. List any theatrical experience, including school, camp, church, community or professional work.
3. Have you done any writing outside of routine class assignments? If so, list this writing, together with the name of any publication in which it has appeared.
4. Have you done any art or design work? If so, list this work together with the name of any publications in which it has appeared. Also, state the art courses you have taken.
5. Do you sing, dance or play a musical instrument? What? State your training.
6. Indicate your first and second choices among:
  - a. motion picture actors, actresses, films
  - b. radio male, female performers, programs
  - c. television male, female performers, programs
  - d. stage actors, actresses, plays
  - e. poems, poets
  - f. plays, playwrights
  - g. fiction, non-fiction, authors
  - h. classical music, popular compositions, composers
  - i. magazines, other than Photoplay

Contestants, who are notified by July 10 that they are eligible to compete in the second stage of the contest, will choose any two of the scenes on page 98 for the voice recording. These recordings and two candid snapshots must be postmarked no later than July 25. Be sure your name and complete address is securely fastened to the recordings.



Lovely Lisa Ferraday of "Too Young to Kiss" guards against sunburn and sun wrinkles with a face-saving sun lotion

## Are you in the know?



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

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He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! Accord-

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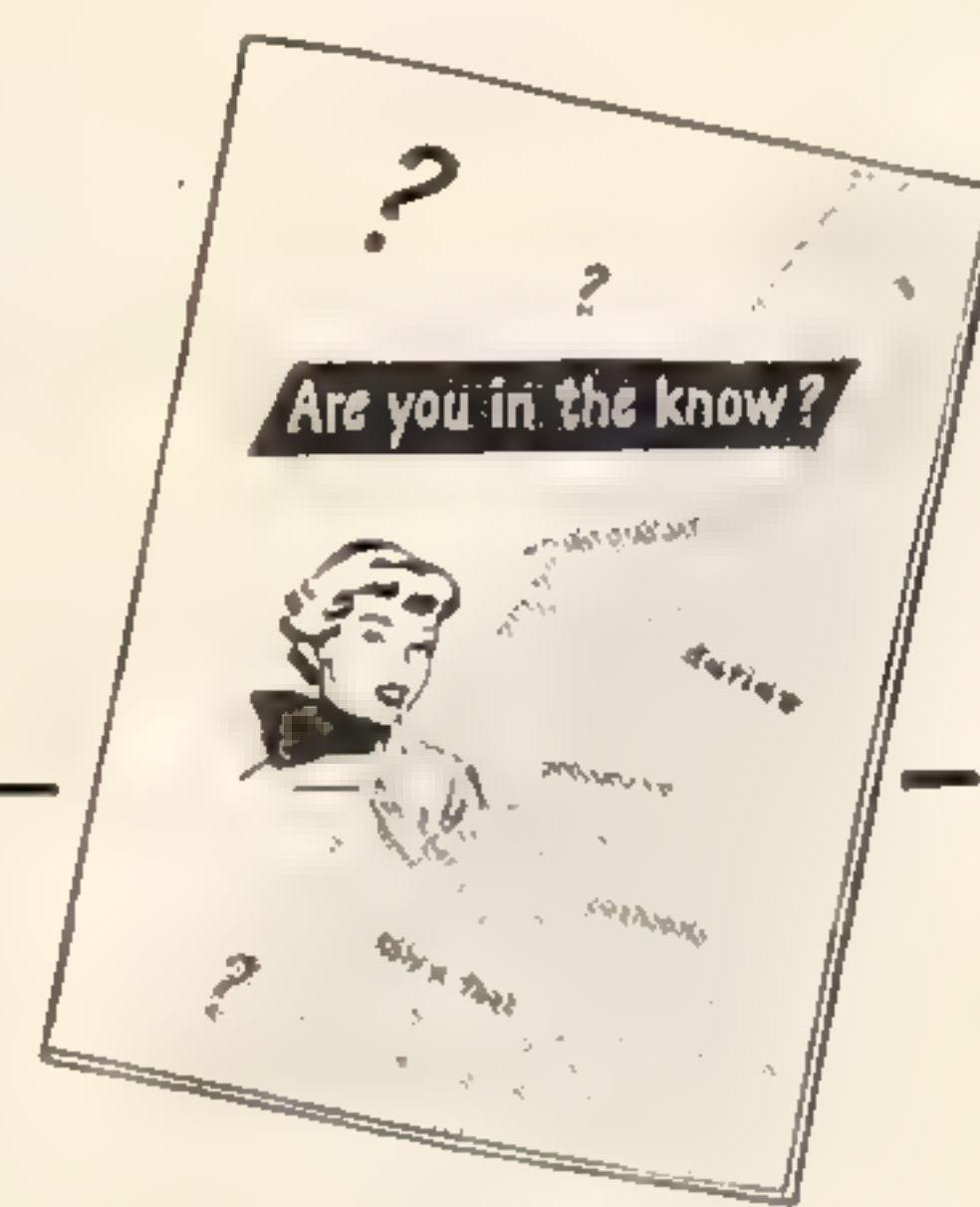
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P.O. Box 616, New York 7, N. Y., Dept. MG1

## A PLACE IN THE SUN

This scene, between Alice and George, takes place in a rowboat in the middle of a deserted mountain lake. Alice has followed George, who loves the beautiful and wealthy Angela Vickers, to Angela's summer home. Because Alice is about to have George's child, she convinces him they must marry!

It's so lonely here. It's like we were the only two people left in the whole world.

Maybe we are. Maybe when we get back to shore everybody else will have disappeared. I'd like that, wouldn't you?

Then we could go anywhere we wanted. We could live in the biggest house in the world if we wanted.

Only I'd like to live in a little house, just big enough for the two of us.

Only there's going to be more than two of us, isn't there?

Oh, George, look behind you!

Star light, star bright—first star I see tonight—wish me luck—wish me light—Make my wish come true tonight.

I'll tell you what I wished, George.

I wished that you loved me again.

Oh, you'll see . . . we'll . . . we'll make a go of it if we give ourselves the chance. We'll go to another town where nobody knows us, and we'll get jobs . . . maybe together. We . . . we'll do things together.

And go out together. Just like any other old married couple. And George, you'll see after awhile you'll settle down and you'll be happy and content with what you've got, instead of working yourself up all the time over the things you can't have.

After all, it's the little things in life that count. Sure, maybe we'll have to scrimp and save . . . but we'll have each other.

I . . . I'm not afraid of bein' poor.

You are afraid, aren't you, George? You wish that you weren't here with me, don't you? You wish that I was someplace else where you'd never have to see me again . . . don't you?

Or maybe, you wish that I was dead. Is that it? Do you wish that I was dead?

(This scene from "A Place in the Sun" was reprinted through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures Corporation.)

## WUTHERING HEIGHTS

Cathy Earnshaw, in love with the gypsy Heathcliff, hesitates about marrying the wealthy Edgar Linton. Ellen, the Earnshaw housekeeper, asks Cathy why she is reluctant to take her place in the "heavenly" world of the Lintons. Cathy explains:

I don't think I belong in heaven, Ellen.

I dreamt once I was there. I dreamt I went to heaven and that heaven didn't seem to be my home, and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth, and the angels were so angry, they flung me out into the middle of the heath on top of Wuthering Heights, and I woke up sobbing with joy.

That's it, Ellen . . . I've no more business marrying Edgar Linton than I have being in heaven . . . but Ellen, Ellen, what can I do?

Heathcliff has sunk so low. He seems to take pleasure in being mean and brutal.

And yet . . . he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same . . . and Linton's is as different as frost from fire. My one thought in living is Heathcliff. Ellen! I am Heathcliff.

Everything he's suffered, I've suffered. The little happiness he's ever known, I've had too. Oh! Ellen, if everything in the world died and Heathcliff remained, life would still be full for me.

(This scene from "Wuthering Heights" was reprinted through the courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.)

## ALL ABOUT EVE

Eve, a stage-struck girl, is brought into the dressing room of Margo Channing, the star.

Eve tells the story of her life to Miss Channing and producer Lloyd Richards, and his wife. Her speech is convincing although everything she says is untrue. She speaks simply and without self-pity:

I guess it started back home. Wisconsin, that is. There was just Mum and Dad—and me.

I was the only child, and I made believe a lot when I was a kid—I acted out all sorts of things . . . what they were isn't important. But somehow acting and make-believe began to fill up my life more and more, it got so that I couldn't tell the real from the unreal except that the unreal seemed more real to me . . .

I'm talking a lot of gibberish, aren't I?

Farmers were poor in those days, that's what Dad was—a farmer. I had to help out. So I quit school and I went to Milwaukee. I became a secretary. In a brewery. When you're a secretary in a brewery—it's pretty hard to make believe you're anything else. Everything is beer.

It wasn't much fun, but it helped at home—and there was a little theater group . . . like a drop of rain on a desert. That's where I met Eddie. He was a radio technician. We played "Liliom" for three performances, I was awful—then the war came, and we got married.

Eddie was in the Air Force—and they sent him to the South Pacific. You were with the O.W.I., weren't you, Mr. Richards?

That's what "Who's Who" says . . .

Well, with Eddie gone, my life went back to beer. Except for a letter a week. One week, Eddie wrote he had a leave coming up. I'd saved my money and vacation time. I went to San Francisco to meet him.

Eddie wasn't there. They forwarded the telegram from Milwaukee—the one that came from Washington to say that Eddie wasn't coming at all.

That Eddie was dead . . .

. . . so I figured I'd stay in San Francisco. I was alone, but I couldn't go back without Eddie.

I found a job. And his insurance helped . . . and there were theaters in San Francisco.

And one night Margo Channing came to play in "Remembrance" . . . and I went to see it. And—well—here I am . . .

(This scene from "All About Eve" was reprinted through the courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.)

## OUR VERY OWN

Gail, discovering at eighteen that she is an adopted child, is emotionally upset. Finally, she realizes the security of being loved comes from being loved whether parents are natural or adopted. She reveals herself in a speech to her graduating class:

Most of us here were born in America, and unthinkingly, we take the wonderful privilege of our citizenship for granted.

Others, quite a few, acquired that privilege by adopting this land as their own, and to them, I know, that privilege is all the more hallowed and precious . . . it should be.

There are other things which too many of us take for granted . . . the everyday, priceless privilege of being raised in a house, which, by the magic of being lived in by a family, ceased to be just a house and became a home . . . a home filled with memories to treasure—a home where sisters fought—and made up; where a mother was wise, and gentle, and just and understanding; where a father was often indulgent, sometimes stern—and slapped us down when we deserved it. All this we are too apt to take for granted, and we never should, for, next to the great privilege of being a citizen, is the simpler, and, in a sense, even greater privilege of just belonging to, and being one of, a family.

(This scene from "Our Very Own" was reprinted through the courtesy of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, Inc.)

The End



(Continued from page 29)

murder of some years ago) by the brief appearances of yesteryear screen favorites, Francis X. Bushman, Betty Blythe, William Farnum, Helen Gibson, Arlene Pretty, Cleo Ridgely, Dorothy Vernon, Elmo Lincoln (the first Tarzan), Stuart Holmes, Hank Mann (the Keystone Kop), Babe Kane and "Baby" Marie Osborn—the greatest number of once famous names ever to gather for a single scene. Betty Blythe, once the most beautiful woman on the screen, gave newcomer Julia Adams this bit of sage advice: "Go to bed early, my dear. Get lots of sleep." Few stars of Betty's era did—including Betty . . . Julia Adams is the third "new feminine face" on the U-I contract list to hit stardom her first year on the screen. (The other two, Piper Laurie and Peggy Dow.) Julia is from Little Rock, Arkansas, and engaged to writer Leonard Stern . . . Richard Conte insists that the heel and gangster leading man is gone forever. From now on he wants to be a "nice guy."

#### ✓½ (F) The House on Telegraph Hill (20th Century-Fox)

**WILLIAM LUNDIGAN**, Richard Basehart and Valentina Cortesa are the stars of this suspense melodrama which takes place in a mysterious old turn-of-the-century house atop San Francisco's famous Telegraph Hill. Valentina plays a Polish inmate of a concentration camp who steals her dead friend's identification papers in order to come to America. To insure the success of her deception she marries Richard Basehart, the guardian of her friend's son who is the heir of a large San Francisco fortune. In the creepy mansion she soon discovers that her husband is out to murder her and the boy. She rushes to a handsome young lawyer who's in love with her (William Lundigan), and Master Richard gets a dose of his own poison. Gordon Gebert plays the boy, Fay Baker his attractive governess.

Your Reviewer Says: For mystery fans.

**Program Notes:** A famous San Francisco landmark—a restaurant atop Telegraph Hill known as "Julius's Castle"—was converted into the fine old mansion needed for the title role of this film. From its porch is one of the most thrilling views of this world . . . In "Fourteen Hours" Basehart had to fall fifteen stories, in this picture he has to fall down a flight of stairs, which caused him to quip, "I've become the movie fall guy" . . . It has been sixteen months since Italian born Valentina Cortesa has made an American picture. During that time she visited her grandmother in Italy, had an appendix removed and made two European pictures . . . Handsome Bill Lundigan had expected to play golf in San Francisco on his days off—but learned to his disgust he had to learn to play piano for his party scene. "Iturbi hasn't a thing to worry about," said Bill after his six-hour-a-day piano practice.

#### Best Pictures of the Month

*Captain Horatio Hornblower*

*I Was a Communist for the FBI*

*Take Care of My Little Girl*

#### Best Performances of the Month

*Charles Boyer in "The First Legion"*

*Frank Lovejoy in*

*"I Was a Communist for the FBI"*

*Jeanne Crain in*

*"Take Care of My Little Girl"*



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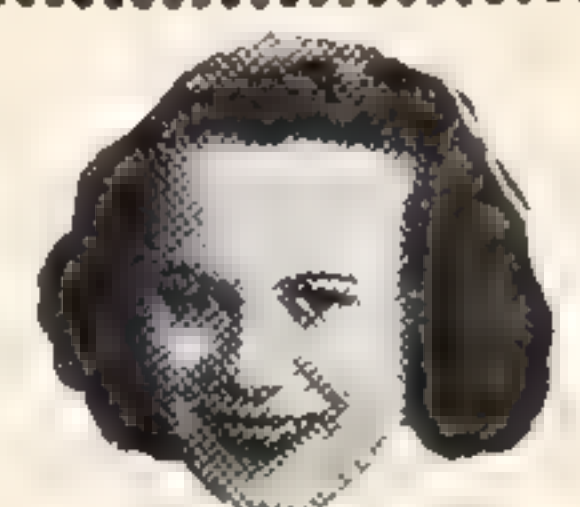
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# Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you mature. Now, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a new type of perspiration containing milky substances which will—if they reach your dress—cause ugly stains and clinging odor.

You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

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## Hollywood Hit Parade

(Continued from page 39) list has omitted Claudette Colbert, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford and Irene Dunne.

Let me quickly add that none of them comes within a flock of zeros of spending \$100,000 a year on clothes. But their budget for fashion is larger than the salaries of many rising young starlets. The Claudettes, Joans, etc., can afford such money. And it's a recognized business expense when they make out their income tax report, too.

To me, the real wonder is not that the big stars manage to dress so well, but that many of the rising youngsters, without benefit of four-figure paychecks, high-power press-agency or top-flight connections, are able to look so lovely.

There are a lot of young stars in Hollywood who get "oohs" and "ahs" when they walk into a restaurant, attend a preview, or make any kind of public appearance. And they do it on limited budgets, with intelligence, imagination and daring. My fanciest hat is off to them.

THE list I've made up has two groups. The first is my Top Ten, all of whom are on a par. The second list consists of nine runners-up, who narrowly miss the first group. To start with—in the Top Ten—let's consider Mona Freeman:

"I was seventeen, and making \$75 a week," Mona said, "when I realized that it was important to learn how to dress. So I went to see Edith Head, and asked for help."

Edith Head, an Academy Award winner, is chief designer at Paramount. And her hobby is showing young stars how to dress. For tact and patience Edith merits a second Academy Award. It was for Mona that Edith created her now famous "Dress with Nine Lives." This is an entire evening wardrobe, with versions to suit any dress-up occasion, based upon a black taffeta sheath with a strapless bodice. The additions make many separate dresses—four overskirts, all quite different, a white-violet bib, a plaid taffeta trim, that runs from throat to hem, and a wide velvet sash.

"I still use the same idea for all my dress-up clothes," Mona says. "I don't know what I'd do without this idea because I simply can't get a new dress for every appearance—and I do have to go out often."

Then there's Janet Leigh. Janet got her chance at M-G-M when she was in debt and she spent her paychecks on these debts, not on clothes. Her "evening wrap" was a reversible raincoat. Once, on studio orders, Janet borrowed clothes from the wardrobe department to attend a premiere.

Shortly after midnight, the studio watchman was amazed to see Janet at the gate.

"Please let me in," she said, "so I can put these clothes back and get my own."

"But you can bring them back tomorrow just as well," the watchman said.

"Oh, no," said Janet, "suppose somebody stole them from my house, or I tore them or something. It would take my next three paychecks to replace them."

So, in the early hours of the morning, Janet changed into her own skirt and sweater and went home, leaving the watchman with a story to tell. (I never used to return mine until the next day. Stars of that era used to ask how I managed to dress better than they did. I never told them.)

Today, Janet wears only her own clothes—and they look wonderful on her. She dresses simply, but with the kind of simplicity that spells high style.

"It took a lot of learning," she says. "You see, when I went into pictures, I didn't know anything about clothes except that they were supposed to keep you warm and decent. When I tried to dress up for my first studio interview, my agent made me go home and start all over. He said I looked like a road-company Sadie Thompson who'd been caught in the rain."

"You've certainly changed," I told her. "How do you do it?"

"By watching and learning and having a good teacher in Amelia Gray."

Amelia Gray's shop is to young starlets what the campus dress shop is to college girls. Amelia catches them young and, as others besides Janet have proved, teaches them well.

From Amelia, Janet learned to use "separates." Actually separates are a top secret of fashion success. One skirt with five different tops—blouses, sweaters, vest-ees, etc.—adds up to five costumes. "You never get tired of them, either," says Janet.

Nancy Olson is another of Edith Head's grateful pupils. Edith taught Nancy to recognize her type—the well-scrubbed college girl—and emphasize it with her clothes. (By the way, Nancy's kind of college girl has nothing in common with the sloppy-joe, runover shoes, dirty-neck horror that was the popular "college look" a short while ago—Heaven forbid we ever go back to that!)

To me, Nancy Olson is a fine example of the casually tailored young woman of today. She likes to play up her honey-blond hair in the colors she wears, and she loves yellow. I always think of Nancy as "typically American."

"I couldn't be more flattered, Hedda,"

## hungarian stuffed cabbage as Tony Curtis's mother makes it

Makes about 30 rolls

- 3 pounds ground beef
- 1 pound rice, cooked
- 2 large onions, sliced fine
- 3 garlic cloves, sliced fine
- 1 tablespoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 2 large cabbage heads
- 3 tablespoons chicken fat
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 (No. 2) can tomato juice
- boiling water

Put first six ingredients in large bowl. Cut core from cabbage and let stand in boiling water until leaves are soft. Separate leaves. Place a heaping tablespoon of meat mixture on each leaf. Fold, and roll up. Secure with a toothpick. Melt chicken fat in a large pot; add chopped onion and cook 5 minutes over low heat, stirring constantly. Add cabbage rolls; cook over low heat 15 minutes. Pour tomato juice over rolls; cover and cook very slowly 2 1/2 to 3 hours.



Nancy said, when I told her that. "You know I'm a 'suit girl.' I spend most of my life in suits. Lately, since I married Alan (that's her composer husband, Alan Lerner), and spend half of my time in New York, suits have become the mainstay of my wardrobe—the only answer to the East-West problem. A few changes of blouses and accessories and you're as well dressed in New York as in California." Even though she has married into the wealthy Lerner family Nancy sticks to her budget.

Red-haired Arlene Dahl is anything but collegiate. Quite the opposite of the straight-and-tailored type, Arlene is intensely feminine. A born mannequin, she has a true sense of style and a flair that's her very own. Arlene, tallest of my Top Ten, can get away with much that the smaller girls are forced to avoid—cart-wheel hats, capes, pyramid coats, and such.

WHEN Arlene became Mrs. Lex Barker, she chose for her honeymoon in Europe fabrics that would pack well—jerseys, chiffons, uncrushable linens. For colors, she used black, white, pink and cocoa for the daytime, with outfits and accessories—plus some beautiful big hats—in each of these colors.

Her wedding gown, designed by Helen Rose, is the backbone of the formal section of her trousseau. It has a white Chantilly lace coat, with a stand-up collar, and a flaring skirt that is worn over a short white satin sheath. Without the lace coat, the sheath becomes a sophisticated short dinner dress. By detaching the shoulder straps and using different scarves, it looks like still another evening frock. The Chantilly coat can be worn over a black, or a colored, sheath for afternoon tea, or it can be used as a light coat with any of the other three evening gowns Arlene is taking along.

Recently, when Arthur Loew Jr. called Debbie Reynolds for a date, she said, "I'm sorry, but this is my Girl Scout night." That's just like Debbie, who's nineteen, looks fifteen, and lives in Glendale and is quite happy about the whole thing.

Yet Debbie is on my list of best-dressed because, though she's tiny, she always looks as if she stepped out of the pages of a fashion magazine. (Except when she's wearing her merit-badged Scout uniform!)

Debbie's lucky because she can see a style she likes on a tall girl and her mother will know just how to re-create it, scaled down to Debbie's size. And Debbie listens when her mother tells her what *not* to wear—like big hats, wide belts, long jackets, flowery prints, two-piece dresses, horizontal stripes, huge shoulder bags, chunky jewelry, and so on.

"I have a passion for polka dots," Debbie admitted. "But I know better than to try to wear them. So Mother bought some polka dotted material—and made seat-covers for my beat-up Ford."

Debbie has another passion—shoes. She'd love dozens of pairs, but she's learned that it's best to buy fewer, and better shoes. She never wears platforms, even though they might add to her height, because she says they give a club-footed look. And never, never would she wear an ankle-strap. "Ankle straps cut my legs in half—and I can't afford that," she smiled.

Debbie's right about that. And they also give a floozy look, but that's my personal opinion.

When you talk to Ann Blyth about clothes you find another change-over artist on your hands. She is a great believer in getting an inexpensive dressmaker and working with her on things that seem too ambitious for her own needle.

"I clip out pictures from papers, and magazines," Ann told me. "Then I hunt for bargains in fabrics. Then I work with

the dressmaker so she knows just what I want—and presto—I've got a dress that looks as if it cost two hundred dollars at a fraction of that."

That's all right, say I, when you are able to visualize a dress from a sketch and a hunk of uncut fabric, and know that it will look like a knockout on you. But if you can't—and most girls can't—then you'd do better sticking to ready-mades. In that way you'll save yourself heart-aches, wasted time and money!

Jean Peters is another star who makes most of her clothes. Once she gave a party at Jean Negulesco's house where all the girls had to come in dresses they had made themselves.

"I usually shop for inspiration," she said, "to find ideas I can adapt. Once in a while I'll see something that's so super-duper I can't resist buying it—and then I gear the rest of my wardrobe around it."

"Personally, I'm a believer in quality, not quantity, and I'd rather save until I can afford the very best grade of fabric than waste good handiwork on a second-rate piece—that goes for daytime clothes. Because evening things get much less wear, you can use cheaper materials, and make the dresses more for effect than for lasting qualities."

She doesn't care much for accessories, saying they "date" too quickly, and she would rather have matching gloves made for an evening gown than buy a piece of "junk" jewelry to show it off.

Aprons, which button on to change a costume, are a pet notion of Jean's, and so I had her photographed in one. Other aprons, of varied fabrics, will change the dress again and again—you only run out of changes when you run out of aprons.

I'D RATE Phyllis Kirk a girl with remarkable chic. She wears her clothes; her clothes don't wear her.

Phyllis told me she considers fashion straight arithmetic. "First you have to know just how much you can spend. Then you have to decide how much you need. Then you should go over your present wardrobe to see how much you must add, and how much you should subtract. That's wardrobe arithmetic."

Being still another "separates" girl, Phyllis can swing endless changes with skirts and blouses. She likes jersey blouses because they don't have to be pressed, and cotton ones she can wash at home, and thus cut down on cleaning bills.

Her tips on clothes care might have come from someone twice her age. "Clothes, like skin, respond to kind treatment," she said. "Don't iron them to death. Hang them in the air after each wearing. Take a lesson from salesgirls who zip zippers and button buttons to keep clothes balanced on the hangers."

"Also in picking new clothes," she said, "I do my best to know my own potentialities. What looks good on Gloria Swanson would look impossible on me!"

Sally Forrest is just as candid about her own limitations.

"I have to be careful what I put on," Sally told me as seriously as if she were discussing philosophy. "If I'm not careful, I can look as 'busy' as closing night at a country fair."

First of all, Sally watches colors, preferring to use two shades of the same color, rather than contrasting tones. For instance, with a dark green suit, she'd wear lighter green accessories; and then she'd plan it so these same accessories could be worn with a light green dress.

Her one extravagance is clusters of small flowers which she uses with great imagination, pinning them at her throat, on the cuff of a glove, on her small "clutch" purse, or at her waistline.

While she loves full swinging skirts,

hair too dry?



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Sally prefers them only for dancing. She realizes that slim skirts add height to a tiny girl. That's why the dress and jacket she's photographed in feature a heightening straight skirt. Because Sally's neck is long, she wears pearls to shorten it. And her bonnet is the sort she always wears—very feminine indeed.

Coleen Gray, the last of my Top Ten, is also a small girl and she has such a narrow waist that she's inclined to look hippy—that is, if she's not careful. For that reason, she says, she prefers to wear full skirts whenever possible.

"When I came from the farm in Minnesota to Hollywood, I knew as much about fashions as you can learn by reading a Sears Roebuck catalogue. I bought things for durability and that ended the matter," she told me.

"First I watched other girls, and tried to learn from them. After a few sad experiences of copying other girls outright, I found I had to study my own needs, and play up my good points. Also I discovered that suits didn't look as well on me as coat-dresses, and I can save on blouses by having coat-dresses that can be changed around with scarves, collars, and accessories."

Coleen has one trick other girls might want to try. She gets a moderately-priced dress, of good cut and material, and then goes to work on it herself. For instance, she'll take out the top-stitching and re-do it by hand, substitute better buttons, refinish the buttonholes, alter the shoulder-pads and generally give it a "couturiere touch." When she's through, she has a dress that looks as if it cost at least twice its actual price.

So much for my Top Ten. Here are the runners-up I promised, any one of whom might well reach the Top Ten at any moment. Girls to watch, all nine of them, bright girls with plenty of style know-how.

Terry Moore begins this list. When anyone asks Terry who designs her clothes, she always answers, "The girls." Terry does her own designing but the team which executes the designs consists of her talented mother, their next-door neighbor, Mrs. Heuter, and the woman who lives across the street, Mrs. Draviner. Terry's mother does the dressmaking; Mrs. Heuter is an expert knitter; and Mrs. Draviner makes jewelry. You should have seen Terry's trousseau when she married football star Glenn Davis, and, when the newlyweds returned from their honeymoon, Terry was greeted with five new costumes, which "The Girls" had whipped up while she was away.

Mala Powers also has a gifted mother, who turns out new and interesting separates for Mala which keep her among the better dressed young stars.

Jeanne Crain is a member of a sewing circle. The girls have different specialties. Lately, Jeanne has been concentrating on patio skirts made of felt, with appliques she cuts out herself and sews on.

Peggy Dow, who modeled her way into films, believes in the "few but good" theory of dressing. She goes in for good suits, which last several seasons, and plain-colored dresses. She lets herself go with costume jewelry which is unusual and striking.

Faith Domergue avoids the tailored and plays up the exotically feminine—using stoles and Mexican rebozos a great deal. She says she dresses only for men, and finds peasant clothes wonderfully attractive for informal wear.

LIKE almost all the girls mentioned, Joan Evans is carefully budgeted, but dresses very well in spite of that fact. A pet idea of hers is to be sure to wear bright, gay colors on a rainy day.

Nancy Davis sticks to sports clothes because they're always in style. Nancy has kept practically everything she ever had. "Sooner or later," she says, "they come back in style."

Suits suit Piper Laurie. Her big tip to the other girl is: "Don't buy something just because you want it, only when you're sure you can't do without it." Carried to extremes, this advice might produce a race of Lady Godivas, but it seems to work quite well for Piper.

Diana Lynn is the only one of these girls who seems to care about hats—and she loves them. "Well, blame yourself, Hedda," she said, when I faced her with that fact. "It's all your fault. When I was first in pictures and met you, I found my eyes—and the eyes of everyone else—went right to your hats. And I never remembered what else you were wearing—except it looked well."

"Later I discovered that you can buy a very handsome hat—an eye-catcher—for much less than you have to pay for a dress. So I buy one good suit, a couple of dresses and I let myself go on hats. Maybe, if I work at it hard enough, I'll be able to out-hat you, Miss Hopper!"

Well, if it's going to be a competition, Diana, no holds are barred—and I'll meet you with bared bonnets at dawn!

Here they are, as well-dressed a bunch of girls as you'll ever want to meet, even if they do include some sew-and-sews.

Mona Freeman is in "Darling, How Could You?"; Arlene Dahl in "No Questions Asked"; Jean Peters in "Take Care of My Little Girl"; Phyllis Kirk in "Three Guys Named Mike"; Sally Forrest in "Excuse My Dust" and Coleen Gray in "Apache Drums."

THE END



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## If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 71) during a day.

Everybody wants to be liked, hungers secretly for approval and praise and for thanks when these things are coming to him—*everybody*, even parents!

I can just hear some of you growling, "How about me? Maybe I need a little approval too."

A lot of teenagers I know are convinced that, no matter what, their parents will react to confidences with harshness or disapproval; that "parents simply don't understand."

But, human nature being what it is, this isn't true. Every one of us creates his own emotional environment. How our friends, or our teachers, or our parents feel about us is up to *us*! Give consideration and you'll get it back tenfold.

You don't believe it? Try this tomorrow morning. When you first wake up, instead of treating the members of your family like pieces of furniture, show some affection to each and every one. And then start your day. See if making the people around you happier doesn't make *you* a happier person, too.

### Beauty Is Home-Grown, Too

Do you find it depressing—this notion that your personality is what *you* make it—that nothing you can buy in a drugstore or bone up on in a book can produce miraculous improvements in the way people feel about you?

Well, brace yourself for a further shock—your beauty is what you make it, too. Oh, the right cosmetics will help you—and a good hairdresser can be a friend indeed. But it's up to you to study your appearance in its totality; decide what mistakes you've been making to mar the total effect and then redesign the picture.

For instance: I have a friend who *should* be a beauty. She has a lovely heart-shaped face, with hazel eyes and delicate regular features. She has a mass of shining, golden-brown hair, which she wears long—in a shoulder-length page boy. It's lovely, healthy hair which she brushes daily with a nylon bristle brush. She has found the perfect cream rinse preparation to overcome the hard water which she must use for shampoos.

Still, her mirror tells her that the effect is all wrong—she isn't as attractive as she should be.

The secret is in the way she does her hair. It's beautiful hair—but massed around her face it completely obscures the delicate beauty of her features.

"But my husband likes my hair long," she protested when I suggested this.

This friend's hair can be long—and still add to, not detract from her beauty, if she will wear it pulled softly back from her face, with a stand up coronal effect or braid on top, perhaps—she can stand the height, she is only 5' 5"—and the mass of her hair in curls or in a chignon at the nape of the neck.

Simple? But it works. This girl could be lovelier by *uncovering* her charms.

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### Do You Bite Your Nails?

A surprising number of readers have written to me that they are worried and distracted over the habit they have of biting their fingernails.

"How can we stop this 'bad' habit?" they want to know. "Is there *anything* we can do?"

Well, the very first thing you must do is stop worrying about it. The very strain of trying too hard will make you tense—and then you start biting your nails again.

Psychologists have discovered that a deep-seated lack of self-confidence lies behind this nail-biting problem. The first thing you must try to do, in your efforts to overcome the habit, is to believe the following truths:

Everybody has problems. No one is perfect. No matter how wild or "wicked" your secret thoughts seem to be—other people, nice people—have moments of just such thinking, too. *Basically you are just as good as anyone else.*

Once you are convinced, you are ready for Step Two: Try to note at what times the need to bite your nails is most urgent. Is it when you are at the movies, or in the toughest class at school, or, perhaps, when you've been scolded by your parents and you are feeling sorry for yourself?

You will find that there is "a method in your madness"—that some particular strain brings on the nail biting.

Then, knowing *when* you'll need help, slip a piece of "Silly Putty" or Plasticene into your pocket and when the pressure points come, use your hands; work away at the clay.

If the habit still persists, speak to your school counselor or your doctor or some good friend with whom you can be perfectly frank about your worries.

And, finally, be patient. It will take time but, as you learn to stop worrying, your worrisome problem of nail-biting will melt away, too.

A READER has sent me a very friendly letter wishing me "the very best in helping persons with their charm problems."

She has too many problems of her own to bother me about, she says, and besides "they don't matter so much, as I am now a happy grandmother—forty-seven, come June!"

I'm willing to bet, after reading her cheerful letter, that she hasn't half as many problems as she thinks—but if she does have any, she's wrong to think it's too late to care.

I wish she could have seen another happy grandma—Marlene Dietrich—steal the show right out from under the pert turned-up noses of the youngsters in our town at the Academy Awards affair.

Slim, blonde and beautiful in a knockout of a black Christian Dior gown, Marlene stopped the show. The thunderstruck audience of supposedly glamour-sated professionals practically roared their approval.

"You killed the people, Grandma," Hedda Hopper reported that she told Marlene afterward. "Come on now, and tell me your glamour secrets."

"Glamour?" this beautiful woman replied. "I have no glamour. I don't even know the meaning of the word, do you? And I have no secrets. Just soap, water—and an unworried mind."

I'm passing this on to other grandmas for inspiration. We can all lay our hands on soap and water, can't we?

And that last ingredient—an unworried mind? Well, that's harder, but if we worry a little about it, maybe we can achieve that "secret" too.

THE END



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# This Jury Chooses the Prettiest Legs in Hollywood

(Continued from page 59) the new girls in town with beautiful gams, such utterly utter underpinnings as Marilyn Monroe's or Mala Powers's or Vera-Allen's.

All these dolls and Dietrich, who has not been forgotten, got a vote here and there. But the consensus went overwhelmingly to the pin-up pet of Twentieth.

As Richard Widmark said when I asked him for his first, second and third choice among the leg-lovelies, "Betty Grable comes first. For second, I choose Betty Grable and there can be only one possible girl for third. That's Grable." Then Dick pointed out the feminine beauty secret I doubt any woman would have thought of—and which I was to hear repeated by Scott Brady and Kirk Douglas and Farley Granger, even though they were talking of three other girls.

Said Dick Widmark, "Grable's legs are wise legs that have learned how to be beautiful." Said Kirk Douglas, choosing Joan Crawford's as Hollywood's most beautiful stems, "I pick them because they are the most consciously dramatic legs. You know, those legs that have worked for their expression." Said Farley Granger, picking Janet Leigh, "It's since she's taken up ballet that Janet's legs have caught my eye. They're professional, you know." Murmured Tony Curtis, "Janet is so beautiful, head to foot, but since she's been studying ballet, why—" and then he went off into a bunch of statistics about thigh, calf and ankles.

Robert Mitchum picked Jane Russell's long stems as his favorites. "I may, of course," remarked Robert, who has the dramatic sense of always being different in his statements, "be the only man who ever got around to noticing her legs." But he wasn't. Jane came in fourth in our over-all count, Esther Williams fifth, and Marilyn Monroe sixth.

Bob was the only man, incidentally, who didn't have Grable somewhere on his list. (He chose Jane Russell first, Janet Leigh second and Ava Gardner third.)

Macdonald Carey summed up the Grable gam glamour best. "Those legs are a legend," he announced. "You might as well try to forget the Taj Mahal by moonlight, the Roman Colosseum by daylight, or Stardust at your first college prom." He gave his second vote to Marie Wilson's because "they smiled" and his third to Ruth Roman's because "they make me think of days in the sun, playing tennis or swimming or fun things like that."

Scott Brady didn't choose "fun" legs. That quality of "work" came in again. Scott chose Moira Shearer first and

Grable second, with Leigh third—and all for the same reason: These were legs that were beautiful because they know how to do more than wear nylons—and did it without any tense muscles showing.

That long-limbed look won, in Hollywood, even as it has won, now for years, in Atlantic City when *Miss America* gets chosen. One very-much-married star, who supposedly doesn't know that any woman other than his wife exists, said, "Lately I have been increasingly conscious when that Leigh walks in anywhere, it's murder." Another married star reported, "I wish I were as young as Tony Curtis when Leigh comes breezing into a room. Then I wish I were younger, when Marilyn Monroe appears. It has taken me several meetings to realize that Marilyn has a face. But when Ava Gardner enters, I go home and fast. There is *the* beauty as far as I am concerned, legs, figure and face in that order."

**P**ROBABLY it was because her face is so attention-arresting that Ava's limbs get only third-place position. Bob Mitchum said that he felt it was almost impossible for any man to take his eyes away from her face long enough to be conscious of the rest of her. Yet it also had a lot to do with a quality that Kirk Douglas pointed out—the quality that is the reverse of what made Grable win. "Ava's are show-girl legs," Kirk announced. "They are just simply beautiful—and I'm not knocking that—but I still claim that legs that combine beauty and—well, technique, the technique of discipline, hard work, mastering one's art—those are greater."

You undoubtedly remember that not so long ago Howard Duff and Ava Gardner were a very real item. Now Ida Lupino is Howard's favorite date but when it comes to picking Hollywood's most beautiful gams, Ava still wins with bachelor, Duff. Dietrich comes second with him and then—OOPS—here she is again, Miss Grable.

Howard's reasons for his choice? He won't give. He grins and says, "It's enough that I've given you these preferences, or how unwise can a bachelor be? Even this statement may ruin some enchanted evening for me in the future."

If Photoplay had polled one mere woman, said dame would undoubtedly have pointed out that under this ruling Esther Williams would have rated very high and Jane Russell wouldn't have come in fourth. Because, while Esther's stems doing a flutter-kick obviously don't work as hard as Grable's doing a tap routine, they still do work and constantly. As for Jane, she goes in for a few sports but

no dancing, no professional swimming. "It's that length," sighed one of the married males. "Those legs of Jane's seem to go straight up to her armpits." "They have glamour," retorted another. "But not like Dietrich's," snapped back Farley Granger, the eternal romantic.

It was Farley, too, who came up with the likeliest expression of why Esther probably didn't rate higher. "A fellow thinks of her all in one line," he said, "and there is something so healthy about her that while the sight of her makes you happy, it doesn't set you dreaming."

Marilyn Monroe explained her own sixth place spot in this poll. "I'm thankful even to have got one foot in the Grable class," she said in that small, perfumed voice of hers, "but confidentially, I'm starting ballet lessons almost at once. This poll just proves that a girl shouldn't leave a limb unturned."

So let all this be a lesson to you if you want more beautiful legs. Ballet lessons would be ideal. Swimming is enormously beneficial. And walking is a big, big, help. But specific exercises are even better.

Start doing these exercises ten times daily, gradually work up to twenty-five.

**Exercise 1.** Place your telephone book on the floor, and in your bare feet, balance your toes on the edge of the book. Hold your arms out straight ahead of you. Without stepping off the phone book, lower your heels as far back as you can, then—again without stepping off, rise to tiptoe. This is a wonderful exercise for strengthening the calves of the legs, reducing or developing them as needed. (Don't forget that exercise builds up or takes off equally and nature seems to know which needs to be done.) Do it slowly for development; faster for reducing.

**Exercise 2.** Slant your ironing board against a sturdy chair. Lie down and get someone to tie your legs to the board with a towel, or something firm but not binding wrapped around your ankles. Then with your heels higher than your head (and the ironing board fastened down, too, so that it can't slip) pull yourself up to sitting position, then go back to the lying position, and with your hands holding tight on either side, give a good long stretch. This is great for the upper thigh muscles.

**Exercise 3.** The old familiar squat—but nothing surpasses it. Stretch arms before you for balance, rise to your fullest tiptoe height, then slowly go as deep to the floor as you can without bending knees.

**Exercise 4.** Another old familiar—bicycling. A real wheel is best but, if you haven't one, lie on your back and pedal an imaginary one at least twenty-five times a day for each leg. Fast pedaling reduces, slow pedaling builds up.

Keep these up with enough persistence and it could be that you can say to your boy friend, "Grable? What's she got that I haven't got?" and all he'll be able to reply will be, "Harry James."

Farley Granger is in "Behave Yourself," Richard Widmark in "The Frogmen," Macdonald Carey in "Meet Me After the Show," and "The Cave," Tony Curtis in "The Prince Who Was a Thief," Bob Mitchum in "His Kind of Woman," Howard Duff in "Fine Day," Scott Brady in "Montana Belle," and Kirk Douglas in "Ace in the Hole."

Betty Grable is in "Meet Me After the Show," Janet Leigh in "Two Tickets to Broadway," Ava Gardner in "Show Boat," Jane Russell in "His Kind of Woman," Esther Williams in "Texas Carnival," and Marilyn Monroe in "As Young as You Feel."

THE END

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Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

**Which Twin Has The Toni?** Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (on the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

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